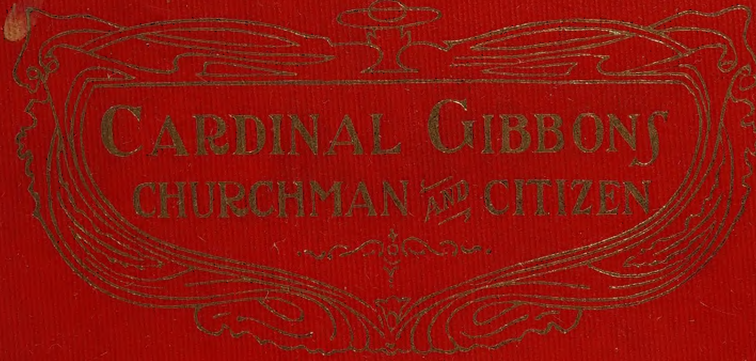

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CHURCHMAN AND CITIZEN

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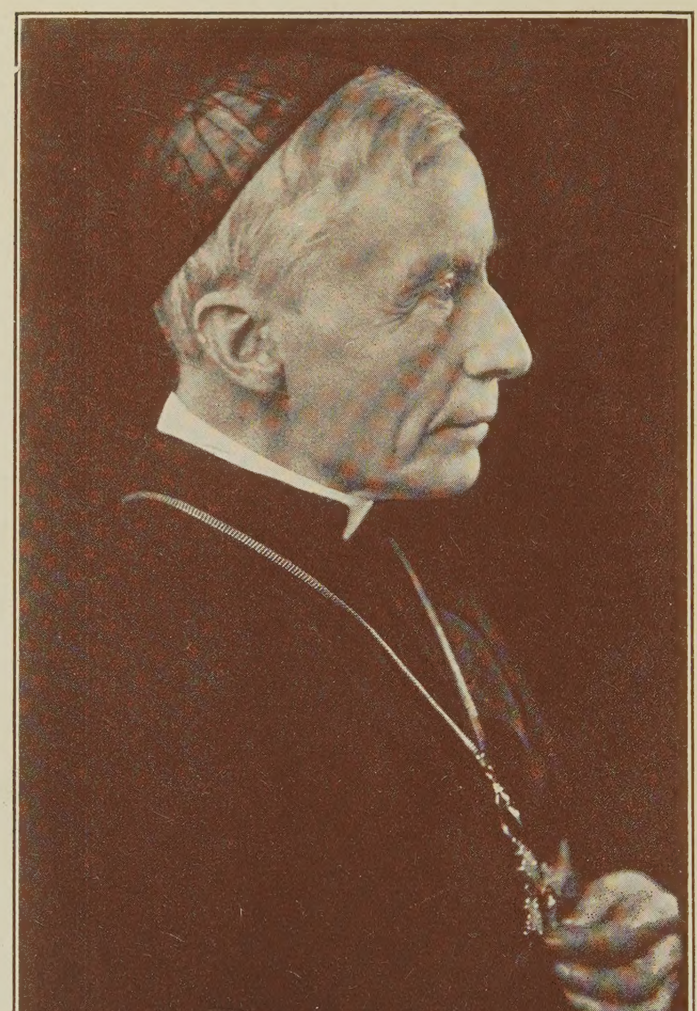

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JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

CHURCHMAN AND CITIZEN

BY

Reverend ALBERT E. SMITH

AND

VINCENT de P. FITZPATRICK

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FOREWORD

THE following pages are presented to the lovers and friends of His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, in the persuasion that they will be pleased to have even this account of his long career of loving service to God and souls, of his religious and civic virtues, his gentle, fatherly ways, so familiar to them, his calmness under trials, his humility in exaltation,—in a word, of his splendid manhood, overshadowed by the nobler stature of his sublime priesthood and his crowning glory as a "Prince of the Church." They will read with affection the pathetic details of his Last Days, sketched by one who watched every phase with love and sorrow.

We realize that a complete and satisfactory Life of Cardinal Gibbons would require a longer perspective of time and the combined pens of experts; for no man touched more intimately and with greater fruitfulness than did the Archbishop of Baltimore, so many matters of importance, ecclesiastical and civil, national and even world-wide in their significance, during his long, wise and judicious rule of half a century.

Yet it is the earnest hope of the Authors that what is herein contained may prove a delight and stimulus to the reader and a help to those who, at some future time, may undertake a larger and more comprehensive study of His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, Churchman and Citizen.

Feast of the Assumption, 1921.

"LET those tell us what manner of man he was who daily broke bread with him. Let them tell us of that uniform kindness, courtesy, thoughtfulness, that marked all his dealings with them. Let them attest his patience in adversity, his sympathy in sorrow, his anxiety for his friends, his charity towards all."

Funeral Sermon of Archbishop Glennon.

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JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

CHAPTER I

Twilight and Evening Bell.

AT half past four o'clock, on the afternoon of March 31, 1921, the bell in the old Cathedral of Baltimore, the Primatial See of these United States, began to toll. A few minutes afterward the bell of St. Alphonsus' Church, two blocks away, echoed the sad notes. Soon "Church bell answered church bell," and the residents of the city of Baltimore knew that the last funeral rites for JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, *Churchman and Citizen,* were taking place within the Cathedral of the Assumption of Our Lady, that Cathedral which had been home to him for nigh half a century—"the dearest spot on earth."

In that Cathedral James Cardinal Gibbons had received the regenerating waters of Baptism nearly eighty-seven years before. It was there that he was raised to the dignity of the episcopacy—the youngest member of the Catholic hierarchy in all the world. There he received the Pallium of the archepiscopal rank and the insignia of the Cardinalatial dignity.

In that church he had ordained thousands to the priesthood, conferred the purple of a bishop upon a score and more, and presided at the Third Plenary

Council of Baltimore. In the Cathedral, too, he had presided at the ceremonies which marked the elevation to the Sacred College of two learned sons of Italy who won that honor by their capable administration of the office of Apostolic Delegate.

From the pulpit of that church whose foundations John Carroll, the first bishop of the United States, had laid in 1806, Cardinal Gibbons had preached hundreds of sermons, the echoes of which were heard around the world. Those sermons were freighted with kindness and helpfulness and love. In them were expressed the doctrines of the Church in the lucid, intimate, friendly style which made his book, "The Faith of Our Fathers," so illuminating an exposition of the beauties of Catholicism that it became "the kindly light" which led thousands throughout the world into the fold of the faith.

In the shadow of the Cathedral Cardinal Gibbons, was born; in its shadow, at St. Mary's Seminary, he was ordained to the priesthood. All his hopes, all his aspirations centered there; and from the tabernacle in its sanctuary he received the light and courage, the spiritual strength and ardor to go forth and carry on to a successful conclusion all the things he had set out to do—"for the greater honor and glory of God." When discouragements came to him, when at times the future looked dark for some of the projects he had planned for the spiritual betterment of his children—and there were many such dark hours—the Cardinal went to that sanctuary and there before the tabernacle he prayed fervently and with unwavering hope and confidence, for the dispelling of the discouragements, for the dispersing of the dark clouds, for divine blessings on his work.

During the closing days of life, when he was too weak to walk, "when the shadows thickened about him," and his physical strength was ebbing fast, the Cardinal would ask the devoted priests of his household to wheel him in his invalid's chair into the sanctuary, "there to pour out his saintly spirit in prayer for his people and his country, to commune in faith with the great dead of his line, and to beseech the loving mercies of God that if he had failed in aught it might be imputed to ignorance or human weakness and not to lack of love for the Supreme Bishop and Shepherd of our souls."

He prayed with priestly heart to the Good Shepherd who was his example and his inspiration as an "Ambassador of Christ," and to Mary, His Mother, who was his "life, his sweetness and his hope."

In a sermon twenty years befor his death, Cardinal Gibbons, referring to his love for the venerable Cathedral, said: "Here I have labored as a priest and a prelate for thirty-two years. I intend to offer the Holy Sacrifice and to preach within these walls as long as God gives me life and strength. And when my earthly career is ended, which in the course of nature and the order of Divine Providence is not far distant, I expect that my body will repose in this crypt beside the ashes of my predecessors, and I hope that it may remain there undisturbed, if God so wills it, till the glorious dawn of the Resurrection."

The tolling of the bells on the afternoon of March 31st informed the faithful of Baltimore and the Cardinal's non-Catholic friends of the city, that his earnest desire—the last wish of his that could be complied with on earth—was being fulfilled by those who were members of his household. Only a few persons were present at that last funeral service. It was the Cardinal's own request. The great doors of the Cathedral had been closed on the afternoon of the thirty-first, after the great men of the church and nation had left the edifice,—after they had paid their last tribute of respect.

Shortly after 4 o'clock, Right Reverend O. B. Corrigan, the Cardinal's vicar-general, the five priests of the Cardinal's household and a small group of singers from St. Mary's Seminary, under the direction of Monsignor Leo P. Manzetti, entered the Cathedral, where, gathered, around the sacred remains, the priests and seminarians sang the Canticle of Zachary: *Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel,* "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, because He hath visited and wrought the redemption of his people."

At the conclusion of the brief function in the Church, the five priests of the Cardinal's household, the Rev. Louis R. Stickney, the rector; the Rev. Eugene J. Connelly, the chancellor of the diocese; the Rev. Albert E. Smith, secretary to the Cardinal; the Rev. William J. Hafey, assistant chancellor, and the Rev. Edwin L. Leonard, assisted by several laymen, bore the body of his Eminence from its hallowed place before the tabernacle out through the side entrance of the Cathedral into the yard and thence to the crypt beneath the Sanctuary in whose shadow he had offered the Holy Sacrifice and blessed his people during forty-four years.

It was raining as the pallbearers, preceded by the seminarians, marched to the crypt. Outside of the Cathedral on Mulberry Street were gathered several hundred persons who had waited to witness the last rites. As they saw the pallbearers carrying the purple-covered coffin, they bowed their heads in prayer, the men uncovering. The relatives of His Eminence who had gathered in the Cardinal's residence, accompanied the remains to the crypt, a narrow little room, where the seminarians chanted the *De Profundis* and the Last Absolution was pronounced by Bishop Corrigan.

The chant of the seminarians rising from the crypt and reaching the people on the street reminded one of the stories told of the days of the early Christians when the followers of Christ were buried in the catacombs—burial places much like the one in which Cardinal Gibbons and six of his predecessors in office now rest. The Cardinal's tomb is immediately opposite that of the Most Rev. John Carroll, first Bishop and afterward first Archbishop of the United States. The others who lie there awaiting the call of the Resurrection Morn are: the Most Rev. Ambrose Marechal, Most Rev. James Whitfield, Most Rev. Samuel Eccleston, Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, and Most Rev. John Martin Spalding.

Thus was James Cardinal Gibbons buried as simply as he had lived, beneath the roof of the church where he was received into the faith and where, after nearly sixty years of priestly zeal and accomplishment of patriotic achievement and the promotion of the highest interests of his country, of comfort to the poor and of encouragement to all mankind, he had heard the summons of his Divine Saviour calling him to Himself on Holy Thursday, March 24, 1921, the feast day commemorative of the Institution of the Eucharistic Sacrament.

Beneath that altar the Cardinal will hear in spirit the tinkling of the Sanctuary bell as the sacred words of Consecration are pronounced. Above him the priests he loved will bend the knee before the Saviour come down to earth and will pray that his soul may rest in peace. They will remember him in the Memento of the Dead. The thousands who will visit the Cathedral and see the Red Hat hanging there, symbolic of the dignity that was his, will never forget him in their prayers or their Communions. Thousands of Masses have been offered for him in all corners of the globe, and thousands more will be offered in the years to come. Protestant and Jew alike will pray for him, for he was a friend alike to Catholic, Protestant and Jew. That crypt will be one of the most sacred tombs of America.

When the five priests of his household placed the body of the Cardinal in his last resting place, the people realized at last that he upon whom they had depended so confidently, so absolutely, had gone down the Valley of Silence, but they knew that he had not gone down that Valley alone. The love and devotion of his spiritual children followed him and will continue to follow him as the decades roll on, even until that time when little ones yet unborn shall learn from their mother's and their grandmother's lips what a true Prince of the Church the great Cardinal was. They will invoke his memory and pray that they may be imbued with a portion of the spirit which urged him on, ever smiling, ever cheerful,

> "O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
> Till the night is gone."

The manifestation of sorrow on the death of the Cardinal was universal. Cablegrams of sympathy came from all sections of the world. Telegrams by the hundreds arrived from all parts of the country; and the press in its editorials referred to him not only as the greatest Catholic churchman, but as one of the greatest Americans in the annals of the nation. French and English journals, and those of other peoples, sounded his praises. This frail man, born the son of Irish parents, who had spent most of his life in the city of his birth, had become a world-wide figure—had achieved unconsciously a fame to which no other American churchman had ever attained.

The body of the Cardinal lay in his sleeping apartment from Thursday, March 24, the day of his happy death, until the following Monday morning, when at an early hour it was borne into the Cathedral by the five priests of his household and the Reverend Arsenius Boyer, S. S., St. Mary's Seminary, for many years Confessor to His Eminence. There they placed it reverently on a catafalque in front of the high altar.

At the foot of the catafalque rested the Red Hat placed upon the Cardinal's head by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII in 1887, but never again worn by him. This sacred memorial of the Cardinal will hang suspended in the Cathedral until that historic edifice is no more.

The decorations conferred by many governments on the Cardinal, tributes of mighty nations to a great man who ever remained a simple priest, were displayed to view, fastened to a silken pillow side by side with the emblem of his cardinalatial dignity.

While the body lay in state in the Cathedral—from eight o'clock Monday morning until Thursday—delegates from the various Catholic societies of the city, about nine hundred in all, formed a constant Guard of Honor, standing beside the bier. The members of the Ladies' Societies of the City formed a Guard of Prayer from early morning until ten o'clock at night.

On Monday morning, March 28th, there was a Mass for the parochial school children of the diocese, on Tuesday for the members of the Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods, and on Wednesday for the Laity. Immediately after each Mass the Cathedral was opened to the public to view for the last time their venerated Cardinal. It is estimated that more than 200,000 persons performed this filial duty to the dead, many in deep emotion, a silent awe and reverence so pervading the scene, that it seemed almost ethereal. Through the day thousands entered the sacred precincts almost unceasingly. At night they passed around the catafalque at the rate of 7,000 an hour. On the night before the funeral the line waiting for entrance into the church stretched over seven blocks. Old and young, rich and poor, those of high estate as well as low went to pay their last tribute of affection and gratitude to Cardinal Gibbons, the friend of all. And though he lay there cold and lifeless, it was easy to conceive his spirit near blessing his cherished flock.

It was raining on the day of the funeral, Thursday, March 31st; but thousands of persons stood outside the Cathedral, umbrellas in hand, to witness the procession of church dignitaries from Calvert Hall College to the Church. The procession was an inspiring one, though on account of the weather, the program could not be carried out as fully as planned. The officers of the Mass, the Cardinals and Archbishops, went direct to the Church from the Cardinal's residence.

Two Princes of the Church, William Cardinal O'Connell of Boston and Louis Cardinal Begin of Quebec were present at the Solemn Requiem Mass; and there, bowed in sorrow, were nearly fifty bishops and archbishops, many monsignori and hundreds of priests from the Diocese of Baltimore and from other parts of the country. Abbots and heads of the various orders were seen in solemn garb, as were the members of the religious orders, wearing the distinctive dress which marks their organizations.

Post-Master General Will Hays attended the Mass as the representative of President Harding. M. Rene Viviani, former premier of France, was present as the representative of his Government; and practically all the embassies and ministries in Washington were represented. Governor Albert Ritchie of Maryland, Mayor William Broening of Baltimore, and officials of the Nation, State and City were there present.

The Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. John Bonzano, was celebrant of the Mass and the Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbshop of Saint Louis, preached the funeral sermon. In his eloquent tribute, Archbishop Glennon declared that Cardinal Gibbons was one of the three great men of the last half-century. The other two members of the triumvirate, he said, were Pope Leo XIII and Cardinal Manning. These three men had come into the world to win the world back from the false philosophy of the scientists to the true philosophy of the Cross. His Grace sketched the work the three churchmen had done in championing the cause of labor and proclaiming the right of man to a reward that shall secure to him and his family the means of comfort and happiness. God had raised up Cardinal Gibbons at a providential time, he said, when bigotry was threatening to stir up the whole country; but the fearlessness, the piety, the learning and kindness of the Cardinal had dispelled the evil clouds and made religion shine forth in greater beauty.

"The source of his power," continued the Prelate, "is traceable to the inner life of the man, which was a blending of strength and sweetness, of simplicity and prudence. Thus when we consider what manner of man he was and how he worked for peace through the truth, and that the way of his work was charity, we now can understand how like the rainbow of God he stood before this generation a symbol of peace and promise; but unlike that fitful image which the sun paints on the storm clouds, he has endured through the years. Even now as we look toward the flaming west of his setting, there comes through the purple twilight his spirit's parting benediction.

"As we stand in the shadows listening to that voice that speaks to our souls, ours is the solemn duty to take up the work he has left us to do—to promote peace, to teach the truth, to serve God, to build up anew the falling walls of Christendom. Soon we shall find how much we shall need him who is gone. Soon will the wish unbidden arise, if it were only the blessed will of God that he should remain with us yet a little longer—*Mane nobiscum quoniam advesperascit.*

"Let us hope, now that he has gone to his judgment and to his reward, that the angels' song, of which he spoke at the Christmas time, will greet him also on his way—that he will hear their voices calling to him to give glory to his Master and to the attainment of the kingdom of peace. While this is our hope, it must also be our prayer."

Five absolutions were pronounced after the Mass, by

Rt. Rev. Leo Haid, O. S. B., North Carolina; Rt. Rev. P. J. Donohue, Wheeling, W. Va.; Rt. Rev. Denis O'Connell, Richmond, Va.; Rt. Rev. John Monaghan, Wilmington, Del., and by the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. John Bonzano.

At the hour the Mass was begun, all activities in Baltimore and other cities and towns in the State ceased for a minute.

This was in consequence of a *Proclamation* issued by Governor Albert C. Ritchie. Trolley cars and automobiles halted; the anvil failed to ring as the hammer rested unused for a minute beside the forge; there was no outcry of men calling their wares; and the rush and turmoil of the marts of trade were not thought of for the moment. Baltimore's great citizen was about to pass to his eternal rest; and the heart of Baltimore, and the heart of the Catholics of the country, and the heart of all who loved Cardinal Gibbons were to rise in prayer to God for him.

CHAPTER II

EARLY YEARS

TO few men who have attained the heights of international greatness has the consolation been given of doing most of the great things of their lives in the place they call their home.

If we scan the pages of history and read the stories of brave men and true, we find that once these men had begun to travel "the path to glory," they left far behind them the old home, the old faces, the old friends, the old associations, which, nevertheless, must have remained ever dear to them.

This is equally true of the man of war and the man of peace, of the scientist and the scholar, of the poet and the priest, of the statesman and the discoverer. They have gone into strange fields and lived among strange peoples to win a name and fame—to prove that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

But to Cardinal Gibbons came what is probably the unique distinction of carrying on the greater part of his life's work among the people whom he liked to call "my people" and who liked to call him "Our Cardinal."

All the honors of his life, ecclesiastical and civil, centered in Baltimore—the Baltimore to which his thoughts always turned no matter how far his travels carried him.

The poet says truly:

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

Never was this better exemplified than in the life of Cardinal Gibbons; for though born in Baltimore, and destined to so great and preternatural a work there, yet an overruling Providence intervened in his life at the age of three years. In 1837, with his father and mother and the other children of the family, he was borne four thousand miles across the ocean to Ireland, the land of his parents' nativity. There he was to breathe the living atmosphere of faith, to behold examples of heroic virtue, to be schooled in the principles of earthly and heavenly wisdom, and to practise amid the hard facts and discipline of experience the moral and spiritual lessons he, as Christ's ambassador, was to inculcate for more than half a century.

Divine Providence was evidently watching over James Gibbons, when it permitted him to leave his native city at so tender an age only to return later as a young seminarian, there to begin and end a career of devotion to God and his fellowmen, that, in its varied and astonishing developments, was not only to lead him to fame, but to attract to him the affection and esteem of the world.

It was on Gay Street near Fayette that the Cardinal was born on July 23, 1834. We are told by a biographer that the house was a substantial two-story building with a high pitched roof, much like hundreds of houses in the Baltimore of fifty years ago. There, in the heart of what is known as "Old Town," little James Gibbons played with his young companions, laughing-eyed and brimming with life. Then came a day when his young playmates heard with tearful amazement, that the Gibbons family was going to leave Baltimore, and that the father and mother and all the Gibbons children were to sail across the sea to Ireland. James, the three year old boy, did not realize what it all meant, but his parents knew and they were sorry to say good-by to the town they had learned to love. Little did that Irish father and Irish mother think when they left Balmore that any member of the family would set eyes on the city again. Never did they dream that little James was destined one day to return to his home city, there to become the greatest citizen in its long and honorable history, and one of the great men of all American history.

If his parents could have visioned the future, if they could have seen their son laboring for nearly sixty years in the vineyard of the Lord as priest, bishop, archbishop and Cardinal, their hearts would have throbbed more violently; and they would have fallen on their knees and from the depths of their Irish hearts would have sent forth burning prayers of thanksgiving for the great favor conferred upon them by Heaven.

In October last, while His Eminence was returning to his residence in a limousine from the silver jubilee celebration of St. Elizabeth's Church in East Baltimore, he directed the chauffeur to stop the car at Fayette and Gay Streets. Sitting in the limousine, the Cardinal pointed out to his secretary the spot where his old home stood. He spoke for several minutes of the old-fashioned bedstead in which he slept. He told of the pranks of the other children and lived over again the scenes which his parents had pictured for him. The house was razed in 1892. There must have been a tug at the Cardinal's heart when he saw the old home of his nativity being laid in ruins.

There were six children in the Gibbons' family, three boys and three girls. The Cardinal's parents were typically Irish, and from them he received as a heritage those qualities so characteristic of the Celtic nature—gentleness and unselfishness, sympathy for those in distress, the gift of smiling through the tears of discouragement, the knowledge that a man only proves himself a man by subduing difficulties and surmounting obstacles when "everything goes dead wrong."

Thomas Gibbons, father of the Cardinal, was born in 1800, and brought up in Westport, County Mayo, Ireland. There he married Bridget Walsh, a young maiden of strong character and deeply religious principles. Shortly after their marriage the youthful couple emigrated to the United States and made their home in Baltimore.

James, the future Primate, was the eldest of the sons. A few days after his birth, he was baptised in the Cathedral by Dr. Charles I. White, a priest of great learning and piety, whose funeral sermon the babe he had made "heir of Heaven" was destined to preach forty-four years later as Archbishop of Baltimore.

Mary, the eldest daughter, after a life of sterling virtue and piety, died at her home in New Orleans in December, 1920, at the age of ninety-two years. The Cardinal, who had been one in heart with her, was deeply affected; from all parts of the country there came to him telegrams and letters of condolence. Catherine, gentle, innocent, lovable, the favorite of all, met the Angel Death in the bloom of her seventeenth year, in Ireland, and was bitterly mourned, especially by little James, who loved her passionately. Bridget, the youngest sister, married in New Orleans Mr. George Swarbrick; by her beautiful life she carried out the family traditions of excellence in virtue; and at her death in 1913 she left a host of worthy descendants, who are held in the highest esteem in the Crescent City.

Thomas, the third son, died in New Orleans. John the only surviving member of the family, now in his eighty-fifth year, lives in New Orleans, one of the foremost citizens of that historic and eminently attractive city, where, annually, the Cardinal was welcomed with all the affection and honor a generous people could bestow.

On their arrival in Ireland Mr. Gibbons settled with his family in Westport, his former home, where he purchased a farm. The Gibbons home, presided over by such a mother, was a model one where all the nobler qualities were inculcated by word and example. There were the solid virtues of life planted in the hearts of the children, with a corresponding horror of sin. Faith and devotion attracted them; and there in the nightly gatherings to say the Rosary—an eminent Irish custom—the youthful James learned his unwavering devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

In their Celtic home, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons clung to the memories of the land they had left behind them; and of evenings, gathered around the turf fire, they recalled the beautiful scenes of Maryland, the majestic Potomac, the forests, the Cathedral, where they had worshipped, painting them in glowing colors to their children. Not forgotten was the famous Fort McHenry, near their former home, where the Star-Spangled Banner waved during the night of the bombardment of the fort by the British in 1814, and where Francis Scott Key was inspired to write his immortal anthem; the little boy listened, all unconscious that he was the predestined Chaplain of the Fort during a great Civil War yet to come. His father told him of the time when he had put his boy on his shoulder that he might see the father's hero, Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," as he passed through the city of Baltimore.

So it came about that love of his native land took possession of the breast of James Gibbons, having as a copossessor his love for the suffering, heroic land of his parents. His father did not forget Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose home was not far from the Gibbons' home in Baltimore, and who died two years before James was born; more interested was the boy, when he learned of Archbishop John Carroll and the Cathedral Church built on a hill in Baltimore, which could be seen for a long distance, a monument to the progress of Catholicism in the United States, the home of the first Catholic See in this country—that Cathedral which, by the decree of the Most High, was to be his home and his tomb.

In Ireland the boy learned much of Erin's woes; so that in after-life he never ceased to pity and defend her and to denounce the tyranny and persecution excercised there. He also developed a taste for American history. He read much on that subject, and kept plying his father and mother with questions concerning the story of the American Revolution, and the history of the heroes connected with it. The eager, thoughtful little boy drank in all he heard and found stirring in his heart those patriotic impulses which were to become so pronounced in after years. They were impressions which were to make his patriotic speeches so fruitful and so promotive of the best interests of his country. More than that, they were to be the best barriers against bigotry.

In Ireland, the Cardinal absorbed those qualities characteristic of the Celt in a literary sense—a sympathetic eloquence, a felicity of style and an ability to say a thing in a way that best grips the hearts of one's hearers.

At the age of seven years, James attended a private classical school at Ballinrobe, near Westport, where a Mr. Jennings and a Mr. John J. Rooney were his teachers. His Eminence said in after life that he wondered how the vocation to the priesthood ever came to him; for in Ireland he was not taught Catechism in the schools, a thing which always seemed to him difficult of explanation. However, he had such a truly Catholic home-life in such a truly Catholic land that it is not surprising that religion interpenetrated his very life and made his soul a temple of the highest spiritual ideals.

James was a normal, healthy boy, frail in body, but a real athlete, leader at all games, wiry and agile and quick to score over his opponents in every contest. He played football, cricket and other games. He never seemed to tire, but was on the alert all the time, enjoying every minute given to sport. This agility, this quickness of movement, remained with him throughout life even to a few weeks before his death. Members of his household, newspaper men who often went to interview him, and others know that the Cardinal never walked up or down the steps. He always tripped up and down, like a youngster, and with that smile on his face that told at a glance that he was enjoying life in its fullness.

Those early far away days in Erin must have made a deep impression upon the youth, for to the very end of his life he loved to recall them. He laughingly told members of his household that while visiting a small town near his home on one occasion, his father lifted him up on his shoulder so that he might get a look at the famous

Irish leader, Isaac Butt. Butt was short and round, and hence was nicknamed Tub, i. e. Butt spelled backward. From all accounts Butt was not popular; and on this occasion he was subjected to shouts of derision on emerging from the hotel. It was delightful to see the Cardinal imitate in pantomine Butt's facial mockery of the jeering, hooting crowd.

Among his schoolmates were a boy named McCormick, afterward a Bishop, and the two sons of an English officer, Captain Celery. A warm friendship sprang up between the future Cardinal and the two Celery boys. On the removal of Captain Celery to another post, the boys exchanged marbles as a proof of their undying friendship. "The marbles, I hid in the garret of my home," said the Cardinal in telling the story, "and many were the times I used to take them from their hiding place and handle them with the glee of a miser."

Mr. Gibbons, large-hearted, industrious and pious, died when the boy James was thirteen years old. The widowed mother decided to return to America with her dependent little family.

The sailing vessel on which the Gibbons family embarked for this country was wrecked off one of the Bahamas. The passengers clung to the ship all night, fearing every moment that she would be swallowed up by the waves. How easy it is to picture the agonized faces looking up through the darkness to Her who is the Star of the Sea, while supplicating voices called to Her aloud as the beads slipped through trembling fingers.

But God's angels were watching over His children in distress. With the dawn of day came rescue; and the passengers, not one was lost, were conveyed to Nassau.

The passengers were forced to remain two weeks in the Bahamas. The Gibbons family found a faithful friend in a Mr. Johnson, who took them to his home and provided amply for their wants. A warm friendship sprang up between the little Catholic boy and his non-Catholic benefactor; and many conversations ensued between them on religious subjects, arguments full of interest on both sides. The zeal of the future Levite was already enkindled and his faith and knowledge brought earnestly into play. The Cardinal never forgot Mr. Johnson's kindness; he corresponded with him at intervals all his life, Mr. Johnson following with appreciation the phases of distinction through which the Cardinal passed, though he himself never entered the fold. He preceded the Cardinal to the tomb by a few years. From Nassau the Gibbons family took passage for New Orleans. In that most Catholic city, the brave mother had determined they should take up their residence.

CHAPTER III

Answering the Call

IT was while young James Gibbons was at work as a clerk in a grocery store in New Orleans, conducted by a Mr. William C. Raymond, that the inspiration came to him to enter the priesthood. He received that divine call at a mission held in the Spring of 1854 in St. Joseph's Church, New Orleans, by the Redemptorist Fathers, the Reverends Isaac Thomas Hecker, Augustine Hewitt, Clarence Walworth and Alexander Czvitkovicz.

Many persons have attributed to Father Hecker the sermon which aroused the young clerk's desire to leave the world and to prepare himself to become an "Ambassador of Christ." It seems to be definitely established, however, that the sermon which had this all-powerful effect was one dealing with vocations to the priesthood and that it was preached by Father Walworth. The missionaries sailed from New York on December 27, 1853, and reached New Orleans ten days later. On the voyage, Father Hecker contracted pneumonia and was unable to take part in the mission until near its close. In "Life Sketches of Father Walworth" by Ellen H. Walworth, we read on page 130:—

"An earnest youth listened to Father Walworth's sermon on the priesthood as preached in that city (New Orleans) and, thinking it over, offered himself to the bishop for the service of the altar. Father Walworth did not know that the seed of the divine word he had scattered had fallen thus upon good ground, until he sent his volume of poems "Andiatorocte" to the Cardinal. At that time he was made very happy by receiving in answer a note of thanks stating the above facts in a few simple words. In 1902, the writer of these biographical sketches was with her mother in a book store in Baltimore, when they were recognized and accosted by Cardinal Gibbons in his own gentle and gracious manner. On that occasion he again alluded to the above-mentioned fact, saying that he owed his vocation to a sermon which Father Walworth preached at New Orleans."

Mr. John T. Gibbons, of New Orleans, brother of the Cardinal, in a letter to a member of the Cardinal's household, referring to the circumstances leading to His Eminence's espousal of the priestly life, said that Dr. Orestes Brownson exerted a powerful influence in guiding the Cardinal's footsteps to the altar. Mr. Gibbons, in describing the Cardinal at the time he was 19 years old, a clerk in Mr. Raymond's store in New Orleans, said:

"My brother often spoke about Dr. Orestes Brownson, the New England convert to the church. He had Brownson in his mind and on his lips for a long time, and the impression that eminent man made on him must have been very great, for it could be seen in his face that a joyous sufficiency of Faith and Grace had taken possession of him and that there was nothing more needed to make him satisfied and happy. Brownson lectured here in the armory hall on Camp Street, within a few doors of the building in which my brother was employed, and of course, he went to hear him and was charmed with his independent American manner of speaking and the way he put forth his sledge-hammer arguments in defense of the Church. If the Brownson smile left his face at any time, it was only when he read of what some few Catholic writers of the day had to say in criticism of his idol. In the next issue of his review or in his speeches, Brownson would so demolish his critics that nothing more would be heard from them, and the Cardinal held up his hands rejoicing."

The young aspirant to the priesthood was nineteen years old at the time of this turning-point of his life. Though the call came to him in January, 1854, he did not enter St. Charles' College until the summer of 1855, when he was twenty-one. His employer was reluctant to give him up. He offered his young clerk an increase in salary and told him his future was bright in the business world; but young Mr. Gibbons was determined to leave the world. He would not refuse the heavenly mission offered him by God. Like Samuel of old, he answered in spirit, "Speak Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

In describing his trip from New Orleans to the College, the Cardinal said:—"In that year, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was attempting to push its way to Cincinnati. Arriving by boat at Cincinnati from New Orleans, I took the B. & O. to a point west of the Allegheny Mountains. Here I detrained and continued the journey by stage. At that time there were no such things as dining and sleeping cars. Usually twenty minutes were allowed for meals at some eating place—in most cases ill-kept and uninviting. There was no coordination between the different railroads, so that a whole day would be lost if one were so unlucky as to have to continue the journey on a rival road. Neither were the rails of a uniform distance apart. The result was that in the transfer of a car from one road to another the wheels had to be shortened or lengthened, as the case might be. I recall now that I was exactly sixteen days *en route* from New Orleans to Baltimore."

Thus after an absence of eighteen years, during which time he had travelled many miles and had been brought face to face with death, the coming seminarian was back in Baltimore, his native city. Perhaps before he went out to St. Charles' College, at that time situated about seventeen miles from Baltimore, he visited his Gay Street home and looked upon it and thought of the days he had spent there, of his mother and father—that father who was buried far away in the Emerald Isle.

According to the Cardinal's description of his first days at St. Charles', he was by no means a timid and bashful young man. In fact, he felt in after life, that he was inclined in his first few days there to be more or less "forward." Speaking of his first day at the college his Eminence said, only a few weeks before his death:

"I shall never forget my first day at St. Charles'. I arrived, I remember, on a Thursday, which was the weekly holiday. I had scarcely heard the word discipline, and so when the bell rang calling us in to supper, I was at once struck by the silence of the boys as they marched in to tea. At table that night we talked as usual. But again the bell rang for night prayers and we filed into the prayer hall. I must confess the silence struck me as rather peculiar. In due time followed night prayers, and then came the march to the dormitory. At the head of the line was Mr. Menu, like a shepherd, stern of countenance, and we followed like sheep. By this time

FATHER JAMES GIBBONS

AT THE TIME OF HIS ORDINATION.

the silence became overbearing, and not able to restrain my thoughts any longer, I blurted out in the dormitory: 'Where are we going?' The only answer to my question was the long finger of Mr. Menu pointing out to me a little bed, with not a word of explanation. The whole thing was done in pantomime.

"The next morning the bell rang and the boys filed into the prayer hall for morning prayers. Kneeling on his priedieu and about to begin the morning exercises was Mr. Jenkins, a thin, delicate looking man, with thoughts fixed upon the coming occupation. Up to him I walked, put out my hand, and in a loud voice said 'I hope you are well this morning, Mr. Jenkins.' I got no response to my salutation, and I need not add I never again shook hands with Mr. Jenkins before morning prayers.

"In my day, the style was to wear very tight breeches. I was merely conforming to custom when I reached St. Charles' with two suits of clothes of the approved style. But very soon, from playing prisoners' base and football, the breeches did not last. Accordingly, Mr. Randan had made for me a suit of clothes. The vest came up to my chin. The coat came down to my heels and John L. Sullivan could have gotten into the legs of the trousers. I remember Mr. Randan's remark: 'I will cure you of your vanities.' "

One of the Cardinal's chums at St. Charles' was the Right Rev. John S. Foley, late bishop of Detroit, who in after years still remained one of the intimate circle of the Cardinal's friends. Bishop Foley once described the Cardinal as he knew him at St. Charles:—

"The burdens of high office have told upon his slender frame with advancing years, and yet as he rises before my mental retrospect I cannot see much change in the supple, trim figure that entered so ardently into our youthful sports. He still preserves the grace of movement of his early days, when, with all his apparent delicacy, he proved himself to be as elastic as tempered steel. Those were the days when the fixed rules of football *a la Rugby* were unknown or ignored; and I recall with accelerated pulse the dash with which the Cardinal 'in petto' broke into the melee around the elusive sphere and ruthlessly beat down all opponents. Whatever he did was done with all his might, and that is the philosophy of his story. He engaged in his studies in the same earnest, indefatigable fashion that he exhibited at football or in the racquet court, and his mind was as active as his body, full of spring and resiliency. He was a youth, too, of noble and generous impulses, and his unaffected modesty was a most charming trait of his character. All these splendid attributes he has carried with him into the turbulent arena of life. With him life is real, life is earnest."

Those who know how active the Cardinal was, when he was an octogenarian, can imagine how dashing, how alert he must have been on the athletic field.

He was an expert football player at St. Charles', for he had learned to play that game well when he was a boy in Ireland. In some circles, the impression has gained ground that while at college, his Eminence was by no means a brilliant student. As a matter of fact, those who were associated with him say that he was an excellent student, showing all the keenness and alertness of mind which he displayed in later years. It must be remembered that he entered the college in 1855 and was graduated with distinction in 1857, finishing the course in a remarkably short time.

In September, 1857, the young student entered St. Mary's Seminary, then under the presidency of the Reverend Francis L'Homme. There he developed into a fine scriptural scholar. He loved the study of the Bible and that love reflected itself in after life. In the Cardinal's writings and sermons one will find scriptural quotations interwoven with an eloquence and appropriateness indicative of his thorough mastery of the Scriptures. This knowledge of the Bible served him well in his work in the Vicariate-Apostolic of North Carolina and in Virginia, enabling him to drive home to non-Catholics the conclusive fact that the Catholic Church, far from being an enemy of the Bible, is its protector and safeguard; in it she finds the life of her teachings; and her ardent and oft-repeated desire is that her children should love the Sacred Word of God and make it the subject of frequent reading and devout meditation.

In his sermons, as well as in his writings, the Cardinal had a happy faculty of presenting his argument by simple but eloquent word pictures, references to Biblical incidents or to historical events. His diction was extraordinarily simple, yet classical, holding all his hearers, the most highly educated and the least so among them. His Eminence did not preach long sermons. He could say much in little, following the old Horatian axiom; but all of his sermons were masterpieces of pulpit oratory as distinct from that flamboyant style popular among others in the early part of his priestly career. Such a style never appealed to him. His was the oratory which the world of today likes—simplicity and truth delivered by men of simple tastes, whose lives have been stamped with honesty.

This knack of preaching well, of painting word pictures, was learned by the young student at St. Charles' and at St. Mary's Seminary; but he supplemented his acquisitions there by his careful and appreciative reading of great British essayists and poets—the poets of Ireland in a marked degree—as well as the historians of America and other countries.

In subsequent years he repeatedly expressed the debt of gratitude which he owed the Sulpician Fathers who had charge of his education to the priesthood. He loved them in an especial manner. His confessor for many years, Faher Boyer of St. Mary's Seminary, is a Sulpician. On the occasion of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of his episcopacy held at St. Mary's Seminary, October, 21, 1918, the Cardinal thus expressed his appreciation of the good done by the Sulpician Fathers:

"This morning I was reminded by one of the speakers, of the days before I entered upon my studies at St. Mary's. I recall that for some time I was on the fence and did not know whether I would serve God in the church as a priest, or as a layman in the world. Besides two Sulpician Fathers who created in me a great desire to serve in the sacred ministry, there was another who gave me inspiration, and that was a good Redemptorist priest, who recommended that I should enter a Sulpician seminary. I followed that Redemptorist's advice. Never shall I regret that I placed myself under the care of the Sulpicians, who are eminent in learning, but more eminent in piety.

"I solemnly declare with the true sense of the responsibility of my word that Almighty God in His power, mercy and influence has never conferred a greater blessing on the Church in America than when he inspired Bishop Carroll to invite the Sulpicians of France to come to this country. The coming of these men has been a singular benediction to the United States. The Sulpicians have formed and moulded the character of the young men studying for the priesthood. They were the original teachers of the clergy in the United States. They gave to the non-Catholic and to the Catholic an idea of what the Catholic priest ought to be. When I look back today to the days I spent in the seminary under their guidance and influence, I find I have forgotten much they taught me, but I shall never forget what is imprinted on my heart and memory and deepest affection."

In an article, contributed to *The Baltimore Catholic Review* for the special ordination number of St. Mary's Seminary, the Rev. Dr. Wendell Reilly, S. S., of the Seminary gives some interesting sidelights on the days spent by the Cardinal at that great Sulpician Institution.

"When we come to look up college archives and to think over old college stories," writes Father Reilly, "in an attempt to place 'Mr. Gibbons back in his surroundings in the years 1855-1861 which he spent at St. Charles' College and St. Mary's Seminary, we find a remarkable verification of the old Sulpician maxim, 'As the seminarian is, so the priest.' He neither did nor said any thing very extraordinary in those years, but he delighted the hearts of his directors by doing ordinary things with extraordinary carefulness. The philosophers were only ten in number in the class of 1857-1858, at St. Mary's, into which James Gibbons entered; their rooms were in the buildings of the old seminary. The theologians, some thirty in number, were lodged in the buildings of St. Mary's College, which had been suppressed in 1852, when the Sulpicians found it posible to devote themselves exclusively to clerical education. Philosophers and theologians formed, however, but one community.

"If the seminarians were less numerous in 1857 than in 1921, they were in some respects more imposing. It must have been an impressive sight, if somewhat provocative for the Know Nothings, to witness the weekly community walk through the streets of Baltimore of the forty seminarians and their six directors, all attired in long frock coats and silk hats.

"Father Dissez, who was a director at the Seminary from 1857-1908, and ever a spiritual guide of the Cardinal, has left a few interesting notes, written at some date not mentioned, to furnish materials for a short notice of the life of His Eminence. Father Dissez records first the very words in which Father Jenkins, the president of St. Charles', recommends Mr. James Gibbons to the faculty of St. Mary's: *"Bon esprit; talent."* Sulpician alumni will realize that these French words cannot be translated: they conveyed the information that the aspirant to the priesthood was talented and had shown at St. Charles' from 1855-1857 that 'good spirit' which makes a man responsive to the influences which are brought to bear on him in a clerical training school.

"The professor of Philosophy at St. Mary's next gives the mark which recorded success in studies during the first part of the year, 8½ out of a possible 10. 'He ranked second at the beginning. But in the course of the year he came out the first and was appointed *master* *of conference,* presiding over an exercise of review of the matter already seen in class, and preparing by this review the public weekly Examination called *the Dominicale.*' According to the diary of L'Homme, Mr. Gibbons was appointed master of conference April 29, 1858. The late Bishop Burke of Albany used to say that he himself succeeded Mr. Gibbons in another office at the Seminary; he had charge of the spiritual welfare of the servants under the treasurer.

"Father Dissez wrote: 'James Gibbons manifested the *Bon esprit* at St. Mary's as at St. Charles' by his affability, politeness and kindness towards all, superiors and fellow-students. He was a regular and edifying seminarian. He profited by all opportunities to increase his knowledge. Even in recreation he liked to ask his Professors about the subject-matter of his studies or readings. He had a special zeal for the study of Holy Scripture; in his private rule he set apart one hour to read it every day. . . Another excellent trait manifested by Mr. James Gibbons during his Seminary course was his tenderness exercised in a special way towards his excellent and severely tried friend, Mr. Onthank who died of consumption after a long period of sickness.'"

At the Seminary, the Cardinal displayed those qualities of "pedestrianism" which were to baffle all those who were called upon to make trips with him later in his life. He thought nothing of walking ten, fifteen, even twenty, miles a day when a young archbishop. He walked rapidly and without the least exertion. Priests liked to take short walks with him, but some of them were not eager for the long "hikes." The Cardinal knew this and he used good-humoredly to tell how on occasions some of the "huskiest members" of the clergy in Baltimore had to beg him to "cut short" jaunts on which they went with him.

During the last few years of his life, the seminarians from St. Mary's took walks with His Eminence. A seminarian was assigned regularly for the daily walk. The Cardinal talked to the young men about their studies, about their lives and their home-towns. If a seminarian came from San Francisco, the Cardinal knew priests in that diocese. If he came from Portland, Maine, the Cardinal had friends in that diocese. No matter whence the seminarians hailed, His Eminence almost invariably knew some of their friends in the priesthood and could sum up accurately and in a few words the characteristics of those friends. As they parted at the door of the Cardinal's residence, His Eminence said good-by to the seminarians with a courteous "I thank you."

In the last published interview with the Cardinal, in which His Eminence gave advice to the young men of the nation under the title, "Young Man, Expect Great Things," the Cardinal said that until he was 40 years old he always associated with old men to get their viewpoint, but that after he had passed his fortieth milestone he associated with young men to get their viewpoint, and to learn faith and hope from their optimism. That is one of the reasons why he liked to walk with the Seminarians.

James Gibbons was ordained in St. Mary's Seminary on June 30, 1861, by the Most Reverend Francis P. Kenrick, D. D., brother of the venerable Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, who, twenty-five years later, to the very day, almost to the very hour, placed the red biretta of "a Prince of the Church" upon the Cardinal's head at the Cathedral.

CHAPTER IV

The Ambassador of Christ

DARK were the days and dark loomed the future for this country when Father Gibbons entered upon his work as a priest at old St. Patrick's, Baltimore, in July, 1861.

The country was divided against itself and there were many who predicted that "a house divided against itself would fall." Civil War was in its first days then—cruel first days, in which all the agonies of the conflict were brought home forcibly to the people of this land. In few places did it press with so much sorrow, so much anguish, so much division of natural feeling among members of one household, as it did in the State of Maryland and notably in the city of Baltimore.

There were men in the Cardinal's native city who espoused the cause of the Confederacy. There were others who stood for the Union. The first blood of the Civil War had "flecked the streets of Baltimore." There were sons of the finest families in the city, who had escaped the surveillance of the Union soldiers and made their way to the South to enlist under the "Stars and Bars." Their parents, their wives, their sisters and brothers were praying for them, hoping against hope for the safety of those from whom they never could hope to hear, except by some outwitting of the watchfulness of the "Yankee" soldiers.

The loyalty of Baltimore to the Union was so seriously doubted that that city was kept under especial vigilance. Cannon looked down menacingly from Federal Hill where Union troops were stationed under the command of General B. F. Butler. Every citizen was suspected. Many of the best Catholics of the city left the Cathedral on Sundays, when the prayers for the authorities ordered by Archbishop John Carroll and composed by him, were read. Confederate sympathizers did not relish the petition for the preservation of the Union as contained in that prayer.

It was in an atmosphere and at a time when one indiscreet word would have brought down the wrath of the Federal authorities or the indignation and enmity of the Confederate sympathizers, that Father Gibbons became assistant pastor of St. Patrick's. The people saw as their new assistant a frail young priest, who appeared to be in delicate health and who, it was confidently predicted by many, would be unable to stand long the strain of duty. He said Mass on that first Sunday morning and preached a sermon simple and eloquent. Those who heard it were pleased and at once expressed the opinion that they would like "the new priest."

St. Patrick's is situated in a part of Baltimore which is known as "Fell's Point." It is not far from the Baltimore harbor, in which ships from the seven seas find port. In East Baltimore, the future Cardinal met sailors from every port and every clime. He used to stop to chat with them and learn the news from all the world, assimilating such news and inquiring in a friendly way concerning the spiritual health of these men. The pastor of the church was the Rev. James Dolan, known as "The Apostle of the Point," because of his zeal, his success in ministering to the needs of the souls of his people, and his interest, too, in their temporal welfare.

Father Gibbons did not remain long at St. Patrick's. Six weeks later he was sent to St. Brigid's, in Canton, a mission of St. Patrick's. Before the end of the year he was given full charge of the congregation, his first and only pastorate as a priest.

The church was surrounded by farms and the only house near by was occupied by a family of Smyths, Mrs. Bridget Smyth was a motherly woman with the real Irish instinct of hospitality and sympathy. On the Saturday night that the young priest arrived to assume his duties at St. Brigid's, Mrs. Smyth sent to him his first meal in the parish. Father Gibbons never forgot her kindness. He blessed her and expressed the hope that many spiritual and temporal blessings would come to her. Four of Mrs. Smyth's grandsons were ordained to the priesthood. One of them is pastor of a church in Baltimore, another is pastor of a church in Washington, a third, a member of the Paulist Order of Priests. The fourth grandson, who was an assistant pastor of St. Martin's Church, Baltimore, died two years ago.

The men of Father Gibbons' parish, for the most part either Irish or of Irish descent, were employed at the copper mills. The neighborhood indeed was like a transplanted bit of Erin. The rectory of the church was not only unpretentious—it was worse than that. It was a poor, shabby dwelling, part of which Father Gibbons had to devote to the use of church meetings. But he was not one to complain. To the very day of his death, he lived in the humblest surroundings. He felt that as his Master had lived in the poorest of homes in Nazareth, it was not fitting for him to seek the splendor of a great edifice. He wanted to be poor in spirit and to follow out the priestly life in humility and sacrifice.

Within the limits of St. Brigid's parish was Fort Marshall, one of the temporary forts thrown up by the Federal authorities. On several occasions, soldiers from that fort overran the limits of discipline and acted in an ugly and threatening manner. One night, it is said, the young priest found one of the soldiers asleep in the church yard. He remonstrated with the man, who became so enraged that he picked up a fence paling and with mocking words, attacked the young pastor. Father Gibbons, the frail man, acted quickly: striking the soldier with his fist, he knocked him half stunned to the ground. Rising with difficulty—he had had enough to satisfy him—the cowardly assailant left the premises. Soldiers under the influence of drink sometimes addressed sneering remarks to the priest; but Father Gibbons as a rule quietly continued on his way, recognizing that the condition of the men took away from them much of the responsibility for their act.

He had ministered only a few months at St. Brigid's, when Archbishop Kenrick, appreciating his talent, his energy, his gifts and his executive ability, informed Father Gibbons that he desired him also to assume charge of St. Lawrence's Church—now Our Lady of Good Counsel Church—at Locust Point. In connection with his duties there he was to look out for the spiritual wants of the soldiers at Fort McHenry. At that time there were imprisoned at the fort some of Baltimore's distinguished citizens. Locust Point is directly across the harbor from Canton. For many years, except during the recent world war, the big immigrant ships from Euope have come to that point, bearing tens of thousands of new citizens to this country.

Every Sunday morning after the six o'clock Mass at St. Brigid's, the pastor was rowed across the harbor to St. Lawrence's. There, before Mass, he heard confessions, then celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, preached, baptized, and visited members of the parish, especially those who were sick. He paid visits also to Fort McHenry, only a few blocks from the church. His duties at the Point over, he recrossed the Patapsco to Canton, where he preached again at ten o'clock.

His sermons were much on the order of little heart to heart talks filled with scriptural quotations, picturing some of the great events of sacred history. In a diplomatic, persuasive way he taught the doctrines of peace and concord when such doctrines were so greatly needed. He always proclaimed the truth with wisdom, for he knew that in those times of strife and turmoil, one indiscreet word might undo all the good work he was trying to accomplish.

In those early days of the Civil War, as well as the days immediately preceding it, bigotry was rife—in few places more so than in Baltimore. In Maryland, the Land of Sanctuary, where religious freedom was first guaranteed in the New World, the name of Catholic had come to be hated and a member of that church was looked upon with bitterness. The "Know Nothing Party" had carried the state only a short time before, and the results of that victory were evident everywhere.

Not with denunciation did Father Gibbons fight such bigotry. He knew, rather, that words of love and expressions of desire to meet one's fellowmen on the level of fair play would accomplish more good than condemnations and vitriolic attacks. More than that, he knew that the example of a good life would have a more positive effect in breaking down bigotry than controversies entered into with a fighting spirit.

He learned in those days, as he learned afterward in North Carolina and Virginia, that bigotry is due mainly to ignorance. He remembered his lessons in later years and was never drawn into controversies, though when it was necessary to protest against any usurpation of the rights of a Catholic, he spoke vigorously and with authority. He forestalled injustice and obtained his rights.

Father Gibbons made those trips across the water in stormy as well as in fair weather. When the harbor became ice-bound, he made the trip to South Baltimore and St. Lawrence's by carriage, sleigh or some other vehicle—a round-about trip which consumed much time.

During the course of his administrations at Fort McHenry, four Confederate soldiers confined there were sentenced to death by the Federal Government. They had been captured on Maryland soil, three of them while on a visit to their homes on the Eastern Shore. Father Gibbons was asked by one of the four, John R. H. Embert, to give spiritual consolation to him and prepare him for death. The sentences of the four were afterward commuted to life imprisonment. The story is told in Mr. Allen S. Will's delightful "Life of Cardinal Gibbons," that a few years later, Mr. Embert made a surprise visit to the Cathedral while Father Gibbons was stationed there as secretary to Archbishop Spalding, and asked his former chaplain to marry him, remarking with a smile: "As you did not have the opportunity of tying the knot around my neck, I ask you now to tie a more pleasant knot."

The young pastor's life at St. Brigid's was in other respects much like the life of the ordinary priest. He said Mass daily, preached in season and out of season, heard confessions and gave Holy Communion to his flock; he truly went about doing good, responding to sick calls at all hours of the day or night. Wherever he went those who met him felt that they had indeed in their midst a worthy priest and all hearts went out to him in love and respect.

His popularity as a preacher soon grew; and he was in demand at many churches, especially for the Lenten exhortations and sermons at special ceremonies of the church. It was on the Good Friday night of the year 1865, now historic, that he preached a sermon on the Passion of Our Saviour. He showed with words of condemnation the ingratitude of those who had crucified Christ, painting in a word picture as an analogy the slaying of some wise and benevolent ruler of a people.

The congregation had scarcely left the church when the news resounded throughout Baltimore that President Abraham Lincoln had been shot. A few days later, when the body of the martyred President was brought to Baltimore, Father Gibbons, with other clergymen, followed it in the procession from the railroad station to the Exchange Building, where it lay in state.

CHAPTER V.

HE RECEIVES THE PURPLE

ARCHBISHOP Spalding had heard many pleasing reports of the work of the young pastor of St. Brigid's. An investigation by him convinced the new prelate that Father Gibbons was the man he needed as his secretary.

As has been seen, the people of his charge had become dear to the young priest and he had endeared himself to them; so it was with genuine sorrow they received the formal announcement that he had been appointed secretary to the newly consecrated Archbishop of Baltimore, the Most Reverend Martin J. Spalding, D.D. The news of his appointment brought sorrow to Father Gibbons. The night he received the notification, he wrote to several priests in Baltimore asking them to use their influence to have the appointment recalled. Then realizing suddenly that such a course was not in accordance with the promise of obedience which he had made to his Bishop at the time of his ordination, he recalled his request and with heavy but loyal heart obeyed the summons.

In later years, the Cardinal spoke to many seminarians on his walks about his reluctance to assume the post of secretary. He told them the importance of obedience. Indeed, he preached on that subject repeatedly. In addressing soldiers in the American Army during the recent world war, he impressed upon them the necessity of that virtue and told them that without obedience on their part to their officers, success would be impossible.

RIGHT REV. JAMES GIBBONS.

In October, 1865, Father Gibbons said good-bye to his flock and went to live in the Cathedral rectory, where he was to spend most of his future years and where he was to receive from his Master the summons to eternity.

The Archepsicopal residence, which was to become known in later years to all Baltimoreans as "The Cardinal's House," has long since earned the right to be called the nursery of bishops. Gibbons, Becker, Foley. Curtis, Donahue, Russell, are the names of some who entered as priests the house on Charles Street near Mulberry Street and who afterward became the heads of dioceses.

As at St. Brigid's, Father Gibbons speedily won friends at the Cathedral by his charm of manner and by the excellent qualities of a true priest which everyone observed in him. He became a popular confessor, and outside his confessional in the Cathedral long lines of penitents were to be seen. Numbered among them were leaders in the State and City, as well as the poorest of the poor. They were all children of God in his sight; and to all, before raising the hand of absolution, he gave instructions suited to their state of life. His sermons continued to attract attention and he received invitations to preach in many places. At Calvert Hall College and at St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, at that time on Franklin Street, he taught Catechism. His instructions, simple and clear, had a winning power of appeal to the members of his class; and the good he accomplishd in the hearts of the little ones he so loved was augmented by his popular sermons for the children of the parish delivered on Sundays at the Cathedral; the latter, indeed, like the catechetical instructions of St.

Francis de Sales, attracted those of a larger growth, who went away better men and women.

Archbishop Spalding was proud of his young secretary: his penetrating mind, his genial, sunny temper, his deep-seated humility, with his modest manner of address, continued to draw more and more the confidence of that prelate.

About a year later, there occurred an event which was to mould the future of Father Gibbons, to send him on the road to international fame and lead him eventually to the very highest office in the Catholic Church outside of the Papacy itself. This was the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, convened in October, 1866, by Archbishop Spalding, and presided over by him. His young secretary was made the assistant chancellor, and the Archbishop delegated much work to him. Father Gibbons speedily attracted the attention of the prelates assembled there, by his energy, his tactfulnes, his courtesy, and his readiness to do everything that lay within human power to add to the comfort of those who took part in the proceedings. He was often called upon to give information neccessary for the carrying on of the work of the Council. For this his persistent studies as well as his wide and well-selected course of reading, all acted upon by his reflective mind, seemed to fit him. Soon his work began to be talked about outside the Council sessions, and the word of praise was sounded for him everywhere.

The assistant chancellor was, of course, present at all the sessions of the Council; there he learned much that was to stand him in good stead in the future. An eager listener to the debates of the Bishops, he took into his heart all the words of wisdom that fell from their lips, and derived from them much that guided him afterward in the administration of his episcopal and archepiscopal duties.

Among the numerous reforms advocated there, was the cultivation of a spirit of sympathy and tolerance towards those outside the fold. Non-Catholics were to be looked upon as sincere in their convictions; their feelings were to be respected and all efforts to convert them were to be made in conformity with the teachings of Christian charity. Controversies were to be avoided as far as possible, though Catholic teachers of doctrine were not to stand by idly and allow their faith to be attacked with impunity. They were to teach from pulpits the doctrines of Catholicism, preaching them in a manner so clear and intelligent as to be understood by all. Politics were to be avoided. Vocations to the priesthood were to be encouraged, and preparatory seminaries were to be erected as well as higher seminaries where philosophy and theology were to be taught.

At the closing ceremonies of the Council, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, was present. Father Gibbons was introduced to him, the first executive of the nation whom he had met. The modest young secretary could not foresee that he was to meet all the Presidents of the country after that, including President Harding, to win their esteem, and to be on terms of great friendliness with most of them.

Wholly intent on the momentous problems that were before the Council, his mind teeming with activity and enthusiasm, while he recorded the discussions and gave to his prelate the aid of his frank suggestions, the modest young priest had no conception of the eyes that were watching with astonishment and admiration his successful labors. What was his amazement, therefore, when he learned that he had been nominated by that august body Bishop of the newly created Vicariate-Apostolic of North Carolina! He had been ordained only five years; and less than twelve years had elapsed since he had begun his studies for the priesthood.

It was not until two years later that the consecration of Bishop-elect Gibbons and another Bishop-elect took place. The Reverend Thomas A. Becker, who also was a member of the Cathedral household, was nominated Bishop of Wilmington, Delaware. Both were raised to the episcopacy in the Cathedral on August 16, 1868. Father Gibbons was consecrated titular Bishop of Adramyttium and Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina. The unique ceremony drew a vast congregation, and the Cathedral sanctuary was filled with priests from all parts of the diocese and even from distant cities. Archbishop Spalding presided at the ceremonies and the Reverend Thomas Foley, chancellor of the diocese, afterward Bishop of Chicago, preached the sermon.

Among the bishops present were Right Reverend John McGill of Richmond, whom Bishop Gibbons was to succeed in a few years, and Right Reverend James Roosevelt Bayley, who, the destined successor of Archbishop Spalding, was to leave his pallium to the young Vicar Apostolic in the course of a decade. Father Foley, in his discourse on the occasion, eulogized the many estimable qualities which the members of the Cathedral household and other eminent ecclesiastics had found in the two bishops. Turning to Bishop Gibbons, he said:

"And you, Right Reverend Sir, are to go to the large

State of North Carolina. It appals one to think of that State of more than a million inhabitants with but few altars and one or two priests to minister to them. This is the work which the Holy Ghost, which the Supreme Pontiff, which the united body of our Bishops in Council assembled, have cut out for you, a work which plainly bespeaks the character which you hold with them.

"I cannot congratulate you on going to North Carolina, but I do rejoice for the honor which the Church of God has conferred on you; and I congratulate your flock, few and scattered, upon the advantage they are to derive from the apostolic mission you are to establish in that State, which, in a religious sense, may be called a desert. It will not be long, I predict, before that desert will be made to bloom and produce much fruit; and your vicariate, now so poor and uninviting, will be able to compare with other dioceses of longer existence in religious prosperity."

Before going to Wilmington, N. C., the see of his new charge, Bishop Gibbons performed in the diocese of Baltimore several duties of his new office. He administered Confirmation at St. Brigid's, his first pastoral charge. He dedicated St. Joseph's Passionist Monastery Church, at whose golden jubilee he presided in 1916; and he ordained his first class to the priesthood, three Jesuits from Frederick, Maryland. It was a coincidence that the last class the Cardinal ordained was the the class of 1920 of Woodstock College, Jesuits, the ceremony taking place at Georgetown College, June 30, 1920. All the members of that class marched as a delegation in his funeral procession.

The Cardinal, it is affirmed, ordained more Jesuit priests than any other prelate in the entire history of the Order throughout the world. On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of his episcopacy, a book was presented to him containing the name of every Jesuit raised by him to the priesthood. At every ordination ceremony at Woodstock or at Georgetown, he asked those among the Jesuits whom he had ordained to stand up so that he might greet them. He looked upon all priests whom he had ordained as spiritual children especially dear to him.

CHAPTER VI

A Missionary Bishop

ON the first page of a "board-back" note book, a book much like the one in which store-keepers used to enter their accounts half a century and more ago, is the following notation written by Bishop James Gibbons on All Saints' Day, 1868.

> "This day I was invested in St. Thomas' Church (Wilmington) by Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding, who preached an admirable sermon at Pontifical High Mass celebrated by me. I preached at Pontifical Vespers. Many Protestants attended both services. Father McManus of Baltimore, the Very Rev. Dr. Birmingham of Charleston and Fathers Northrop, O'Connell and Gross were present."

The diary in which this entry was made, marking the beginning of the Cardinal's work in the Vicariate of North Carolina, has written on the front cover in the Cardinal's handwriting in Roman characters:

Jacobi Gibbons

Acta Episcopalia a 25 die Septembris, 1868 *ad*—

Episcopal Acts of James Gibbons from September 25, 1868, to—

The diary was kept by His Eminence until 1917. The book is yellow with age. In it is found the record of the

Cardinal's hopes and joys and sorrows. It breathes his deep-abiding faith, his optimism, and his belief in his fellowman.

One regrets that the Cardinal did not go more into detail in some of the entries of the diary concerning some of the events which had a far-reaching influence on the future of the Church in this country. In his diary he either touches lightly on some of the great events or ignores them entirely. His comments on them or his explanations of them would have opened up a great vein of research for those who will seek in future years to write a complete estimate of his work for Catholicism in the United States. This present work is merely put forth in the hopes of giving the people of America a rather intimate pen picture of him—a picture which no matter how hard one may labor upon it never will do the model justice.

Father Northrop, whom he mentions in the entry of November 1, afterward became Bishop of Charleston. Father O'Connell was the Rev. Lawrence J. O'Connell, uncle of Rt. Rev. Denis J. O'Connell of Richmond. Father Gross was Father Mark Gross, brother of the late Archbishop William H. Gross. Father McManus, afterward Monsignor McManus, was pastor of St. John's Church, Baltimore. At the time of Monsignor McManus' death on February 28, 1888, the Cardinal recorded it thus:

> "Monsignor B. J. McManus, the dearest friend I had among the clergy, died this morning. *Deus tibi det pacem suam, amice cordis mei"* (May God give you peace, friend of my heart.)

Father McManus' picture hung in the Cardinal's bedroom for many years, up to the day he died.

Archbishop Spalding and Father McManus accompanied Bishop Gibbons from Baltimore to the vicariate. The three arrived at Wilmington on the night of October 30th, where they were received by Father Gross and a delegation of the laity. Father Gross was pastor of St. Thomas', which was to be Bishop Gibbons' headquarters. Addresses of welcome to the new Vicar Apostolic were made by Colonel F. W. Kerchner and Major Reily, They promised that the Catholics of North Carolina would co-operate with their new shepherd in every way and expressed their gratitude that a bishop had been sent to their assistance.

In a paper read by His Eminence before the Historical Society of New York—"Recollections of North Carolina," he said of this early period:

> "My sole companion here was Reverend Mark S. Gross. Our accommodation (we had no house) consisted of two small rooms, one for an office, another for library, attached to the rear of the church. But my work on hand left no leisure to breed homesickness. Everything had to be started, missions inaugurated, schools established, priests to be had, conversions to be made."

A few days after his arrival, on November 10th, Bishop Gibbons made an entry in his diary on his first pastoral visit in his new field of labor:

> "Father Gross and myself visited Fayetteville according to previous arrangement. The church lot in Fayetteville is 300x100. The church is a frame

> building 40x60 feet with a well-sounding organ and galleries running all around. The church is sadly in need of repairs. I ordered a shingle roof to be put on at once at a cost of $155."

Entries of November 11 and 12 show that he had started on his evangelical work in earnest; an entry reads:

> "I preached on Wednesday and Thursday nights. The first night the church was comfortably filled. On the second night every available space in the pews, aisles and galleries was crowded. Some 500 persons were present, including a Presbyterian and a Methodist minister. The entire Catholic population of Fayetteville and immediate vicinity amounts to about 50."

The Bishop administered Confirmation for the first time in the vicariate on November 19, at Goldsboro, where he preached in the town hall. There were 31 Catholics in the town which had a population of 3500. He administered the Sacrament to eight persons. Father Northrop baptized a colored girl. Bishop Gibbons made arrangements to build a church in Goldsboro, and was pleased to find the Protestants very friendly and disposed to contribute to the new building.

At New Berne, the new Vicar was gratified with the success he met with during these first weeks, but one Sunday evening, November 22nd, he was quite nonplussed when his congregation, composed mostly of Protestants, suddenly ran out of the church, when a fire was discovered in a neighboring building.

At the time Bishop Gibbons assumed the pastorate of St. Brigid's Church in Baltimore, 1861, the evil effects of the Civil War were to be seen around him. He lived in a city where brother was arrayed against brother, and even father against son. There was at least one case in Catholic circles where a husband was fighting in the Union Army, while his wife was under arrest by the Federal authorities on charge of giving comfort and aid to the enemy.

When the Bishop arrived in North Carolina, the war was over, but its terrible effects remained. He entered that State when the carpet-bag regime was in full sway, when many negroes recently liberated from slavery, some of them with no moral influences to hold them in check, were preparing to wreak vengeance upon the white people.

He had been in North Carolina only a few hours, when he saw a procession of negroes, many of them inflamed with drink, carrying torches and boasting of the revenge they meant to take. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," was their battle-cry.

Of this scene the Cardinal wrote many years later:

> "I remember on the Saturday after my arrival in Wilmington, October 31, 1868, I witnessed a political torchlight procession of colored people. I learned that this element was the leading political factor in the State, as it was at that time in the South generally. While right-thinking men are ready to accord the colored citizen all to which he is entitled, yet to give him control over a highly intellectual and intricate civilization in creating which he had borne no essential part and for conducting which his antecedents had manifestly unfitted him, would be hurtful to the country as well as to himself."

On a visit to Plymouth during his first month in the vicariate, the Bishop stopped at the home of a Captain McNamara, an ex-Confederate officer, through whose reports his eyes were opened to the excesses of the carpet-bag regime. Among many startling things the Captain related that while in New Berne he had found some of the followers of the Union Army, parasites who had thrived on the sufferings of the South, in full possession of a Catholic Church there. A preacher with a body of school teachers constituted the usurpers. Captain McNamara demanded by what authority they had taken possession of the church. "By the authority of Jesus Christ and the United States," they replied. "I respect those authorities," the Captain said reverently; "but you have no written commission from either of them;" and he expelled them forthwith from the building.

A large number of the families the Bishop visited had been prosperous in pre-war times. The heads of those homes had been rich planters, with numerous slaves, and hospitality had been a reigning virtue. At this time, however, all were greatly reduced in circumstances, many of the families, indeed, being in a state of actual indigence. Poverty and culture and education were there combined. A hard lot! And the recollection of all that had been made it the more bitter and unbearable. The Bishop, who was a man instinctively kind and forgiving, was repelled by the repressive measures exercised toward such families. His heart bled for their sufferings, and was filled with admiration for the sacrafices they had made in the cause so dear to them. The memory of those days never left him; and it strengthened his convictions formed long before, that gentleness, not harshness, wins.

The Bishop was in sympathy, too, with the negroes, in their new life; many of them were uneducated and some mistook their newly acquired liberty for license. Their new prelate, to whom the soul of a negro was as precious as the soul of a king, afterward visited the Josephite Fathers in Mill Hill, England, studied their methods and was instrumental in having them brought to our country to attend to the spiritual needs of this class of people.

Bishop Gibbons led in every sense of the word the life of a missionary of the Gospel. On some days he rode twenty-eight miles on horseback to say Mass and confer the Sacrament of Confirmation. He sometimes rose as early as four o'clock in the morning, said Mass at four-thirty o'clock, administered Confirmation, and then set out for other points in his vicariate. On some of these occasions, he traveled by train, carriage and horseback. Once he traveled on a freight engine. At times he slept in log cabins, with little to eat, and that food only of the most unpalatable quality The beds he sometimes slept on were beds only in name. He never complained, but was always buoyed up by the spirit of true Catholicity he found among the faithful, by the charity and hospitality of so many Protestants, and especially by the numerous conversions which attended his zealous labors. He early learned in North Carolina that much of the bigotry was based on ignorance and not on malice. He emphasized this fact repeatedly in his sermons in later years; and in his talks with his priests he counselled them to let charity always be their guide in dealing with persons of another faith.

It was with emotions of gratitude he learned, on his arrival in Wilmington, North Carolina, that the Episcopal minister of the church in that town had announced from his pulpit on the previous Sunday the coming of Bishop Gibbons and the place where he was to hold services.

He arrived in Tarboro on December 7th, the first visit ever made by a Catholic Bishop to that town. In his diary is the following comment:

> "I preached in the Court House in the morning and in the evening to a large audience. The most intelligent citizens of the town were present, including three judges, one of whom is an ex-Senator of the United States. Father Northrop and myself visited the gaol to see a colored man under sentence of death. I gave him a short instruction and baptized him."

On December 13th, he preached to an overflowing congregation at Raleigh. The members of the North Carolina Legislature, which was in session at the time, attended in large numbers. He praeched in that town again on December 16th, making this entry in his diary:

> "I promised to send scapulars to Mr. Robert M. Douglas a Catholic, son of General Douglas, and books to the Attorney-General, who desires to learn more about the church, with the view to becoming a Catholic."

The young Bishop was obviously making an impression upon the people of the State even during the first few weeks of his mission. The leaders of the State went to hear him, and they were struck by his words. They had not known the Catholic Church before, but they were learning to know it and they were seeing it in its true light. The words of the Bishop were enlightening them. Being true men and sincere men, they were grateful; and most of them were open to conviction.

On one of his trips the Bishop came across a family by the name of Devine living in a little house in the woods. The father had not seen a bishop for thirty-six years, and a priest was a rare visitor; but he had kept the faith. More than that, he had converted his wife to Catholicism and had given his ten children such a thorough education in their religion that they were sterling defenders of the faith. "This man's vigilance in the religious education of his children is truly edifying," wrote the Bishop.

In another town he visited, the Bishop was not quite so edified, when he found that in the place there were only three Catholics, one of the three being the father of ten children, all attending a Protestant Church. The man expressed regret that he had not been more firm in his convictions. He confessed that it was moral cowardice which had led him to permit his children to be brought up outside the faith.

While on a visit to Plymouth, the Bishop learned that an Irishman had apostatized and had become a Baptist. The Irishman was immersed, and after the ceremony was asked by his new co-religionists to lead in prayer. He astonished them by reciting the "Hail, Holy Queen." Perhaps the devotion to the Blessed Virgin remained still in his heart, for he afterward returned to the church and manifested sincere repentance for his apostasy.

During the first few weeks of his vicariate, the Bishop administered Confirmation once in the garret of a home.

Indeed he administered the Sacrament in any place that was offered. He knew that God gave grace to those confirmed and made them strong and perfect Christians, whether they received the Sacrament in majestic cathedrals or in the hovels of the poor. During his first month in North Carolina, he traveled 925 miles, confirmed 64 persons, ten of whom were converts, and baptized 16, ten of them also converts.

The young Bishop was wearied at the end of his first month of missionary work, but his heart was filled with gratitude to God for the abundant rewards bestowed upon his labors in numerous conversions to the true fold. His zeal urged him to greater things through the realization that he was tilling the soil for the planting of the seed of God's faith. He not only went about building churches, but, convinced that parochial schools are the safeguards of religion, he began to make provision for the Catholic education of the children of his flock.

On September 20th, 1870, at his invitation, the Sisters of Mercy arrived in Wilmington from Charleston to begin the first parish school, which was opened on January 3, 1871. Other schools sprang up in the diocese, and Catholic education, which always found an indefatigable sponsor in the future Cardinal, began to make headway in North Carolina. A school for St. Thomas' parish was opened in the basement of the church in 1871 with twenty pupils under the direction of Fathers Gross and White. The Bishop brought the Benedictine Fathers to Belmont, near Charlotte, where an Abbey was established. In later years the Cardinal recommended the appointment of the Rev. Leo Haid, O. S. B., head of the Abbey, as Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. Bishop Haid, who is still Vicar, was the oldest bishop in point of years in the episcopacy to attend the Cardinal's funeral.

As a boy on his way to America, the Cardinal had a narrow escape from drowning. As a Bishop in North Carolina he had a narrow escape from death by freezing. Many years afterward the Cardinal referred to the escape in the following manner:

> "I remember it was the month of March. The day of my departure opened with difficulties. The railway train left very early in the morning. Rising at 4 o'clock, I found the weather cold and rainy. The carriage failing to call for me, I was compelled, with the help of a boy to carry my large, heavy valise packed with mission articles, the distance of a mile to the depot. As I traveled northward the rain became a furious storm of sleet and snow. Reaching the station, I found the brother of Dr. Monk, who had come to meet me, and on horseback, too, with axe in hand, to cut our way through the forests. The sleet and snow had covered the country, and bound to earth in many places across our course the pine saplings that grew in dense bodies up to the margin of the road. A neighbor was with him to take me in his buggy. We started. It was a journey to be remembered—a trip of 21 miles in the teeth of wind, rain, sleet and snow.
>
> "After a short exposure I was all but frozen by the violence of the storm and the intense cold. We had ridden a number of miles when, to my delight, my friend drew rein at his own house. I entered the hospitable door, and the change was most grateful—from cold and misery to warmth and comfort.

> "In a few moments the housewife had brought in a hot bath for my frozen feet, and the husband a supplement in the way of a hot drink. The generous hospitality restored, in a very short time, my almost perished frame."

Bishop Gibbons' host at Newton Grove on that occasion was Dr. J. C. Monk, a physician, who had become a convert to the faith and who worked zealously for the conversion of others. The Bishop made the trip in fulfillment of a promise to Dr. Monk. In speaking of the doctor, the Cardinal said in later years:

"Dr. Monk, a gentleman of piety and intelligence, had for a long time entertained doubts about his religious opinions. It happened that a parcel came to him one day, wrapped in a copy of the *New York Herald*. He fell to reading the pages and was soon deeply engrossed in a sermon by Archbishop McCloskey on the "One True Church." He rose from its perusal profoundly impressed, his soul awakened to the dawning light of faith.

"While I was absent in Europe at the Vatican Council, in 1870, a letter came through the post addressed 'To any Catholic Priest of Wilmington, N. C.' Father Gross received the letter, which was one of inquiry about the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and from a Dr. J. C. Monk. A correspondence was opened between us after my return from Rome. I recommended certain Catholic books. Dr. Monk procured them, and, having more fully instructed himself and his family in the faith, he and his household were all received into the Church. He came to Wilmington to make a profession of faith. I baptized the family and learned with the deepest interest of the circumstances that had led to his conversion, and of his hopes in regard to the community in which he had lived all his life as a prominent physician.

"This was a remarkable conversion. The finger of God was here. Nor was the conversion to be barren of results. Dr. Monk returned home, after receiving my promise of a visit to his family. In due time Father Gross visited Newton Grove, and to a great throng in the open air preached on the true faith. From that time an earnest inquiry into the tenets of the Catholic Church sprang up among the people. Dr. Monk was a providential man for the diffusion of the faith. He was highly respected, and as a physician had access to every family in all that region. His zeal to enlighten the people was surpassed only by his solid piety and good example. Possessed of means, he liberally aided in every way the spread of the faith.

"The religious movement started by Dr. Monk became a movement of the whole district toward the Catholic Church..

"Regular appointments were made, on the occasion of the Bishop's visit, for a visit by the priest, and in a short time the brother of Dr. Monk, with his family, embraced the Catholic faith. The congregations that met on the occasions of the priest's visits to Newton Grove were so large (they grew to three hundred) that it became necessary to erect a temporary structure of rough boards for their accommodation.

"The Faith daily gathered strength by the accession of many of the most respectable families in the vicinity. Withn a short time the number of conversions warranted the erection of a church and a schoolhouse. On their completion, this apostolic mission became firmly established and continues to prosper."

Another mission, which began in a similar manner, was started by three brothers, Irish peddlers, who had settled in Duplin County. Although totally uneducated, they, by their piety, strong faith and integrity of life, attained a wide influence. Calling a priest to their home, they assisted him powerfully in the work of conversion and helped to erect the Church of the Good Shepherd. The number of accessions to the faith equalled that of Newton Grove.

While paying his first visit to Asheville in 1868, a vacant lot of land seven and a half acres in extent attracted Bishop Gibbons' attention as a suitable site for a church. While conducting negotiations for the purchase, the now valuable Battery Park property was offered him for a few hundred dollars. But the necessary funds were lacking: at present, millions cannot buy it. After strenuous efforts on his part, a brick edifice was erected and dedicated by him to St. Lawrence. Father Gross built a small church at Hot Springs, forty miles distant, for the spiritual comfort of visitors to that favorite resort.

The present handsome little church in Salisbury, an old mission forty miles north of Charlotte, owes its existance to the celebrated Fisher family, on whose property it is located. Colonel Fisher, a Confederate officer, fell in the first battle of the Civil War. His sister and his children entered the Church. Among them was the gifted Frances, who, under the *nom de plume* of Christian Reid, became one of the leading Catholic novelists. In the parlor of their colonial residence they were baptized and later confirmed by Bishop Gibbons, who held them in the highest esteem and declared that the congregation steadily increased owing to the pious example of the Fisher family.

The many conversions which followed as a result of the Cardinal's visits to the various towns of his vicariate made him forget the trials and difficuties of his work. Privations and discomforts counted naught to him where souls were to be saved. He had the spirit of the Good Shepherd and rejoiced as he saw the sheep coming into the spiritual fold.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE OLD DOMINION

THERE are no entries in the Bishop's diary from August 20, 1869, until October 4, 1870, a period of more than a year. The "board-covered book" lay all the time untouched in the desk of the young Vicar-Apostolic.

The entry of October 4, 1870, gives the reason:

> "Returned to Wilmington from the Ecumenical Council at Rome, having sailed from Baltimore, October 20, 1869."

Bishop Gibbons was the youngest of more than seven hundred delegates to the Council—Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops. Representatives of the Catholic hierarchy of the world journeyed to Rome to take part in the Council, which was to proclaim the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Pope.

Europe was represented by 514 prelates, North and South America by 113, Asia by 83, Africa by 14 and Oceanica by 13. Dignitaries whose Cathedrals have been numbered for centuries among the great architectural monuments of the world, sat side by side with humble missionary bishops from China, Africa and other places, some of whom had to acquire "the gift of tongues," since they were obliged to speak in a number of languages in order to minister to their people.

At the Council there was an English Episcopate "numbering upwards of one hundred and twenty members. Prelates speaking the English tongue assembled from England, Ireland, Scotland, the United States, Canada, Oceanica, the East Indies and Africa."

At the opening of the Council of Trent, 325 years before the summoning of the Vatican Council, America had been discovered only a half century. In that Council there were four English-speaking prelates assembled from the entire world.

The Vatican Council was convened on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1869. There Bishop Gibbons met the men who were the leaders of his church, whose names were to be written in ecclesiastical history. Some of these leaders were to become his warmest friends and ablest allies in after years. Their ideals were to be his ideals. He was to be drawn to them and cherished by them because of a harmony of interests.

There were two prelates present with whose names his was to be linked in future years, who were to stand boldly and unafraid for the same principles and whose fame was to sweep the world. One was a frail, ascetic man, with a spirtual countenance, who looked every inch a scholar. Those who met him wondered how so frail a body could withstand so strenuous a life devoted to the glory of the Church. He was an Italian, of an ancient aristocratic family, whose voice was seldom if ever heard in the Council, but whose words of wisdom in advising others, including the Holy Father, were welcomed gladly. Cardinal Pecci they called him. He was held in high esteem by those who had followed his career. Yet there were few gathered in the Eternal City at the time who could have surmised that within a decade, this frail, brilliant Prince of the Church would be elected to the throne of Peter, and that under the name of Leo XIII he would grace history as one of the most illustrious of the long line of Sovereign Pontiffs.

The other prelate referred to was also of aristocratic birth—a convert to the faith. His conversion, in fact, shook religious England to its very foundation stones. Born of wealthy parents, a social leader when a young man, he afterward became a dominant figure in the Anglican Church. Eventually he made his way during the height of the Oxford movement, to the Church of Rome. This was Archbishop Henry Edward Manning, afterwards Cardinal Manning. He was so emaciated of figure that Archbishop Spalding once in the course of a conversation, in the hearing of Bishop Gibbons at the Vatican Council, said to the English prelate, "I know not how your Grace can work so much, for you neither eat nor sleep." In an article published in the North American Review in 1894 and afterward reprinted in "A Retrospect of Fifty Years," Cardinal Gibbons said of The English Cardinal: "He delivered the longest oration in the Council, with one exception, and yet it hardly exceeded an hour and a half, which is evidence of the usual brevity of the speeches. Cardinal Manning's discourse was a most logical and persuasive argument, and, like all his utterances, was entirely free from rhetorical ornament and from any effect to arouse the feelings or emotions. It was a Scriptural and historical treatise appealing solely to the intellect and honest convictions of the hearers."

How like Cardinal Manning was Cardinal Gibbons in his sermons! He never strove for effect, never indulged in the dramatic; he used Scriptural texts freely in illustrating his teachings, believing as he did that the most beautiful language ever written was to be found in the Sacred Book. His writings were like his sermons. His simple, chaste style attracted millions and held them by its pure eloquence. Pope Leo XIII, Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Gibbons, (the last named, not an aristocrat, but the son of Irish immigrants) were to form a triumvirate in future years whose achievements generations would praise. They were to become the friends of the working man—proclaimers of the right of man to enjoy as the fruit of his labors, decent home conditions and an opportunity to give his children a good education and other advantages of modern society.

At the Council, the future Cardinal met other men whose character and learning were not lost upon him. Among them was Archbishop Darboy of Paris, friend of the Emperor Napoleon III. Monseigneur Darboy, we are told in the Cardinal's "Retrospect of Fifty Years," had witnessed the assassination of two of his predecessors, Archbishops Affre and Sibour. Archibishop Darboy was murdered a few months later. At the close of the Franco-Prussian War, he was arrested and imprisoned as a hostage by the Commune. In May, 1871, he was shot in the prison of La Roquette, "his hand uplifted in benediction, and a prayer on his lips for his murderers."

Bishop Gibbons took no part in the debates at the Council. He was young and felt that his part was to listen to the arguments of the men who had attained distinction in the Church by reason of their piety and their wisdom. He listened to their debates so that his vote on the various questions, particularly the Infallibility of the Pope, might be cast not only in all humility but with the words of the great minds of the Council to guide him.

His stay in the Eternal City with all that it holds dear to the Catholic heart, left an indelible impression on his after-life. How his soul was uplifted, as its seven hills crowned with the towers and gleaming crosses of its hundreds of churches, burst upon his view! And his heart had thrilled with profound reverence and love in the presence of the saintly Pius IX, the first of four Sovereign Pontiffs with whom he was to be in intimate relation. His spiritual being was saturated with the beauty and glory and truth of the faith of his fathers. He returned to Wilmington with heart bent upon carrying that faith to all parts of the vast field of labor which had been assigned him.

"I have loved the beauty of Thy House, O Lord!" the devoted prelate could say with David. And in the home of sacred art he did not forget his beloved Pro-Cathedral. He brought back with him from Rome marble altars and superb paintings to adorn its bareness and poverty.

In his sermon at the consecration of Father Gibbons as bishop, Father Foley of the Cathedral had predicted that the Vicariate of North Carolina, which at that time was so poor and uninviting, would be made to bloom and produce much fruit. The vicariate remained poor, very poor in a worldly sense, while Bishop Gibbons was there, but in a spiritual sense it fulfilled the prediction of Father Foley. Even in their poverty, the people of the vicariate responded generously and contributed all they could afford to the building of schools and churches. Thus it was that "the desert did begin to bloom and produce much fruit."

Everywhere the Bishop went, the seed seemed to fall on good ground, and numerous conversions were reported. Bigotry began to disappear and former foes of the Church gave the Vicar a cordial welcome. Everybody was glad to see him. This joy was manifested in a strange way on one occasion. The Bishop arrived at a station on his way to a small town which he had to reach by carriage. He waited for the carriage to appear but it failed him. He and his companion started to walk and on the way at last met the carriage; but the driver was decidedly under the influence of drink. Bishop Gibbons chided him gently, telling him that it would not look well for a bishop to enter the town in company with a drunken man, especially when that drunken man was a Catholic. The driver apologized, explaining that he was so overjoyed at the thought of the arrival of a Catholic Bishop that he had imbibed too freely.

Nothing occurred to disturb the even tenor of the Bishop's way in North Carolina, until Bishop McGill's death at Richmond, June 14th, 1872. Bishop Gibbons attended the funeral and on his return home on the seventeenth, found a telegram announcing his appointment as Administrator of the diocese of Richmond. The appointment was made by Archbishop Spalding. It was the last appointment made by that distinguished prelate, one of the eminent men of the Catholic Church in the nineteenth century. Three weeks later he died. The North Carolina prelate attended the Archbishop in his dying moments, administered the Holy Viaticum and read for him the Profession of Faith.

"A great light is extinguished in Israel." wrote Bishop Gibbons in his diary.

On August 29, Bishop Gibbons received the Papal Bulls from Pope Pius IX designating him ruler over the See of Richmond and informing him that he was to continue his mission as Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. On the same day, Rt. Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley of Newark received the Papal Bulls appointing him Archbishop of Baltimore. Bishop Gibbons, in calling attention to this fact in his diary, seems not to have had the slightest intimation that he was one day to be the new Archbishop's successor. Archbishop Bayley was installed on October 13th. He in turn installed Bishop Gibbons at Richmond on October 20; the Archbishop preached the sermon, and Bishop Becker pontificated. St. Peter's Cathedral was crowded to the doors and many were unable to gain admission. The new Bishop of the See made a short address.

The election of Bishop Gibbons of Richmond meant the increase of responsibilities—the doubling of responsibilities, in fact, without any added means of assistance in fulfilling them. Virginia, more than any other State in the Union, had suffered from the evil effects of the Civil War. She had been the real battle ground of that conflict. Her soil was sacred by reason of the sacrifices made upon it. The best blood of the North and the South had bathed it. That blood which had been in conflict in life was commingled in death. The soil became hallowed ground to those who loved the Stars and Stripes, hallowed too, to those who loved the Stars and Bars. And yet while the ground was thus enriched in a spiritual sense, Virginia, the home of bravery and chivalry, the home of Washington and Jefferson and Robert Lee and other great men of our country, had been physically wrecked. It was pitifully impoverished. The mansions which once housed wealth and gayety were now, in many instances, sad relics of their former grandeur. The pinch of poverty was felt everywhere. Only men and women animated with the spirit of Virginia could have looked forward hopefully. But Virginia was the Flanders' Fields of America, and from the blood red poppies of sacrifice and devotion came the inspiration to those who remained.

Bishop Gibbons found this poverty, these blasted hopes everywhere, but he found the spirit of the people undaunted. He came to love them. He went about doing good, building churches and schools, winning converts to the faith and making friends for his religion. Not always, however, did he find help and co-operation. On one occasion, the Court House at Lancaster, Va., was refused him and he had to hold Divine Service in an old shop. On another occasion, he preached and gave Confirmation in an Engine House. He was used to hardships and willingly held divine service and preached the word of God wherever he could bring the people together. He still kept up his work in the vicariate of North Carolina.

Before his appointment as Bishop of Richmond, the Vicar had sent out a circular letter to the people of those towns in North Carolina where no priest was stationed, telling them how they could pay an act of worship to their Creator on Sundays. One of their number was to be appointed by them to preside at the services. This gentleman was "to speak" in an audible and distinct manner as follows:

"Being assembled by the authority of the Bishop, as we have not the happiness of being actually present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, let us join in spirit with our pastor in that Sacrifice which he this day offers up for us and the rest of the flock."

Bishop Gibbons' letter, which followed closely one written by Bishop England to the same effect, said: "After which (the exhortation referred to) you shall devoutly read the prayers for Mass, which being ended, some one of you shall read or procure to be read, one or more chapters of the Catholic books which we shall have appointed for such occasion. And then the children and others standing in need of catechetical instruction shall be arranged in their respective classes and taught their prayers and the Christian doctrines carefully and attentively, after which the remainder of the day shall be spent in a decent and becoming manner; for, Beloved Children, the Lord's Day has been appointed by divine ordinance, principally that Christians may on that day redeem the time they have misspent during the week, prepare their souls for judgment by the examination of their conscience, and by prayer and instruction obtain spiritual support for the ensuing week."

The Bishop found that his spiritual children in North Carolina were acting upon his counsels. Catholics and non-Catholics in the Old North State looked forward to his coming among them, for there had been universal regret when he was called to Richmond. The Cardinal never forgot the devotion of his people to him. He attended, year after year, the banquets of the North Carolina Society of Baltimore, New York and other cities. About a year before he died, he visited some of his old parishes in North Carolina and inquired for the children and grandchildren of his old friends, all of whom had gone to their eternal reward before him.

As a proof of the affection in which he was held by the non-Catholics, the pastor of the Methodist Church at Greenville turned over the church on one occasion to the Bishop. The Methodist Church bell called the people to the services, the members of the Methodist choir sang hymns and the Bishop preached a sermon on Catholic doctrines. An incident which was not quite so pleasant occurred on one of these trips, at Halifax, N. C., on January 4, 1874, and is recorded in his diary:

> "About 4:30 o'clock this morning, my sleep was disturbed by a noise in my room, which was caused by a thief who was searching for plunder. I called out twice: 'Who's there?', but receiving no answer, I jumped out of bed and the robber just escaped, leaving my vest at the door, which contained about $150. Fortunately, I missed nothing, though my cross was lying on the table and my watch under the pillow. I have reason to thank a watchful Providence for the safety of my effects and still more for the preservation of my life. The would-be robber had entered the house through a window, and retreating, left on the ground, the print of a large naked foot. It was fortunate that I did not seize him, as he probably would have overpowered me."

In Richmond and in other parts of Virginia, the Bishop was welcomed into the homes of the elite, where he charmed all by virtue of his pleasing personality. He was received with joy into the homes of the poorest of the poor where he brought spiritual comfort and often temporal help. None will ever know how many poor families the Bishop helped from his slender means.

both in Virginia and North Carolina. In the course of his diary the Bishop tells us:

> "I joined in Holy Matrimony John B. Purcell and Olympia Williamson in the home of Colonel Williamson, the bride's father, in presence of General Custis Lee, son of R. E. Lee, the officials of Washington and Lee University and the Military Institute, and a large number of gentry and the ladies of the neighborhood."

This was on the twelfth of November, 1872, at Lexington.

The means of travel were not what they came to be in after years. Bishop Gibbons was obliged to wait for the stage which passed through the town at 2 o'clock the morning after the wedding, to get the train at Goshen. He reached Richmond at 6 o'clock that evening, after a trip of sixteen hours.

In Richmond, the old people dwell long on the blessed memory of the days at old St. Peter's, when the Cardinal was stationed there. They recall how he used to go out on Sunday afternoons to preach at the colored church and return to face large mixed congregations at the Cathedral, where he preached sermons which were the beginnings of The Faith of Our Fathers.

In his diary, the Cardinal refers briefly, and apparently without much thought, to those sermons, which in a few years were to bring his name before the whole world and eventuate in a book which millions of Catholics in many lands would read. "The Faith of Our Fathers" was translated into several languages and thousands of persons of many nations came into the faith because of it. More than a million and a half copies have been sold and it is still in great demand. Certainly it stands in a class by itself as far as the exposition of Catholic doctrine during the last century or more is concerned.

The impulse—for such it was that led Bishop Gibbons to write "The Faith of Our Fathers"—came about in this way. During his vicariate in North Carolina, he had learned to know the great obstacles that lay in the way of those who were friendly to Catholicism; they were deterred from seeking admission into the true fold because of their conviction that they could not subscribe to some of the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. The Bishop found in his travels that bigotry was for the most part founded on a misunderstanding of the teaching of the Church, that many who were termed "bigots" could not honestly approve of the things they thought the Church taught. Had their information been correct, they would have been justified in their stand. Bishop Gibbons discovered their fairness by explaining away their misapprehensions and shedding a true light on the subject. The manner in which he made his explanations, his simple, eloquent style, illustrated with Scriptural quotations and word pictures from the Bible, proved the open sesame to their hearts.

The Bishop one day, in conversation with Reverend Mark Gross, who had been stationed with him at St. Thomas' Church, Wilmington, N. C., suggested that Father Gross write a book dealing with the subjects he had preached upon in his missionary travels and treating them in such a way as to clear the path for Protestants. "No," answered Father Gross with decision; "you are the one to write that book."

Bishop Gibbons at once yielded to the judgment of his friend and began the work. He wrote chapters while on the train, sometimes at the residences of persons whom he visited—whenever and wherever he could crowd in a few minutes' time. The book is popular because it is a reflection of his life during the days of his great missionary work. Sincerity and simplicity are its leading merits.

In "The Faith of Our Fathers" Bishop Gibbons explained comprehensively and clearly all the teachings of the Church—especially those which the sincere non-Catholic seeking light finds hard to understand. He used the question and answer form successfully in many parts of the book—a method which is used frequently by Catholic missionaries on non-Catholic missions.

A few days before the Cardinal's death, a member of the nobility of Sweden called to see him at his home on Charles Street. He told the Cardinal he had become a Catholic through the reading of "The Faith of Our Fathers." Through all his years he said he had had one great wish, and that was to meet His Eminence. That man from Sweden was far advanced in years. Had he waited a month longer before coming to this country to meet the man whose writings had helped toward his conversion, his wish would not have been realized.

While ruling the Diocese of Richmond and continuing his work in the Vicariate of North Carolina, the Bishop lectured on the Ecumenical Council and other subjects. He gave lectures, too, on "Temperance" to Catholic and non-Catholic societies. Apropos of this, it may be said, that the Cardinal never believed in "Prohibition," but he did believe in temperance. He taught that virtue at every opportunity that came in his way. Whenever he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, he always gave to the new Soldiers of Christ the pledge to abstain from intoxicating drinks. He gave it to thousands of boys. He told them to keep that pledge until they were twenty-one years old.

"I do not mean by that," the Cardinal would say with a twinkle in his eye, "that you are to rush off to the very nearest tavern as soon as you obtain your majority and make up for lost time."

The Cardinal respected the opinions of all men on the subject of prohibition; many bishops and priests disagreed with him on the question, but he never tried to influence them to adopt his views. Unfortunately, some of the paid promoters of the prohibition propaganda did not show him the same degree of respect. They attacked him with unexampled virulence. Their attacks were boomerangs.

Apparently there is nothing new under the sun. For some months past, the Catholics of this country have been expressing their opposition to the Smith-Towner bill for the Federalization of Education. Yet as far back as 1875, when the Cardinal was Bishop of Richmond, attempts were made to introduce such legislation at Washington, and President Grant was one of its chief supporters. The Bishop attacked that bill as un-American and tyrannical and said so without halting words in an interview:—

"The constitutional amendment regarding the school question recommended by President Grant," said the bishop, "if carried out, would reduce our American Republic to the condition of things existing in pagan Rome. In the old Roman Empire, the individual was absorbed by the State, which was a political Juggernaut, crushing under its wheels all personal liberty. In those days, the citizens had no individuality, but were counted only as part and parcel of that vast and complicated machinery called the State. The most crushing of all despotism is that of a centralized government. It is the idol before which the citizen must offer sacrifice; the government, in assuming the education of the child, usurps the place of the father and robs him of his most sacred privilege, that of directing the training of his offspring. The general Government has no more right to dictate to the father when and where and how he must educate his children than it has to prescribe his food or the shape of his clothes. If popular education is wrested from the family and the State and placed in the hands of the Federal Government, of whatever political party, it will give the administration an overwhelming patronage, which would destroy all balance of power and reduce minorities to a mere cipher."

CHAPTER VIII

ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

MANY invitations to speak in public came to Bishop Gibbons while he was at Richmond. His reputation as a preacher began to spread. His sermons were sermons of helpfulness. He spoke to the hearts of the people, for he knew the hearts of men. He knew that if he could touch their hearts, their intellects would be his captives also. That is why St. Peter's Cathedral at Richmond was crowded to the doors every time he ascended the pulpit. The same held true in the Baltimore Cathedral, and in all the other churches in which he preached. For many years after he became head of the Archdiocese of Baltimore it was the Cardinal's practice to deliver the sermon on the first Sunday of every month at the Baltimore Cathedral; but for several years before his death he discontinued the practice, and spoke there only a few times a year. He continued to preach when he administered Confirmation and at other ceremonies; and he rarely declined invitations to Commencements and other college and school exercises, where his classic and genial addresses were always welcomed and appreciated.

While in Richmond, Bishop Gibbons was called upon to preach the sermon at the dedication of the Savannah Cathedral. Six thousand persons heard him on that occasion, the largest audience he had addressed up to that time. That was on November 19th, 1873. He was in demand as a preacher and lecturer in Baltimore, and made frequent trips to that city. On August 30, 1874, he preached at the re-opening of St. Patrick's Church, the first church at which he had been stationed after ordination. On January 6th of the following year, he preached at the rededication of St. Brigid's Church, his first and only pastorate. But the greatest honor of all, the best tribute to his ability as a preacher, came in the form of an invitation to deliver the sermon at the consecration of the Cathedral in Baltimore on May 25, 1876. It was meet and fitting that this privilege should have been accorded him. He was a true son of the Cathedral parish. He had been baptized in that church, had served as a priest there and had been consecrated a bishop within its sacred walls.

At that time—forty-five years ago—there were persons who predicted that the Richmond prelate would be called upon some day to preside on the archepiscopal throne of the Cathedral. They could not suspect that their prophecy would be fulfilled in a little more than a year. They could not forecast the unusual honors which were to be conferred upon Bishop Gibbons in that church, nor the long years that he would hold his gentle rule there as archbishop and Cardinal.

On that memorable day, Bishop Gibbons discoursed upon the perpetuity and indestructibility of the Church. He traced the course of the Church through all the ages, and showed how the mightiest men of all times, with all their power, were unable to crush her; neither could schism, nor dissensions from within compass her destruction. In praising the Church, he recounted the gories of his country.

> "May the God of Israel who is with His Church be also with our beloved Republic," he

> said. "It is not our habit to make fulsome professions of loyalty to our country. Our devotion to her is too deep, too sacred to be wasted away in idle declamation. We prove our loyalty not by words, but by acts. But I am sure that I am expressing the sentiment of your hearts when I offer the fervent prayer that this nation may survive to celebrate her tenth centennial and more; that as she grows in strength and years she may grow in righteousness and wisdom, the only stable foundation of any government, and that the motto '*esto perpetua*' may be fulfilled in her."

In 1876, the United States celebrated the centennial of the Declaration of Independence; hence the Cardinal's reference to the hundredth birthday of his country.

Continuing, he pointed out that in 1806, when the corner-stone of the Cathedral was laid by the illustrious Archbishop Carroll, there was but one diocese, and in its vast extent but a few modest churches and a handful of priests to minister to the spiritual needs of the people. There were but two colleges which Archbishop Carroll had erected, St. Mary's and Georgetown. Sketching the progress that had been made since those early days, the Cardinal said:

> "We count today 67 bishops, upwards of 5000 priests, 6500 churches and chapels, 1700 parish schools, with an aggregate attendance of nearly 500,000 pupils, and a Catholic population exceeding 6,000,000."

At the time of the Cardinal's death the Catholic population of the United States and its possessions was estimated at 28,122,589 persons. There are 17,885,646 Catholics in this country alone. There are 16 archbishops, 93 bishops and 21,643 priests; 6,048 parochial schools with a daily attendance of 1,771,518 are doing honor to the dioceses of the country.

When Bishop Gibbons went back to Richmond after the consecration of the Cathedral, he carried with him the admiration of all who had heard his sermon. The press was united in praise of it and his colleagues in the hierarchy in their comments admitted that it confirmed their faith in him and their confidence that the head of the Richmond See was destined to be one of the outstanding figures of the Church in coming years.

Bishop Gibbons did his work well in Richmond. The head of that see built churches and schools and brought many who had walked outside the church to the tabernacle home. He established the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Sisters of Charity, and the Sisters of the Visitation in his diocese. He dedicated both the Diocese of Richmond and the Vicariate of North Carolina to the Sacred Heart. Relying on the promises of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that He would always be with those who honored It, the Bishop pursued his work of evangelizing the two states.

But the time was at hand when he was to leave Richmond and his vicariate. On April 15, 1877, Bishop Gibbons received a telegram apprising him that he had been named co-adjutor Bishop of Baltimore with the right of succession.

"Fiat voluntas tua. In manu tua sortes meae," wrote the Bishop in his diary that night.

The Papal Bulls appointing him Bishop of Jonopolis *in partibus* and releasing him from the charge of the Diocese of Richmond were received by him on August 1, 1877.

"May God give me light to know my duty and strength to fulfill it," wrote the new Coadjutor in the book which contains the record of his life.

The coadjutorship was not to remain with Bishop Gibbons long. He writes that on the twenty-seventh of the same month he went to Newark where Archbishop Bayley, in poor health, had stopped on his return from Europe. The Archbishop's health was so precarious that his coadjutor anointed him on August 29th.

Archbishop Bayley died on October 3, 1877. The funeral services were held on Tuesday, October 9th. His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey of New York was present with other prelates and a large number of clergy. The body of the Archbishop was carried in solemn procession to Union Station, whence it was taken to Emmitsburg Md., to be buried by the side of his saintly aunt, Mother Seton, who had introduced the Sisters of Chariy into the United States. Bishop Gibbons accompanied the funeral cortege.

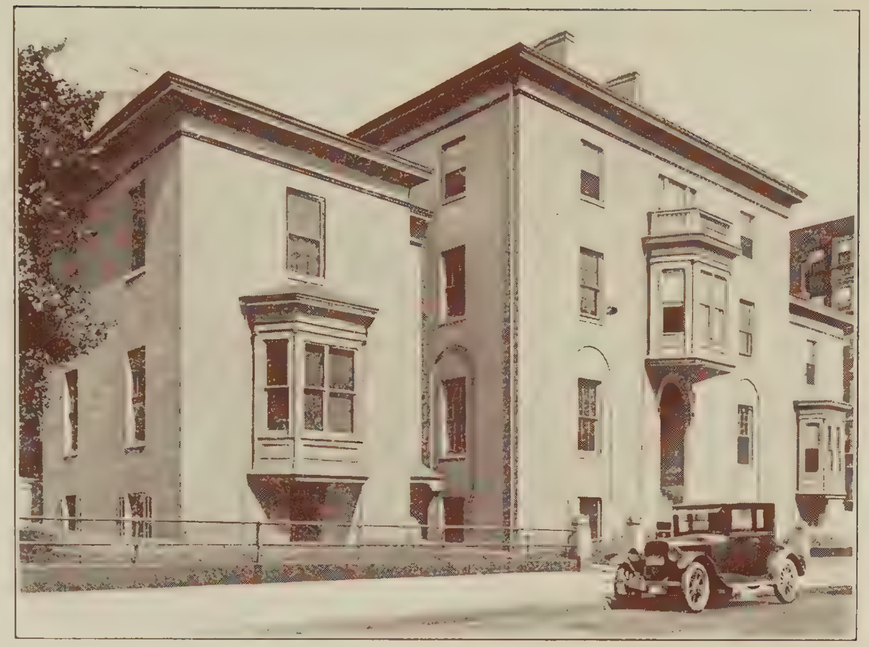
Five days later, the Archbishop-elect preached his farewell sermon in St. Peter's Cathedral, Richmond, before an immense congregation.. Many non-Catholics were present. He praised the devotion of his clergy and laity and expressed his appreciation of their loyalty, the co-operation they had given him, and the sacrifices they had made. He paid a tribute to his predecessor, Bishop McGill, who, he said, had left him "few debts to pay and few scandals to heal." In his closing words, his valedictory, he said:

> "I cannot without regret depart from a city to which I am bound by so many attachments, and from a people who have always manifested so much kindness toward me. I ask your prayers all the time. I do not ask you to pray that I may have a long life—that is immaterial—but pray that God may give light to my understanding, strength to my heart, and rectitude to my will, in order to fulfill well the duties that may devolve upon me. I pray that God may send you a Bishop according to His own heart—a man of zeal and mercy, who will cause virtue and religion to flourish and bear fruit throughout the length of the diocese."

On the sixteenth of October, the clergy from all parts of the diocese met at the episcopal residence to say good-bye to their spiritual guide. They dined with him. After dinner, the late Reverend Matthew O'Keefe, on behalf of the clergy, presented the Archbishop-elect a chalice. The paten and cup were of gold and the remaining part of silver. On the eighteenth, the new head of the Archdiocese of Baltimore left for his native city where he was to spend the remainder of his days.

The Archbishop-elect entered his new house on Charles Street on October 19, 1877, where he was to live in the utmost simplicity for more than forty-three years, until death should summon him from earth.

At that time the clergy at the Cathedral were, the Reverend Thomas S. Lee, rector; Reverend William E. Starr, chancellor, and Reverend Alfred A. Curtis, secretary. Father Curtis was afterward to become Bishop of



Photograph by Mann

THE CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE.

Wilmington, and Fathers Lee and Starr were each to be invested with the purple of a domestic prelate of the Papal household. Writing of these priests on the first night at his new home, the Cardinal said: "They are zealous and accomplished gentlemen as far as my observation and information enable me to judge."

The pallium was received by Archbishop Gibbons on February 10th, 1878, three days after the death of Pope Pius IX. It was the last pallium bestowed by that saintly Pontiff.

In referring to the Pope's death and the conferring of the pallium, the Archbishop wrote:

> "I was hesitating about proceeding with the ceremonies in consequence of the Holy Father's death, but yielded to the judgement of the clergy and several prelates, including Cardinal McCloskey, whom I consulted and who advised me not to postpone the ceremony."

The Pallium was placed upon Archbishop Gibbons by Bishop Lynch of Charleston, who also celebrated the Pontifical Mass. Among the members of the American hierarchy present were Archbishop Williams of Boston, Bishops Loughlin of Brooklyn, Fitzgerald of Little Rock, Shanahan of Harrisburg, Becker of Wilmington, Foley of Chicago, Gross of Savannah, Corrigan of Newark, afterward Archbishop of New York; Kain of Wheeling, Spalding of Peoria, and Moore of St. Augustine. At the beginning of the Mass, the Right Rev. George Conroy, Bishop of Ardagh, and Apostolic-Delegate of the Holy See, entered the sanctuary, attended by Father McManus of St. John's Church and Father Delavigne, S. S., of Montreal College.

There was a procession before the Mass in which the seminarians, the clergy and the dignitaries took part. Thousands stood outside of the edifice. Inside every seat was occupied. Leaders of the City and State were there, Catholic, Protestant and Jew. As the new Archbishop crossed the threshold of the Cathedral, there must have arisen before his mind's eye the scene which had taken place in that Cathedral forty-three years before when James Gibbons of Baltimore was carried into that church to be baptized into the faith of which he now had become so brilliant an exponent. The infant could not speak his loyalty to his Church on that summer day in 1834. He could not promise that he would be true to that faith. He could not promise that he would work in season and out of season for its promotion, but his sponsors spoke well and truly for him—more truly than they knew.

James Gibbons, priest, and James Gibbons, bishop, had toiled amid hardships and sufferings to spread the Gospel. He had been all things to all men and had seen the Church thrive and grow wherever he went. He had met the rich and the poor, had baptized them and confirmed them and given them the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. In the midst of all these accessions to the faith, the fruit of his words and works, he had remained the same humble shepherd of the flock—the good shepherd who knew that there were sheep of other folds whom he must bring into the true fold. He knew, too, that there were sheep of the true fold who had wandered away and whom he must bring back home. When as

Archbishop he had received word that he was to be the future head of the See of Baltimore, he had said in humble submission, "Thy Will be done." He prayed that he might be a faithful and watchful guide.

The name of James Gibbons was beginning to attract attention throughout the country—aye, more than that—it was beginning to travel across the ocean to Rome and other places where the words of the leaders of Catholicism throughout the world were discussed. It was to be noted, moreover, within the next few years, that whatever the head of the Primatial See of the United States had to say was freighted with wisdom and gentleness and kindness—never equivocal, never yielding when the right was defended, attracting by its logic and its clear exposition of the doctrines of Catholicism. Archbishop Gibbons was destined to preach hundreds of sermons in the Cathedral, but never in one of them was heard the word of rancor. In all, he preached not only the religion of his Saviour but charity to all men. Those words of charity were to win men to him in his native city so that Jew and Protestant would vie with Catholics in honoring him.

In that Cathedral during his archepiscopacy and cardinalate, he was to ordain hundreds of young men to the priesthood, to consecrate a score or more of bishops and to place the red biretta upon two Cardinals. The new Archbishop thought of the future only in terms of prayer and supplication on the day he received the Pallium. He thought of the past with a grateful heart.

Bishop Becker and Bishop Foley, both of whom had been priests at the Cathedral with the new Archbishop, assisted Bishop Lynch in conferring the Pallium. After the Archbishop had been vested at his throne in the robes of his office, he proceeded to the foot of the altar, laid aside crozier and mitre, and ascending the steps of the altar knelt before the three prelates who were to confer the Pallium. He read the oath of his sacred office, and then, with his hands on the Holy Gospels, confirmed his oath. Bishop Lynch took from the altar the Pallium and, assisted by Bishops Foley and Becker, placed it on the shoulders of the kneeling archbishop, saying: "In honor of Almighty God, of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, of our Holy Father Pope Pius the Ninth of blessed memory, of the Holy Roman Church, as well as the church of Baltimore committed to your care, we confer on you the Pallium taken from the body of the Blessed Peter, and in which is the plenitude of the Pontifical office, together with the title of Archbishop, that you may use the Pallium within your church on stated days, which are named in the privileges conceded to you by the Apostolic See. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

Bishop Lynch in his sermon reviewed briefly the history of the Catholic Church, rehearsing what it had done in the cause of society, truth, virtue and science, and then referring to the Pallium explained its origin. He congratulated the people of the province on having an Archbishop who had given promise of being a most worthy successor to the prelates who had gone to their reward. Should he congratulate the Archbishop, he asked. He had worn the mitre long enough to know that a Bishop needs condolence and sympathy more than congratulation. There were trials of mind and heart, he said, that make the mitre a crown of thorns.

The Archbishop in his reply alluded to the history of the See and the growth of Catholicity in the United States:

"If this See of Baltimore is venerable for its antiquity," he said, "it is still more conspicuous for that bright constellation of prelates who diffused their light over the American Church as well as over this diocese. It is not necessary that I should enlarge upon the greatness of these eminent men, for many of them were personally known to yourselves by familiar acquaintance. All are known to you by splendid reputation: their names are cherished as household words in your families, and their bright examples are held up to the admiration and emulation of your children. Otherwise I might speak of Bishop Carroll, who possessed the virtues of a Christian priest with the patriotism of an American citizen: I might speak of a Neale,whose life was hidden with Christ in God; of a Marechal, who united in his person the refined manners of a Frenchman with the sturdy virtues of a pioneer prelate; of a Whitfield, who expended a fortune in the promotion of piety and devotion; of the accomplished Eccleston, who presided with equal grace and dignity in the professor's chair, on this throne, and at the Council of Bishops; of a Kenrick whose praise is in the churches—he has not only adorned this See, by his virtues, but also I might say, illuminated all Christendom by his vast learning. I might speak of a Spalding, whose paternal face is to this day stamped upon your memories and affections, whose paternal rule I myself have had the privilege of experiencing, whose very name does not fail, even at this day, to evoke feelings of heartfelt emotion; of a Bayley, I can simply say that those who knew him best loved him most. His was a soul of honor. He never hesitated to make any sacrifice that God's honor and his conscience demanded."

The Archbishop praised the secular clergy and laity and paid his meed of praise to the religious orders, the Jesuits, the Redemptorists, the Passionists and others. In after years the Cardinal testified repeatedly to the benefits his archdiocese and the country had derived from the religious orders. He was a friend of them all and proved that friendship in many ways. In alluding to them that day, he said that while they were different in their founders, in their dress, in their rules, they were all happily guided by the same spirit. "There are diversities of graces, but the same spirit," he said, "diversities of ministries but the same God who 'worketh all in all.' United together they are invincible. They will labor together in promoting the kingdom of Jesus Christ, in vindicating the claims of the Apostolic See. In fostering faith, charity, piety and pure patriotism, they will flourish still more in this favored State, the Land of the Sanctuary and the asylum of civil and religious liberty."

CHAPTER IX

THE THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL

Archbishop Gibbons immediately began his work of administration in the diocese with that zeal and energy which were to characterize him almost up to the day of his death. His was a keen mind, keener indeed, than some of those who met him realized. He continued building churches and schools and asylums and performing a thousand and one other duties incident to his office as Archbishop.

At his death he had more than trebled the number of churches in the diocese, while the clergy had been increased to more than 600. There were eleven colleges and academies for boys with an enrollment of approximately 2000 students. The colleges and academies for young ladies numbered 19, with nearly 2000 pupils. More than 30,000 children were in attendance in the parochial schools.

Nor did he overlook the sick, the poor and the wayward. Under his wise direction, hospitals were erected. The aged poor were looked out for by the Little Sisters of the Poor. The very last visit of the Cardinal's life was to the Home of the Little Sisters in Baltimore. Wayward boys and girls were cared for in such institutions as St.Mary's Industrial School and the splendid Houses of Good Shepherd in both Baltimore and Washington. In the course of his 43 years as head of the Archdiocese of Baltimore the seed of truth was planted in many parts of the diocese, and on all sides there were evident the devotion and the zeal of the devoted pastor ever laboring for the flock.

How he possibly found the time in the midst of such labors to write the charming books which have delighted millions of readers will always remain a mystery. Yet the fact remains that in the midst of his travels throughout the diocese and abroad, he still was able to do much literary work.

Twelve years after the Faith of Our Fathers had gone forth on its marvelous mission, the Cardinal gave to the church his second book "Our Christian Heritage". The twelve years between the publication of the two books had been years of spiritual growth for the Cardinal, of growth in mind-culture, in powers of observation, and in social and civic experience. More than ever his zeal for souls burned; he longed to gather into the "One Glorious Church without spot or wrinkle," all dissenters, for among them were large numbers of upright souls whom he esteemed and loved.

The time was indeed ripe for this second book. He was engaged in the writing of it during the year 1888 and the early months of 1889. It appeared at an auspicious moment, with which the dedication was in perfect accord:

"To the Memory of John Carroll, the Patriarch of the American Church, and to the Prelates and Clergy of the United States, Heirs of his Faith and his Mission, this Volume is Affectionately Inscribed on the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Creation of our Hierarchy."

In the Foreword His Eminence tells the readers that "he has endeavored to compress within as small a compass as possible a variety of subjects which he considers of vital consequence to all men who take a serious view of the solemn duties and of the sublime destiny of human life." The Introduction disclaims polemics; the author declares that the "little volume is affectionately addressed to a large class of persons who, through association, the absence of Christian training, a distorted education, and pernicious reading, have not only become estranged from the specific teachings of the Gospel, but whose moral and religious nature has received such a shock that they have only a vague and undefined faith even in the truths of natural religion underlying Christianity. They deserve more pity than blame. They have never shared in the Christian heritage of their Fathers, or they were robbed of it before they had the moral and intellectual vigor to resist the invader, or they quietly surrendered their inheritance before they could appreciate its inestimable value."

The pages retain the sacrificial perfume of his mission in North Carolina. The variety of topics discussed, from the first chapter, "Was the World Created, or is it Eternal and Self-Existing?" to the thirty-fifth and last, satisfy the mind and touch the heart, as well as gratify the taste by the choice diction and musical periods. Yet one stops not over his flowing, lucid phrasing, wholly arrested by the dignity and earnestness of his thought. Scarce a sentence but the reflective mind will pause upon, tasting it over and over again.

In 1896 the Cardinal issued "The Ambassador of Christ," a work inspired by "his sincere affection for his devoted and venerable fellow-laborers, the clergy of North America," and intended for all who feel a call to the priesthood. In its pages his own personal experiences are related. "A Retrospect of Fifty Years" was published at the time of his Golden Jubilee.

Ten days after the conferring of the Pallium upon him, February 20, 1878, the Archbishop received a telegram from the Associated Press notifying him that Cardinal Pecci of the Sacred College had been elected Pope in the Conclave and had ascended the throne of Peter under the name of Leo the Thirteenth. In referring to the election of the new Pope, the Archbishop notes in his diary:

> "Cardinal McCloskey did not arrive in time for the Conclave, having arrived in Queenstown from New York on the eighteenth."

The failure of the New York Cardinal to reach Rome made no great impression on Archbishop Gibbons at the time; and yet that failure meant that in future years to Cardinal Gibbons was to fall the honor of being the first American Cardinal to vote for a Pope. Nor did the Archbishop realize that the new Sovereign Pontiff and he were to be drawn together by a community of interests, that on many important subjects they were to stand shoulder to shoulder. The election of Cardinal Pecci meant much to Cardinal Gibbons, but it meant more to the United States. As after events proved, Pope Leo was in complete accord with all the principles of Americanism for which the Baltimore prelate spoke. He learned to rely on the Cardinal implicitly, while the Cardinal in turn discovered that the Holy Father was in deepest sympathy with his plans—plans which in the eyes of some of his colleagues in the American hierarchy looked radical. But Cardinal Gibbons was no radical. He was conservative in every way, standing four-square against the encroachments of unreasoning or hostile propagandists, but seeing clearly where the future of this country lay and anticipating in many instances its needs.

The Archbishop was to make many trips to the Eternal City in the course of the next few decades. It was in 1903 that the Cardinal had the honor of being the first American to cast a vote in the Papal Conclave. At that Conclave Cardinal Sarto of Venice was raised to the throne of St. Peter under the title of Piux X. Everyone knows the story of that Conclave. When the humble son of a peasant learned that his brother-Cardinals were thinking of electing him, he begged them, with tears, not to name him. Cardinal Gibbons was one of those who urged Cardinal Sarto to accept, telling him that it was the will of God that he become Pope.

The Archbishop's first *ad limina* visit to Rome was made in 1880. To meet the expenses of the journey, his priests, as a mark of affection, presented him a thousand dollars. For the first time he greeted Leo XIII personally as Pope. Nearly a month was passed in "the City of the Soul;" during this period, among other reminiscences, he chronicles two delightful audiences with Leo XIII and some important conferences on American affairs with the Cardinals Simeoni and Nina. Several halts were made during his homeward journey: at Innspruck he witnessed the Passion Play; in London he visited Lulworth Castle and prayed in the Chapel which had witnessed Bishop John Carroll's consecration. He records at length his meeting, on his birthday, July 23, with Cardinal Newman at the Oratory of Edgbaston. He breakfasted with that renowned churchman and author and was charmed with his brilliant conversation. At his departure he bore with him several of the Cardinal's works, enriched with his autograph. A month in Ireland completed his list of sojourns, and he embarked from Queenstown for home on August 25th.

His return to Baltimore coincided with the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Baltimore. Full of enthusiasm for the city of his birth, Archbishop Gibbons joined in the plans for the celebration, directing all the Catholic Societies and the parochial school children to take part in the parades and other demonstrations. This indication of broad public spirit inspired the citizens, especially the leaders of the commemorative festivities, with gratitude and admiration for their Catholic Archbishop.

Under date of January 4, 1882, the Archbishop has an important memorandum:

> "Most Rev. D. Corrigan, at the instance of Cardinal McCloskey, called on me in relation to the expediency of holding a National Council. Some bishops and clergy of the United States have been urging Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda, to authorize and recommend the Council as important to the interests of religion. Cardinal Simeoni asked His Eminence of New York to give his views, which are rather adverse to the measure. I gave it as my opinion that it would not be expedient to hold a Council for some time to come; but as a preliminary step, provincial councils might be held, or the bishops of each province might assemble informally and consider together what subjects might be discussed in the Plenary Council. The

> bishops of the West seem to favor a National Council as some of them have intimated to me."

The views of Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Gibbons and other prelates were sent to Rome. Correspondence followed which rsulted in the issuing of a call by Pope Leo for the American Archbishops to visit Rome to discuss with him the needs of the Church in America.

Before the Archbishop went to Rome the greatest sorrow of his life came upon him. A single-line entry in his diary under date of May 8, 1883, reads:

> "My dear mother died last night at the age of 80 years. May she rest in peace!"

His grief, quiet and deep, was in proportion to his filial love and reverence for his mother, a love which knew no bounds. From the moment of his father's death in Ireland, he had striven with manly devotion to ease her burden. The labors of the farm alternated with his studies. He had witnessed all the struggles of her widowhood in crossing the ocean and making a new home for her children in the Crescent City. It is easy to paint the loyal-hearted, pious, laborious boy as a column of support in that home. Her sorrow at parting with a son so beloved, whose character indeed she had unawares so fittingly moulded for the sanctuary, was sustained by a fortitude and faith that made her sacrifice a complete and joyous one. But how abundant and continuous was her reward from that far-away day in 1855 when the young aspirant left her for St. Charles' College, to that beautiful day of May when her soul went forth to its eternal Home! Her dutiful son had always kept in touch with her by genial and affectionate letters; and after his promotion to the episcopate he had made her happy by home visits and many heart-to-heart talks; in her declining years these visits of ten days or a fortnight were made annually to the old home in New Orleans. She saw her son raised to the honors of the Church, and his name, his words, and his achievements proclaimed with respect throughout the country, and her overflowing heart was uplifted to God in thanksgiving.

Mrs. Bridget Walsh Gibbons is a name entitled to honor. Hers was a life filled with merits and good deeds; and had she done naught but give to the Church James Cardinal Gibbons, she would have deserved well of the Church and the whole world.

A few days after his mother's death, Archbishop Gibbons preached the sermon at the funeral of Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia. He took for his text the same text which Bishop Thomas J. Shahan, rector of the Catholic University, used in the sermon he preached at the month's mind Mass for Cardinal Gibbons:—

I Machabees, IX. 19—21: "And Jonathan and Simon took Judas, their brother, and buried him in the sepulchre of their fathers, in the city of Modin. And all the people of Israel bewailed him with great lamentation, and they mourned for him many days, and said: How is the mighty fallen that saved the people of Israel."

In his peroration, the Cardinal expressed on behalf of Archbishop Wood's spiritual children the same feelings which nearly forty years later the Cardinal's own people were to experience:—

"It is sad to think that you shall never look upon his face again. But I would not have you without hope like the Gentiles who know not God. That great soul of his still lives and moves and has its being. That kind heart breathes love for you still. Having loved you in life, he loves you in death. Could the veil be lifted up which separates time from eternity, we might see him praying for his beloved Philadelphia, even as Judas Macchabeus saw Jeremiah after death praying for his beloved Jerusalem. He says to your hearts today: 'You shall not be left orphans. You have sorrow now, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice. God will send you another Comforter, and Father.' O Divine Shepherd of souls, grant this favor to thy people through the intercession of Thy departed prelate. Give them a Bishop according to Thine own heart. Give them a shepherd like Thyself, who will lead his flock to healthy pastures. Give them a judge like Thee, who will also temper justice with mercy. Give them a father like Thyself, who will welcome his clergy and people with paternal kindness, and who will be a father to the poor."

The Archbishop left Baltimore for the Eternal City on October 8, 1883.

The Papal Conference began November 12, 1883, and ended December 13th of that year. Archbishop Gibbons had three private audiences with Pope Leo XIII and a number of conferences at which the other Archbishops were present. Affairs of the Church in the United States were discussed. Pope Leo was impressed by the wide experience, the solid judgment and the prudent suggestions of the Baltimore Archbishop, and designated him to preside over the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, which at the request of the Pontiff, after a conference with Archbishop Gibbons, was set for November of the following year.

On the return of the Archbishop from Rome in March, 1884, the people of Baltimore prepared to hold a parade and demonstration in his honor, but the committee, at his request, cancelled the program. His reason for declining, was an edifying one:—"It would have taken place in the midst of Lent," he said, "and I would have felt very much mortified to consider myself conducted home in a procession of triumph at a time when our Church directs our minds to the spectacle of Our Saviour conducted to suffering in a procession of shame."

In a sermon preached at the Cathedral on a Sunday after his return, the Archbishop gave a word picture of Pope Leo XIII. That picture, as many who knew the Cardinal will testify, was a portrait of himself, though the Prelate did not realize it.

"No one can spend a half hour in the presence of Leo XIII without giving thanks to God for granting to His Holy Church so great a Pontiff, and without being profoundly impressed with the breadth and elevation of the sentiments that inspire him. In my first interview he remarked to me: 'I dislike severe and harsh measures, I dislike anathemas; I love to appeal to the good sense and intelligence and heart of the world. As the Vicar and Servant of Christ, I desire to draw all souls more closely to our common Master. To all I am debtor. I have the solicitude of all the Churches of Europe, Asia, Africa, and especially of your own great and beloved country, whose spiritual progress gives me such consolation.' "

Like Pope Leo, Cardinal Gibbons "disliked severe and harsh measures." He loved "to appeal to the good sense, intelligence and heart" of the American people, especially when bigotry raised its head.

Early in 1884, Archbishop Gibbons wrote a Pastoral Letter protesting against the contemplated confiscation by the Italian Government of the American College in Rome. The prelate had been in touch with the Rev. Denis J. O'Connell, rector of the College, and had been disturbed for some years by the Statutes of the Government usurping to the uses of the State the property of religious corporations.

The American College, founded by Pius IX in 1857 and formally opened on December 8, 1859, with thirteen students from the Propaganda, had increased notably in influence as well as in the number of its students, who returned to the United States ordained priests, with the spirit of faith and devotion one breathes in Rome, the City of St. Peter and his successors.

During the Vatican Council the American Prelates in Rome thought it prudent to transfer the property of the College to the Congregation of Propaganda, which had been contending in the courts against the oppressive Statutes for ten years. In 1884, the supreme court decided in favor of the State.

A paragraph from Archbishop Gibbons' Pastoral relative to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda (constituted permanently in 1622 by Gregory XV) reads thus:—

"Who, then, without a feeling of regret or indignation, can contemplate the idea of such a noble institution, after doing its good work of promoting 'peace among men of good will' for nearly three hundred years, falling at last a victim of injustice? Even Napoleon, who seemed to have respect for nothing that could not furnish him with means for carrying on his ambitious campaigns, had too much reverence for the Propaganda to despoil it. Humanity has certain rights and interests in common, and surely the protection of the Propaganda is one. It cannot be that our Government, jealous of the rights of the least of its citizens, can allow ours to be violated without a protest, and we look for protection from it. And who knows but that, in the providence of God, the glory of saving the Propaganda may rest a second time on the banner of our country."

Cardinal McCloskey, with Archbishop Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan and other members of the hierarchy, in letters to the Secretary of State, protested vigorously against the proposed confiscation. The President of the United States directed Minister Astor to lay the case before the King of Italy, urging that "although technically the American College is held by the Propaganda, it is virtually American property." The College was saved.

The Third Plenary Council was opened November 9, 1884, with a Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated by the Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis. Archbishop Gibbons, who had been appointed Apostolic Delegate by Pope Leo XIII to preside over the meetings, sat on his throne at the gospel side of the sanctuary. His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey of New York, was too ill to take part in the proceedings of the Council. The "golden-tongued" Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia, preached the sermon. His subject was "The Church in her Councils." Every Sunday night during the sessions, Solemn Pontifical Vespers were sung, a sermon preached, and Solemn Benediction given. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday of each week there was a sermon, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

At the sessions of the Council there were present twelve Archbishops, fifty-nine Bishops, five visiting Bishops from Canada and Japan, seven Abbots, one Prefect-Apostolic, eleven Monsignori, eighteen Vicar Generals, twenty-three Superiors of Religious Orders, twelve Rectors of Seminaries and ninety theologians. Archbishop Gibbons appointed Dr. O'Connell, head of the American College, his assistant.

Many subjects were considered in the Council, including changes in the discipline and administration of the Church in this country. The country was making such tremendous strides forward, and Catholicity was keeping pace with it, that such changes were demanded.

The debates at the sessions covered all phases of the various questions discussed. Every member of the Council was given an opportunity to state his views freely without fear or embarrassment. The debates at times became vigorous, but always the spirit of Christian charity prevailed. There was an Ireland in that Council, a Ryan, a Keane and a Spalding, men whose oratorical ability held the delegates bound by virtue of their eloquence and whose arguments provoked deep thought. With the greatest minds of the United States there, all conscious of their responsibility before Almighty God, all loving their Church with a loyalty and devotion intense in quality — the Council reflected in all its proceedings the real spirit of the Church, and its work redounded to the greater honor and glory of God. So successful was it that it was taken as a model for similar councils held in Ireland, Australia and other parts of the world.

One of the chief decisions reached at the Council was the establishment of the Catholic University at Washington—that institution which was to be the child of the Cardinal's own heart. It was to bring him sorrow as well as joy, but when his closing days were upon him, he knew that the child had grown in strength and wisdom and had become mighty in the capital of the nation he loved.

The Council advocated the establishment of parochial schools throughout the country and with such urgency that the members pleased the heart of their Apostolic Delegate. Year in and year out, Archbishop Gibbbons had preached the necessity of establishing such schools. He had set about founding them soon after his arrival in the Vicariate of North Carolina—poor as that field of labor was from a worldly point of view. He had continued that work in Richmond, and while Bishop there, as has been seen, he was outspoken in his opposition to the plan suggested by President Grant to federalize the system of education, and thus deprive the Catholic father and mother of their right to educate their children in the parish school in keeping with the dictates of their conscience. This work which he had done in North Carolina and Virginia, he continued in the diocese of Baltimore. Indeed, the next to the last public ceremony in which he took part was the dedication of the new parochial school in St. Aloysius' parish, Washington, on Thanksgiving Day, 1920.

The aged Kenrick of St. Louis, in the closing moments of the Council, expressed the thanks of the members of the body to their Apostolic Delegate. In a voice vibrant with emotion, and with his eyes filled with tears, he recalled that he had been present in the same Cathedral more than thirty years before, then as a spectator, at the First Plenary Council of Baltimore. For some minutes he engaged in reminiscences turning time backward in its flight· Then looking to the future as he said goodby to the delegates, he continud:

"When Xerxes beheld his army of a million men standing in their martial strength before him, he wept on reflecting that not one of that mighty host would survive a century; and so of us, venerable Fathers, in half that time death shall claim us all." Archbishop Kenrick was to have one happiness before he passed to his eternal rest. Within nineteen months he was to present the red biretta to the Apostolic Delegate whom he was that day addressing.

Everyone present was touched by the words of the Saint Louis prelate. In his reply, Archbishop Gibbons said:

"Venerable Fathers, we have met as bishops of a common faith; we part as brothers, bound by the closest ties of charity. Though differing in nationality, in language, in habits, in tastes, in local interests, we have met as members of the same immortal episcopate, having one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all; and if the Holy Father, whose portrait adorns our Council chamber, could speak from the canvas, well could he exclaim, 'Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.'

"This is the last time that we shall assemble under the dome of this venerable Cathedral, with the portraits of God's saints looking down upon us. The venerable Archbishop has reminded us of our short tenure of life, but we are immortal. God grant that the scene of today may be a presage of our future reunion in the temple above, not made with hands, in the company of God's saints, where, clothed in white robes and with palms in our hands, we shall sing benediction and honor and glory to our God forever."

The Third Plenary Council was called at a time when the Church taking cognizance of the marvelous progress of Catholicism in this country had to provide means for the utilization of such advantages and to prepare for the still greater progress and attendant problems of the future. These problems, including those affecting the social and economic condition of her own children and those not of her number, were considered from every angle. The wisdom of the provisions made at the Council in this respect has been verified repeatedly in the last three decades and more.

The Catholic Church, though it has outlasted many of the empires, monarchies and Republics of the world, and has seen the mightiest of governments die from decay, is still as alive and as alert and as quick to defend the interests of man today as she ever has been. The rights of mankind—be they Catholics or non-Catholics, believers or unbelievers, have ever a place in her considerate heart. The question of such rights took up much of the time set apart for the discussion by the Council. Archbishop Gibbons, keen as he was, and understanding conditions in America as he did, was in every way a guiding influence in the Council. He proved to the Church and to his country that he was really a leader among men. Pope Leo delighted with the success of the Council and of the work of his Apostolic delegate at the sessions thought often of him and planned his reward.

CHAPTER X

A Prince of the Church

TWO weeks after the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland, as President of the United States, Archbishop Gibbons visited him in the White House. The Baltimore prelate was received with the utmost cordiality, and writes in his diary that "the President expressed the hope that my visits would be renewed from time to time during his administration."

The Cardinal did visit Mr. Cleveland often. The two became close friends. Mr. Allen S. Will in his "Life of Cardinal Gibbons" says that on one occasion, President Cleveland read to His Eminence that president's famous message on the tariff question, and asked him his opinion concerning it. The Cardinal told the President frankly that it was an admirable paper, but that in all probability it would not be well received. His judgment was right, for Mr. Cleveland was defeated for reelection in 1888, though he was sent back to the Executive Mansion for a second term in 1892.

Mr. McKinley, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft and the present Executive, Mr. Harding, all were good friends of Cardinal Gibbons. The Cardinal had formed plans for a visit to the last-named President, to be made in April, 1921. Mr. Taft's fair-mindedness and liberality in dealing with the Friar question in the Philippines won the Cardinal's admiration. It is said that the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court studied canon law on the way to the Philippines in order to familiarize himself with every possible phase of the problem he was to solve.

Mr. Roosevelt's strenuosity always appealed to the Cardinal. He used to chuckle over some of the epigrams coined by the irrepressible "Teddy." Mr. Roosevelt in a discussion with some friends in Washington said on one occasion that the United States was suffering from a lack of candor, that there was only one man in the country who had nerve enough to get up and speak the truth no matter how much it hurt. That man, he said, was Cardinal Gibbons. Mr. Roosevelt's condemnation of the evils affecting the home life of this nation won the commendation of the Cardinal, who declared on more than one occasion that Mr. Roosevelt's "sermons" on such topics were bound to result in an awakening of the moral sense of the people.

The Cardinal accepted many invitations to dine with Presidents, ambassadors and other leaders of this country and foreign countries. At such table talks, the Cardinal was enabled to present the attitude on many occasions of American Catholics on subjects of national and international scope. He gave the Catholic point of view without incurring the least suspision of ulterior motives, for no man was more opposed to the intrusion of religion into politics than Cardinal Gibbons. He believed the policy of separation of church and state as carried on in this country, with the rights of the church given every consideration, and with the church abstaining absolutely from the asking of any privileges, was a wise and just one. Under such a policy he saw the church untrammeled by governmental restrictions grow and thrive and gain favor among men of all creeds and no creed. No man of intelligence ever suspected Cardinal Gibbons of hidden motives in his dealings with the great men of many countries. His Americanism was so pure and undefiled that no man who knew him or his works ever harbored an unjust thought concerning such meetings. No clergyman in the history of this country ever had so many friends among the leaders of the world.

On October 10, 1885, Cardinal McCloskey of New York died. He was buried on October 18. Shortly after the death of the New York Cardinal, it became understood that Pope Leo XIII would raise another member of the American hierarchy to the Sacred College. By almost common consent Archbishop Gibbons was picked as the man. Could the people of this country have seen the Archbishop's diary and his entries in it concerning the many and varied commissions which the Holy See gave to him to carry out in this country in connection with the development of the church and its problems, they would have realized the absolute dependence the Sovereign Pontiff had upon the ruler of the Archdiocese of Baltimore. Many times when the country thought that the Archbishop was taking mere pleasure trips here and there about the United States, he was engaged in carrying on the work of the Holy Father. He was commissioned to straighten out financial tangles, to interview heads of various sees concerning the progress of the church in their dioceses, to adjust misunderstandings, to send to Rome accounts of incidents concerning which there had been diversity in explanations, to smooth troubled waters and to soothe hurt feelings. The Archbishop in his diary tells of trips, here there and everywhere, relating without personal glorification what means he took to end matters satisfactory. On some of these trips the Archbishop was able to do his work so quietly and well that those who ordinarily would have been most interested in the work knew nothing about the real reason of his mission. He was always glad, as was almost invariably the case, when he could give a favorable report to Rome and sound the praises of the heads of the various sees of the country. He always liked to praise. In any report which could not be pronounced favorable, he, by means of his tact and gentleness, took away the sting.

One instance of the way the Archbishop did things is to be found in his adjustment of difficulties which arose between a Toledo priest and one of his parishioners. The layman thought that the priest had made personal references to him from the pulpit, and in his indignation said rash, unjust and unkind words about the priest. The Archbishop summoned the priest and layman to Baltimore; heard their story, pointed out to the layman where he was wrong, and soothed the wounded feelings of the priest. This done, he told priest and layman to kneel down. He gave them his blessing. The priest then blessed the layman and the two walked out of the Cardinal's residence together, good friends again

The news that he was about to be elevated to the Cardinalate came to Archbishop Gibbons on February 10, 1886, according to the following entry in his diary:

> "I received from my kind friend, Archbishop Corrigan, a telegram informing me that he has authentic information from Rome that the Holy Father has determined to raise me to the Cardinalatial dignity, and that the biglietto would reach me about the twenty-second of this month. I have also received congratulatory telegrams from Archbishop Williams, Mgr. Farley and

> Mr. Benziger. The news is not yet known in our city. Should the report be verified, may God give me grace as he gave to his servant, David, an humble heart, that I may bear the honor with becoming modesty and a profound sense of my unworthiness; *'Suscitans de terra inopen et de stercore erigens pauperem ut collocet eun cum principibus populi.'* The Archbishop of New York says that the Cardinal Secretary mailed the biglietto on the eighth."

Though the Archbishop was thus unofficially informed of the honor that was to be conferred upon him, he was not notified officially of his dignity until a few months later. On May 5, he received a cablegram from Dr. O'Connell, stating that the biglietto had been mailed in Rome on May 5. The Sovereign Pontiff was pleased, we are told by the Archbishop to send the following cablegram:

> "*Papa vult te informare primus*"—"The Holy Father wishes to be the first to notify you."

On the eighteenth Archbishop Gibbons received from Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State, the biglietto or official document informing him of the Holy Father's intention to elevate him to the Cardinalatial dignity at the Consistory to be held probably on June 7 of that year. The translation of the biglietto from the original Italian is as follows:

> "Most Illustrious and Reverend Sir: His Holiness has determined to raise your Grace to the honors of the Roman purple in the Consistory which will most probably be held on the

> seventh of the coming month of June. The Sovereign Pontiff, in conferring upon you the Cardinalatial dignity, wishes in a particular manner to attest the high esteem and consideration he has for the virtues which adorn your Grace, for the many claims you have already on account of your merits, as well as to increase the lustre of the Metropolitan See of Baltimore first among all the churches of the vast Republic of the United States, and on that account adorned with the honorable title of Primatial See. I am glad to be able to give to you so agreeable a notice by express order of His Holiness. There is nothing left to add but to congratulate you with all my heart on your well-merited promotion and to reaffirm myself with most sincere esteem. Your humble servant,
>
> L. Cardinal Jacobini."

The official news, so long anticipated, that the Baltimore Archbishop had been named a prince of the Church thrilled the Catholics of the United States, and thousands of other fellow-citizens, non-Catholics and Jews, for all had come to admire him. They had followed his career and discovered that in all his dealings with them, in all his enthusiasm for his church, he never had said a hurtful word to anyone, never had denounced anyone who in all sincerity followed his religious convictions But if the country at large was inspired by the news, by far the greatest thrill, the greatest pride, the greatest joy of all came to the people of Baltimore and the members of the Archdiocese of Baltimore that such honor had come to him whom they claimed as their very own.

The insignia of the cardinalatial dignity, the zuchetto, was conferred upon Cardinal Gibbons June 21, that year, and he selected June 30, 1886, the silver jubilee of his ordination, as the date for his formal investiture.

In that month Monsignor Straniero, the Pontifical representative, in company with Count Muccioli of the Papal Court and the Rev. Thomas S. Lee, rector of the Baltimore Cathedral, who was in Rome at the time, started for Baltimore to notify formally the Cardinal and to confer upon him the zuchetto and red biretta. They were to take part in the ceremonies of investiture.

There was a tremendous crowd outside the newly-appointed Cardinal's residence when the Count and other members of his party arrived there for the formal notification on June 21, 1886. Ushered into the south parlor of the archepiscopal residence, the Count found Cardinal Gibbons awaiting him, surrounded by a large number of Catholic clergy of the city and by some of his Protestant friends.

The Count, who was an impressive-looking man, wore a beautiful uniform. A towering helmet was upon his head. After his introduction to the Cardinal he read an address formally notifying His Eminence of the honor that had been conferred upon him. The address finished, the Count took from a dome-shaped casket of red and gold the zuchetto, or red skull cap, typical of the strength of the Church.

The Cardinal placed the cap upon his head and made a brief reply, thanking the Holy Father for the favors bestowed upon him, and welcoming members of the Papal delegation to the city. The clergy then approached the Cardinal, and kneeling before him, kissed the ring. The first to extend congratulations was the Rev. Dr. John S.

Foley, the Cardinal's old college mate, afterward Bishop of Detroit.

The Cardinal wore a happy smile throughout the ceremony—that smile of genuine pleasure at the esteem of the Sovereign Pontiff and the loyalty of the members of his devoted band of priests. The smile of the Cardinal always was baffling for him who would seek to describe it. It seemed to brighten up his whole face, that wonderful face which always was the delight of the sculptors and the artists for whom he sat. Those artists and sculptors, in speaking of that face, said that it was as near perfection as any well could be for those who sought to reproduce it in bronze or painting.

After the presentation of the zuchetto all present were the guests of Cardinal Gibbons at a banquet in the archepiscopal residence. The Cardinal occupied the central seat, with Monsignor Straniero on his right and Count Muccioli on his left. There were no speeches.

Next came the great day—that memorable day in the history of the City of Baltimore, of the diocese and of the Catholic Church in America—when James Gibbons, the Baltimore boy of Irish immigrants, was invested formally with the robes of the Prince of the Church and elevated to the Sacred College of Cardinals. It was a day that stood out above all other days in the memories of those who were privileged to witness even a part of the ceremonies.

Early on the morning of June 30, 1886, the anniversary of the new Cardinal's ordination, the streets in the neighborhood of the Cathedral were so jammed that it required almost herculean efforts on the part of the police to keep traffic moving. Inside the Cathedral was gathered a congregation such as is seldom seen in any church outside the Eternal City. The distinguished men of the city and nation were present. Members of the Sisterhoods and of the Brotherhoods were there. Every pew was filled and hundreds stood in the back of the church and even in the aisles. The altar was decorated with hundreds of blazing candles and flowers, which flowers, from the number and beauty of them, must have been culled with the utmost discrimination from the richest gardens of the State. It was a scene like a pageant of some medieval day when "knighthood was in flower," and when pomp and beauty attended the great ceremonies of the court and the Church. It was an extraordinary setting for so democratic a man who was this day to receive so signal a tribute.

At 10:15 o'clock that morning the Cathedral bells began to ring, denoting the departure of the procession from St. Alphonsus' Hall to the scene of the investiture. Various Catholic Societies marched in this parade to the Cathedral, where they were joined by the new Cardinal and by the prelates. The ecclesiastical procession was led by the sanctuary boys of the Cathedral and 170 students from St. Charles' College. Following them came the students of St. Mary's Seminary, the priests, the monsignori, the Bishops, the Archbishops, and last of all the Cardinal. There were in line representatives from many religious orders, distinguished by the color of their habits. Among the prelates were those two giants in stature and in intellect, Archbishops Ryan and Feehan. In the same ranks was the feeble, tottering Kenrick of St. Louis, who had been especially designated by Pope Leo to confer the red biretta on Cadinal Gibbons.

As the cowds on the street saw this new Prince of the

Church, clothed in his archepiscopal robes but with the little red skull cap showing beneath his purple biretta, a thrill came over them. The Cardinal looked supremely happy. He was attended by Monsignor McColgan and Fathers McManus and Magnien. A thrill, too, must have come to His Eminence himself as he crossed the threshold of his beloved church. His early days must have come flying back to him on memory's wings. There he was, entering that church which was dearer to him than any place in the world. In that church he was baptized, in that church consecrated a Bishop, raised to the dignity of Archbishop in this primatial see of the United States, the recipient of many honors. In that church was he to be elevated this day to the cardinalate.

Happiness surged through the heart of every member of that congregation as the organ's tones swelled through the church and the choir broke into a hymn of jubilation. The Cardinal's face once again was illumined with the joy that was his, and at the thought of the other joys that had come to him in the venerable edifice—joys that were attended with the heaviest of responsibilities, but which never weighed this frail man down, because he knew how to bear them so well.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Williams sang the pontifical Mass. The Rev. John T. Gaitley was assistant priest; the Rev. Jacob Walter deacon and the Rev. William Jordan subdeacon.

Once again was the eloquent Archbishop Ryan called upon to preach from the Cathedral pulpit. Often did he speak from that pulpit, and always did he hold his hearers by virtue of his great gifts of oratory, but on this day the atmosphere of the Cathedral, the singular solemnity of the occasion and the love for his associate in the hierarchy who had been elevated to such heights, drew forth from the stores of eloquence commanded by the head of the Archcepiscopal See of Philadelphia all that was greatest and best. The congregation was held captive by his words.

The whole hierarchy was assembled on that occasion. At the conclusion of the last Gospel of the Mass, the Cardinal walked, preceded by the archiepiscopal cross, to the gospel side of the altar. Archbishop Kenrick followed him, and the two, the one who was to receive the red biretta and the one who was to present it, stood on the top step of the altar facing each other.

The Rev. Dr. Foley presented Archbishop Kenrick with the Apostolic brief of delegation. Archbishop Kenrick returned the brief with the instruction: "Let it be read," and Dr. Foley proceeded to read it in Latin and English. With trembling hands Archbishop Kenrick presented the red biretta to the Cardinal. There was a united gasp of joy from the congregation, most of the members of which were now on tiptoe, trying to see every incident in the ceremony.

Monsignor Straniero, the papal representative, placed the red biretta upon the Cardinal's head, and addressed the new Prince of the Church, bespeaking in his address the love and affection of Pope Leo for his eminent spiritual son. Among other things in his address, Monsignor Straniero said:

> "Your writings have been universally read and all have admired the depth of your learning, your zeal and your virtues. Those who have known you intimately have been deeply impressed by your remarkable qualities of heart

> and power of mind. Waiving all else, it is enough for me to recall that when the American Bishops assembled in Plenary Council, the Roman Pontiff appointed you to preside therein and to discharge the office of Apostolic Delegate.
>
> "To Your Eminence may God grant a life of many years for the service and adornment of the Holy See and the welfare of the loving flock entrusted to your care. And as today is, moreover, the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ordination to the priesthood, do I on this account also congratulate you. From the bottom of my heart I pray that God may grant you many anniversaries of this day."

The Cardinal could not conceal the emotion which was his. In responding to the address of Monsignor Straniero he said:

> "Beloved brethren of the laity, I say from my heart of hearts that earth has for me no place dearer than the sanctuary where I now stand and the diocese which I now serve. And how could it be otherwise? It was in this Cathedral that I first breathed the breath of life as a Christian. At yonder font, I was regenerated in the waters of baptism. Almost beneath the shadow of this temple, in the old St. Mary's Seminary, I was raised to the dignity of the priesthood by the hands of the venerable Archbishop Kenrick, the illustrious brother of him from whom I have the honor of receiving the biretta today. It was at this very altar that I

> was consecrated Bishop by my predecessor and father in Christ, the venerable Spalding.
>
> "We of this diocese, down to the humblest priest, hold it an honor as well as a duty to labor in the sacred soil of Maryland, where your forefathers, two hundred and fifty years ago, planted the cross and raised the banner of religious liberty and called forth the oppressed of other lands to take their shelter beneath its protecting folds. May it be the study of my life to walk in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessors in this ancient See, and in the footsteps of the first Cardinal Archbishop in the United States, who has lately passed to his reward, and whose sterling merit was surpassed only by his modesty and humility. And may it be your good fortune also, dearly beloved brethren, to emulate the faith and civic virtues of your ancestors and hand down that faith and those virtues untarnished as precious heirlooms to the generations yet to be."

After the ceremonies at the church a banquet was held at St. Mary's Seminary. At night there was a parade of Catholic Knights and other Catholic organizations of the city. Red lights blazed along the streets, many buildings were illuminated and a holiday crowd was out to rejoice in the honor that had come to the city. The Marine Band serenaded the Cardinal, and as His Eminence appeared at the window on the Charles street side of his residence the thousands massed on Charles street broke into cheers, which seemed to grow in volume with the passing minutes. Cries of "Speech, speech!"

were heard on all sides. The Cardinal smilingly responded to the invitation. He thanked the people once again, told them how proud he was to be a Baltimorean and to call them fellow-citizens, and asked them to remember him in their prayers. Thus was the finale of a day which was quite unlike any that had been seen in the history of the city up to that time and unlike any in the city's history since that time.

CHAPTER XI

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA

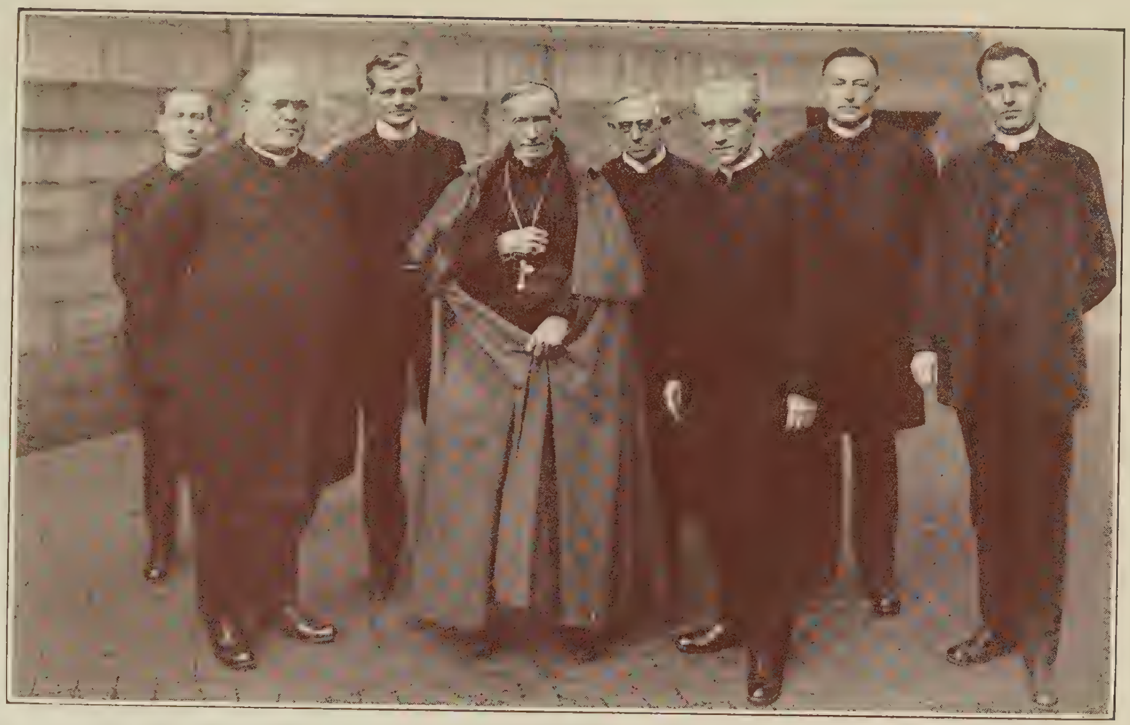
IT was during the days of his illness in the last month of his life, March, 1921, while seated in his invalid's chair in his room and with his Cardinal's cloak wrapped around him, that His Eminence turned suddenly, and without warning said to the priest beside him:

"Father, I wish I could tell you the full story of the Catholic University. There was a time in its history when some of my closest friends begged me to desert the work, but I would not. Night after night, I sat at the desk there, and with my own hand wrote letter after letter. 'We must go on with the work,' I wrote. All the time my heart was heavy. Those nearest to me were falling away one by one and I was facing the future alone. The University was the child of my old age, and like children begotten in old age, its beginnings caused me much pain."

His Eminence referred to the time of trial through which the University passed in 1904, caused by the financial failure of Mr. Thomas Waggaman, then treasurer of the University. As the Cardinal often remarked afterward: "The Waggaman failure was a blessing in disguise, for it made plain the weak spots in the system, brought to the aid of the institution the ablest minds in the financial world, and awakened a generous response from Catholics all over the country.

The first gleam of encouragement in those dark days referred to came when Mr. Michael Jenkins, President of the Safe Deposit and Trust Co., of Baltimore, consented to assume the office of treasurer. This he did, upon the one condition, that he should have the services of a young clergyman, Rev. George Dougherty, at that time assistant pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Washington. The last ceremony of the Cardinal's life was the investiture in the Cardinal's room of Father Dougherty with the purple of a monsignor. With Mr. Jenkins' acceptance of the responsibility, confidence was restored and the many friends of this distinguished citizen rallied to the support of the University. The death of Mr. Jenkins some years later was one of the great sorrows of the Cardinal's life. Not only had Mr. Jenkins been his close business adviser but he was one of the Cardinal's closest friends. In the funeral sermon over Mr. Jenkins, the Cardinal declared that one of the penalties suffered by those of advanced years was to see their friends passing onward, leaving them behind to experience the loneliness of life.

The Cardinal's thoughts must have gone down the vista of years on that March day when he turned so suddenly to the priest at his side and spoke of his struggles and his anxieties in fighting for the preservation of the University. That University might well be called the crowning work of his career, for he more than all the others interested in that work gave to it the very best of his time and talents and means. In the beginning, he met with encouragement and the outlook was bright, but when the dark days came, his friends began to desert him. Yet he still worked on and hoped on and prayed on, believing that the efforts he had made would not



Photograph by Mann

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CARDINAL TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER THE FIRST ATTACK OF HIS FATAL ILLNESS.

This Photograph, Taken on December 3, 1920, in the Cathedral Yard Shortly After the Cardinal Was Stricken With His Fatal Illness Shows His Eminence With Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia,

go to naught. He never regretted the sacrifices he made or the anxieties he bore—never regretted writing those letters pleading for help and co-operation and sounding always the watchword "The work must go on."

On the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the Catholic University, celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Washington, on April 15, 1913, His Eminence delivered the sermon.

"From the beginning," to quote from his words on that day, "the University has been for me an object of deepest personal concern. Through its growth and through its struggles, through all the vicissitudes which it has experienced, it has been very dear to my heart. It has cost me in anxiety and tension of spirit, far more than any other of the duties or cares which have fallen to my lot, but, for this reason, I feel a greater satisfaction in its progress. I feel amply compensated for whatever I have been able to do in bearing its burdens and in helping it through trial to prosperity and success."

The project of establishing a Catholic University in the United States had been broached first in the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, held in October, 1866. At that Council, all the Bishops were of the opinion that such an institute of higher learning was necessary, though they did not think the time had fully arrived for its establishment. Their words plainly show the urgent need of such an institution:

> "We have no longer to contend with the oft refuted heresies and errors of a bygone age; but with new adversaries—unbelievers of a pagan rather than a Christian character; men who account as naught God and His Divine Promises,

> but who do not the less possess cultivated minds. According to them, the things of heaven and earth have no other meaning or value than that which natural reason assigns them. Thus they flatter pride, so deeply rooted in our nature, and seduce those who are not on their guard. If truth cannot persuade them, since they do not care to listen, it must, at least, close their mouths, lest their vain discourse and high sounding words delude the simple."

The age was one in which pseudo educators were trying to lure men away from "the true philosophy of the cross to the false philosophy of science." The pseudo educators taught that men were not made in the image and likeness of their Creator. They taught that there was no Creator; they ridiculed the doctrine that man had an immortal soul; they set up the doctrine of evolution and asked men to believe in that doctrine. Seeking to break down the defenses of religion against immorality, they were making the world more wicked, more irresponsive to what is decent in life. They were preaching an education divorced from religion, not realizing that an education which considered only the mind and not the heart was no education at all.

The members of the American hierarchy, like watchmen on the walls of the citadel, sought by Catholic education, which considered both the heart and the mind, to repulse the foes of morality and decent living. The Catholic University of America was to be one of the great ramparts. In that institution, religion and science both were to be taught, for the Catholic Church in all ages and in all countries has been the patron of sciences;

her sons have been among the great savants of all times, and they knew that religion and true science always go hand in hand. The future Archbishop of Baltimore was to point out on many occasions the harmony existing between religion and science, but he was to tell his people to beware false scientists—the "shallow-thinkers;" he was to lead men away from that false philosophy to Calvary's Hill, where they were to look upon the form of the Crucified Saviour who had suffered and died for the salvation of their immortal souls.

It was at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1884, that the decision to establish such a National University took definite shape. This consummation had been the life object of Bishop Spalding of Peoria from the period of his graduation at Louvain, after a Divinity course of five years. An offer of $300,000 had been made to him by Miss Mary Gwendoline Caldwell as a basis of a university fund; and he had obtained in a visit to Rome the approval of Leo XIII for the project.

On Bishop Spalding's announcement at the Council of the successful conclusion of his efforts, there was universal joy; and a board of trustees was appointed, with Archbishop Gibbons at the head, to carry into execution the great enterprise. Plans were formed to provide means for the endowment of professorships and the erection of buildings.

Pope Leo XIII confirmed this laudable determination of the American Hierarchy and by special letter fixed the location of the University in the Archdiocese of Baltimore; to the Archbishop of Baltimore and his successors he granted the privilege of discharging the office of Supreme Moderator or Chancellor.

President Cleveland and the members of his Cabinet honored the occasion when the cornerstone of the first building of the University, Divinity Hall, was blessed on May 24, 1888. The Cardinal was surrounded by the Archbishops and Bishops of the country. There was a choir of 200 members, composed of students from St. Mary's Seminary and St.Charles' College, and the Marine Band was on hand to play. The arrangements in honor of the great day were perfect—all except the weather. While all the pomp and ceremony were going on, the rain fell in torrents. As the choir sang the Psalm "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts," the Cardinal blessed the site. When the singers chanted "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it" the Cardinal blessed the cornerstone. Then all sang the *Veni Creator Spiritus,* begging that the Holy Ghost would let the spirit of wisdom shine upon the new University and enlighten the professors who would teach within its walls. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, the brilliant pulpit orator and educator, deivered the sermon.

The Divinity Building was dedicated on November 13, 1889. Another President, another Vice-President and another Cabinet were present on that day. Benjamin Harrison had succeeded Grover Cleveland. Two princes of the Church took part in the dedicatory exercises, Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Taschereau, of Canada. There was a future Cardinal present also, Archbishop Satolli. As on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone, it rained in torrents and the program could not be followed out as originally planned. A choir composed of students from St. Mary's Seminary and St. Charles' College sang. Following the ceremony, the President, Vice President Morton, the members of the Cabinet, the two Cardinals, the members of the hierarchy and others were guests at a banquet. In spite of the rain on the day of the laying of the cornerstone and of the dedication, the auguries seemed to betoken the success of the University. Two Presidents of the United States had seen it started on its way and all was hope.

From time to time various departments and buildings have been founded by persons interested in the cause of religious education.

In 1895, through the generosity of Monsignor James McMahon of New York, a hall of philosophy bearing the name of the donor was erected. Soon other buildings, spacious and architecturally beautiful were added, including the Cardinal Gibbons' Memorial Hall, built in 1911 in honor of the golden jubilee of the priesthood and the silver jubilee of the Cardinalate of him who had made this great dream of Catholic education come true. Professors of known ability and international reputation were secured and the religious orders allied themselves with and became a part of the University. Thus, within a few years, under the able leardership of the rectors, Right Rev. John Keane, Right Rev. Thomas Conaty, Right Rev. Denis J. O'Connell and the present rector, the Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, the University grew apace. That is why it boasts today a group of buildings surpassed by but few institutions with so short a history, a corps of professors most learned and zealous and a student body of no mean proportions.

The enthusiasm of Cardinal Gibbons in the work of the university and his courage, especially, in the days of trouble, brought to his side individual friends and Catholic organizations desirous of helping him accomplish his ambition. It was solely through regard for His

Eminence that the Knights of Columbus and the Ancient Order of Hibernians joined heartily in the work of upbuilding this Catholic centre of education. By means of magnificent endownment funds they have enabled the University to continue and expand its work.

In October, 1920, thirty-two years after the laying of the cornerstone of the first building of the University group, Cardinal Gibbons laid the foundation stone of the National Shrine to Mary Immaculate, which is built on the University grounds. Within a quarter of a century, the University had grown beyond the highest hopes of its most ardent champions.

In his sermon at the Cardinal's funeral, Archbishop Glennon, speaking of His Eminence's love for he Catholic University said:

> "Paralleling the dying request of a national hero of other days, the Cardinal were he to speak, would, I believe, leave as a heritage, his body to Baltimore, his heart to the University and his soul to God."

The University adopted as its motto: *Deus lux mea*—"God is my light." In the dark days of financial discouragements, in the days when men who had supported him in the work were falling away from him, the Cardinal felt that God was his light and that the light would shine through the darkness. With such faith and such hope, he sat down therefore night after night at his desk and wrote:—"The work must go on."

The work did go on. At the present time, there are some fourteen houses of study grouped around the University. In these houses, priests of many religious orders pursue their higher studies and acquire that learning which makes them an honor and an adornment to the Church. They learn that God is their light and that while knowledge is a glorious possession, they must thank God for it and make use of their gifts in all humility of heart. The Catholic University is the great centre of Catholic learning in this country and its influence is growing from year to year. Bright indeed is the future —though once it seemed so hopelessly dark.

CHAPTER XII.

Defense of the Knights of Labor

SEVEN and a half months after his investiture with the robes of a Prince of the Church, Cardinal Gibbons received a cablegram from Pope Leo XIII inviting him to Rome to attend the Consistory to be held in March. At that Consistory the Cardinal was to receive the Red Hat and ring of his office from the Holy Father. By a coincidence, Cardinal Taschereau, of Canada, who was to receive the Red Hat in the same Consistory, was a fellow-passenger of His Eminence from Baltimore on the trip across the ocean.

Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Taschereau were warm friends; but at that time they were in opposition to each other on the question of the Knights of Labor. This was an organization of working men banded together in the same manner as are our labor unions of today, to obtain by their united strength certain rights and privileges which they declared were due the workingman. They were organized to fight long hours and low wages, to combat those leaders of the capitalistic classes who were seeking to take unfair advantage of labor. At that time there were many capitalists who seemed to believe that labor had no rights which Big Business was bound to respect.

Now the Knights of Labor was a secret organization in so far as the members of the organization were pledged not to reveal the business of their meetings and the aims of the society. They were not prohibited from unfolding such secrets to their spiritual advisers, or to others, who were in a position to command such information but who would not reveal it to the injury of the organization.

Cardinal Taschereau had frowned upon the Knights of Labor in Canada. He was so convinced that it was an avowed enemy of the Church and all the Church stood for, that he convened a meeting of the Canadian hierarchy, which placed the Knights under the ecclesiastical ban. Catholics were forbidden to join it, under pain of being barred from the Sacraments. The position of the Canadian Catholic members of the organization was a pitiable one; for they felt that the organization, as they knew it, was simply an association formed in the interests of the workingman, that there was nothing in its constitution inimical to the interests of their Church. To be obliged to forswear allegiance to it under pain of being deprived of spiritual consolation added greatly to their distress of soul.

Soon it became rumored that the same steps that had been taken against the organization in Canada were to be repeated in the United States—rumors which afterward proved to be without foundation. Mr. Powderly, who was the head of the Knights in this country, was a fervent Catholic. He communicated with Cardinal Gibbons, had a conference with him, and convinced His Eminence that there was nothing contrary to the teachings of the Church in the association; that it was composed of workingmen, irrespective of religious ties, and had nothing in its constitution which would interfere with the religious duties of anyone. Afterward, President Cleveland, Cardinal Gibbons and Mr. Powderly had a conference. The Cardinal saw at once that the only reason for secrecy by the members was their desire to protect their interests from those opposed to the organization, or from their capitalistic foes. The Cardinal agreed with Mr. Powderly that such secrecy was not only legitimate, but wise. Hence, on September 3, 1886, the Cardinal sent a letter to Cardinal Simeoni, Secretary of Propaganda, through Monsignor Denis J. O'Connell at Rome, deprecating a hasty condemnation of the Knights. A conference of the twelve Archbishops of the country was held to consider what action should be taken concerning the organization. Only two of the twelve were in favor of condemnation. All the others stood with Cardinal Gibbons in his defense of the Knights. His own convictions strengthened, the Cardinal was determined that he would present a plea for the Knights in person as soon as he got to Rome.

In his "Retrospect of Fifty Years," the Cardinal explained his attitude in the situation:—

"Numerous societies for the protection of the working man rose during the administration of President Cleveland—societies to which working people began to adhere more and more as their only protection from economic slavery, but which were vehemently attacked upon the other side as destructive, revolutionary, and even anarchistic; and indeed the oppression of the wealthy was driving the poor into excesses of which the anarchist riots of Chicago were but one example.

"These societies could not long escape the wise oversight of the Church; and it was a foregone conclusion that in a few years the principles of such organizations of working people must either be approved or condemned. On the one hand, great numbers of ecclesiastics were alarmed at the revolutionary principles which undoubtedly disgraced some members of the trade unions, the more so as many of them were at least nominally secret societies. So great was this alarm in Canada that the Canadian Bishops obtained from the Holy See a condemnation of the Knights of Labor for Canada. But if many Bishops were alarmed at what they considered the revolutionary tendencies of these associations, many other Bishops, including Cardinal Manning and myself, were equally alarmed at the prospect of the Church being presented before our age as the friend of the powerful rich and the enemy of the helpless poor; for not only would such an alliance, or even apparent alliance, have done the Church untold harm, but it would have been the *bouleversement* of our whole history. Moreover, to us, it seemed that such a thing never could take place. The one body in the world which had been the protector of the poor and the weak for nearly 1900 years could not possibly desert these same classes in their hour of need."

On the same steamer, therefore, were two new Cardinals, the one going to Rome to urge the Holy See to adhere to the condemnation placed upon the Knights in Canada, the other to protest with all the vigor of his great priestly heart against such a condemnation in the United States.

To the general observer, it appeared at that time, that Cardinal Gibbons' task was a hopeless one. There were some who mistook the conservatism of the Vatican for narrowness; others who judged the sincerity and perspicacity of Cardinal Gibbons as revolutionary. Indeed, there were many who had been led to condemn the Knights of Labor because of the acts that had been committed during riots of strikers. Anarchism had raised its head in the United States and the Knights of Labor had been blamed. There have been men always willing to argue against the use of a thing because of its abuse by a few. Cardinal Taschereau was convinced of the righteousness of his cause, and it must be said in fairness that there were circumstances and conditions surrounding the regime of the Knights of Labor in Canada that were radically different from the circumstances and conditions surrounding the organization in this country.

There was one other Cardinal of the Church who was watching the proceedings with the greatest interest. He had been called a revolutionary, when he was really the friend of the workingman. The born aristocrat, Henry Edward Manning, Cardinal of Westminster, who did not hesitate to preach from public platform the rights of the workingman in England, sympathized with and encouraged the Cardinal of Baltimore. Other big men of this nation were working with him, among them the intrepid Ireland of Saint Paul, Keane of Richmond and Monsignor O'Connell, rector of the American College at Rome. These men conferred with Cardinal Gibbons in the Eternal City.

On February 20th, nearly a month before the Consistory, the placid, gentle, peace-loving Gibbons sent another letter to Cardinal Simeoni on the subject, this time entering into a full discussion of the merits of the case. The Rome correspondent of the New York Herald got hold of a copy of the letter and it was published in that paper. It caused a sensation in this country but met with universal approval. The Baltimore Cardinal in that letter spoke with the greatest reverence, the greatest loyalty and the greatest affection for the Holy See, but he also spoke with the greatest frankness.

He told in words that were clear and incapable of misinterpretation why he thought that such a condemnation would be both inexpedient and unjust. He made it plain that such harsh measures against the workingman would paint the Catholic Church before the people of America as a foe to freedom and the defender of the rights of the rich. The United States was a country in which Catholic and non-Catholic worked together in harmony; Catholic, Protestant and Jew were friends in the lodge room, in business, in recreation, though each served God in his own way. "The Catholic workingmen of the United States," he wrote, "love the Church, and wish to save their souls; but they must also earn their living; and labor is now so organized that without belonging to the organization it is almost impossible to earn one's living."

He described the spirit that would be engendered in the United States by a condemnation:—

"To alienate from ourselves the friendship of the people would be to run the risk of losing the respect which the Church has won in the estimation of the American nation and of forfeiting the peace and prosperity which form so admirable a contrast with her condition in some so-called Catholic countries. Angry utterances have not been wanting of late, and it is well that we shoould act prudently."

The Cardinal's presentation of the case was so frank, so loyal, so convincing that the Vatican did not hesitate to promise that there would be no condemnation. More than that the ban was afterwards removed from the organization in Canada.

The way in which Cardinal Gibbons' letter, now historic, was received is indicated in a letter written by

Bishop Keane from Rome to Cardinal Manning. Dated February 28, 1887, this interesting letter was published in the Dublin Review in 1919 in an article written by Shane Leslie.

"You will see," writes Bishop Keane, "how the utterances which have forever secured to your Eminence the noble title of 'Friend of the People' have done our Cardinal good service in his defense of the rights of the working millions. He had an interview this morning on these subjects with the chief officials of the Holy Office, with most gratifying results. It was easy to see that in his words they felt the weight of the whole Hierarchy, the whole clergy, and the whole people of America, and that his sentiments had already produced among them an evident change of front. A few weeks ago the drift was toward condemnation, regardless of the widespread, disastrous consequences that would inevitably have ensued. Today the keynote was that the convictions of the Bishops of America are the safest guide of the Holy Office in its action on American affairs, and that they will let well enough alone."

On March 14, 1887, Bishop Keane wrote: "It is no small venture to utter such sentiments in an atmosphere like this of Rome; and to make the situation more trying, the document was somehow gotten hold of by a reporter of the New York Herald and published in full. For a time the Cardinal was very apprehensive; but telegrams, and now newspaper comments, are coming in of a most cheering character, showing that the publication of the document has done great good among the people of America."

Pope Leo XIII undoubtedly applauded the courage of the Cardinal of Baltimore. A friend of labor himself, and an admirer of him who speaks his heart "though the heavens fall," the Sovereign Pontiff was drawn closer to the great Prelate from the Primatial See of the United States. Afterward, in his famous Encyclical *"Rerum Novarum,"* Leo proved beyond all shadow of a doubt that the Catholic Church is now, as it ever has been, "the friend of Labor."

In connection with his plea in behalf of the Knights of Labor, it is pertinent to refer to Cardinal Gibbons' request of the Sovereign Pontiff that there should be no condemnation of Henry George's book "Progress and Poverty." The differences which arose between Archbishop Corrigan of New York and Mr. George on the single tax problem at the time Mr. George was running for Mayor of New York, differences which involved Dr. McGlynn, one of the leading priests of New York, are well known. Dr. McGlynn's refusal to refrain from attending a political meeting conducted by Mr. George brought about the forfeiture of his pastorate and for a time he was under an ecclesiastical cloud in New York. He was suspended for a time. He was restored to his priestly privileges by Archbishop Satolli, Apostolic Delegate from Rome, after it had been found that Dr. McGlynn advocated nothing contrary to the teachings of the Catholic Church in his espousal of Mr. George's theories and had used only his prerogative to think freely on all political questions, a prerogative which the Church does not interfere with in any land.

Dr. McGlynn's fault was not that he supported Mr. George's principles, but that he had been indiscreet, at least, in his conduct toward his ecclesiastical superiors.

Archbishop Corrigan was sincere in his stand, though many believe he was a little too severe in the restrictions he placed upon some of Mr. George's teachings. The specific teachings referred to were in no way contrary to the doctrines of the Church. Cardinal Manning was in sympathy with many of Mr. George's views, and Archbishop Corrigan's efforts to obtain the English Cardinal's support in his stand were not successful. No one doubted Archbishop Corrigan's deep religious zeal, and the saintliness of his life. He bore misrepresentation in the press with all humility, though it is generally known that it was with a heavy heart he carried on his work during the last few years of his archepiscopacy.

Cardinal Gibbons induced Archbishop Williams of Boston and others to join him in asking that there should be no condemnation of Mr. George's book· In a letter to Cardinal Manning, he made it plain that he was not taking the position of approval of Mr. George's theories and that it was not his purpose to enter into a political argument. This letter to the Cardinal of Westminster dated March 23, 1888, and published by Mr. Leslie in The Dublin Review, was as follows:

"Private and Confidential. While I was in Rome in the spring of '87, I felt it my duty to urge the Congregation of the Index not to condemn Henry George's 'Progress and Poverty.' I addressed the letter to Cardinal Simeoni, and my impression is that I sent Your Eminence a copy of the letter at the time. I have been informed confidentially, within the last few days, that yielding to a pressure from a certain quarter in this country, the Congregation was inclined to put the book on the Index, notwithstanding my earnest deprecating letter of last year, whose force is perhaps weakened for want of insistence. The reasons I presented then for withholding a condemnation are stronger today, and my anticipations have been verified regarding the effect of Mr. George's book on the public mind. I would deplore an official condemnation of the book for the following reasons, among others: (1) The book is now almost forgotten, and to put it on the Index would revive it in the popular mind, would arouse a morbid interest in the work, and would tend to increase its circulation. (2) The author himself has ceased to be a prominent leader in politics, he excites little or no attention, and whatever influence he has politically, he promises to exert in favor of the reelection of President Cleveland. (3) The condemnation of this book would awaken sympathy for him. He would be regarded as a martyr to Catholic intolerance by many Protestants. (4) It would afford to the bigots, (always anxious to find a weak spot in our armour) an occasion to denounce the Church as an enemy of free discussion. (5) The errors in the book have been amply refuted by able theologians. I write to beg Your Eminence to help us in preventing a condemnation, especially as you belong to the Congregation of the Index. It is important not to reveal any knowledge of the threatened condemnation. The letter might be based on the recent surreptitious publication of my letter in the New York Herald, and the favourable comments on it, as far as I have seen, on the part of the secular press. My belief is that with very few, not a half dozen, exceptions, the Episcopate of this country would deplore a condemnation. Your Eminence's knightly help to me last year prompts me to call on you again."

The book was not condemned.

Cardinal Gibbons had visited Cardinal Manning in England the year before on his return home from the Consistory when he stopped in London. Of their meeting, Shane Leslie writes:—

"Both had played lonely and difficult parts in laying the foundations of the Church of the future under the cross fire of both the reactionary and the revolutionary. Both had weighed the standard laws of political economy and found them wanting. Both had sought to exert influence on Democracy, and to be colored therefrom in turn. Manning declared he was a radical after the pattern of the Pentateuch; and Gibbons was an American citizen *primus inter pares* whether among his fellow citizens or on the Bench of Bishops. It was inevitable that under the attacks of the less enlightened they should have gravitated to a heartfelt understanding. When they met to compare notes, and discuss the championship of the unchampioned, it may be said that the East and West were meeting in a sense that had not occurred before. Gibbons returned to America to gather for thirty years to come the fruit of his far-sighted action; while Manning, with but a few years left of life, was yet to interpose in the great London dock strike, and by his action win for himself, in the words of the *Times,* the "Primacy of England."

Cardinal Gibbons' fight in behalf of the Knights of Labor opened the eyes of a suspicious and ignorant world to the fact that a man may be a Catholic, aye, stand high in the Councils of the Catholic Church, and be honored by that Church with a dignity next to the Papacy itself, and yet speak boldly and frankly, though with the utmost filial respect and love, his dissent on questions, not of faith and morals, from other leaders of the Church. Persons who inferred from the Decree of the Infallibility of the Pope that a Catholic's political, financial and social views were to be checked and balanced by the Papacy, discovered that only in the spiritual realms, only when the Pope speaks *ex cathedra,* on questions of faith and morals, is a Catholic required to give allegiance to that power, and submit to its guidance.

A Catholic is no more compelled to listen to the wishes of the Pope, when it comes to his vote for example, than the most pronounced atheist. The Catholic Church does not gag her children. There are no chained Bibles; there is no tyranny over the mind, no slavery of the intellect or heart, as those who misunderstand the Church or who misrepresent her wilfully, would have the world believe. In the long span of the Cardinal's life, acts like the one in behalf of the Knights of Labor, and of all workingmen, enlightened and dispelled misunderstanding, shamed and silenced misrepresentation, and won a place for the Catholic Church in this country, that made her looked up to and admired instead of being frowned upon and reviled, as was the case when the young priest, Father Gibbons, began his work at the Church of St. Brigid's in Canton. Bigotry found in the frail man of Charles Street its greatest barrier to popular success in this country. With Cardinal Gibbons as the best example of what the Catholic Church stands for, it was impossible to convince any honest, intelligent man or woman that Catholicism is un-American, or that the Catholic Church was seeking the enslavement of the nation. What Pope Leo XIII did for the world in general, Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Manning did for the lesser worlds of the United States and England.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN HIS TITULAR CHURCH.

IF the Cardinal's letter in defense of the Knights of Labor was destined to strengthen the love of the American people for His Eminence, the sermon which he delivered a few days later in his Titular Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere in Rome, proclaiming the glories of his native land and the virtues of the Constitution of the United States, was to intensify that love still more and was to bind the Cardinal to the heart of the American people with hoops of steel.

The circumstances under which the sermon was preached, the congregation to which it was preached, the sincerity and patriotism of the Cardinal manifested in it, were to win a place for the Catholic Church which the united efforts of all the members of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States could not have hoped to accomplish in many years. The sermon was uttered within a stone's throw of the great basilica of St. Peter's marking the center of Catholicity, the unchanging and unchangeable in her doctrines. That sermon proved, as nothing else could have proved, that a true Catholic may be a true American, or a true Frenchman, or a true German—a true member of any nationality. It demonstrated convincingly that in the teachings of the Catholic Church there is nothing which commands or even tolerates a divided allegiance on the part of any man—that in loving the Catholic

Church with all his spiritual devotion, a man must love at one and the same time with a devotion intense the country which has given him birth or which has adopted him and to which he has pledged his loyalty.

The sermon was preached on March 25, 1887, eight days after the Cardinal had received the Red Hat from the hands of Pope Leo.

The Consistory had been held on St. Patrick's Day that year in the Sala Regia in the presence of the members of the Sacred College stationed in Rome, and the representatives of many nations. In placing the Red Hat upon Cardinal Gibbons' head, Pope Leo said in Latin:

"Receive for the glory of Almighty God, the sign of the unequalled dignity of the Cardinalate, by which it is declared that even to death by the shedding of thy blood thou shouldst show thyself intrepid for the exaltation of the blessed Faith, for the peace and tranquillity of the Christian people, for the increase and prosperity of the Holy Ghost."

The Cardinal was installed in his titular church on the feast of the Annunciation—a fitting feast for him who was always such a devout client of his Heavenly Mother. Santa Maria was the first Church built in the world in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The Baltimore Cathedral of the Assumption of Our Lady was the first church in the United States dedicated to her.

The Cardinal, accompanied by Bishops Ireland, Keane and Watterson, and attended by a numerous suite, was met at the door of the church of Santa Maria in Trastevere by twenty-five canons of the resident chapter, with the senior canon at their head. In accordance with the ancient custom, the Cardinal kissed the crucifix offered him and entered the church followed by Archbishops Kirby and Carr, the American bishops, and the attendants. The choir sang *"Ecce sacerdos magnus."* The Cardinal entered the side chapel and knelt in prayer. Afterward, His Eminence was escorted to the throne erected in the rear of the sanctuary. Monsignor Pericoli, apostolic prothonotary read the Papal bull bestowing the church upon the Cardinal. The Senior Canon addressed the Cardinal in Latin. He said the church was favored in passing into the hands of the Baltimore prelate. He spoke of the unity of the Church and said that even the oceans were powerless to divide it.

The Cardinal seated on his throne and wearing his red biretta replied. He presented his thanks to the Senior Canon in Latin and then made his address in English, because of the great number of Americans present. There were present, too, persons of many other nationalities. The cable dispatches tell us that the assemblage was the most varied ever seen in the church. His Eminence began by sketching the history of the Church in his own country. He expressed his gratitude to the Holy Father on behalf of himself, the clergy and laity of the United States "and of our separated brethren in America, who have shown in many ways that they are not insensible to the honor done our common country and who have frequently expressed admiration for the statesmanship and virtuous character of our illustrious Pontiff."

The Americans were following his every word intently. A young priest, the Rev. Dr. Edward J. Hanna, pressed forward that he might hear better. He afterward became, and is now, the Archbishop of San Francisco.

After his introductory remarks, the Cardinal warmed up to his subject, and in that vibrant, sympathetic, musical voice of his, began proclaiming the virtues of his native land.

"Our Holy Father, Leo XIII in his luminous encyclical on the Constitution of Christian states," he said, "declares that the Church is not committed to any particular form of civil government. She adapts herself to all. She leavens all with the sacred leaven of the Gospel. She has lived under absolute empires, under constitutional monarchies and in free republics, and everywhere she grows and expands. She has often, indeed, been hampered in her divine mission. She has even been forced to struggle for existence wherever despotism has cast its dark shadow like a plant shut out from the blessed sunlight of heaven. But in the genial atmosphere of liberty she blossoms like the rose.

"For myself, as a citizen of the United States, and without closing my eyes to our shortcomings as a nation, I say, with a deep sense of pride and gratitude, that I belong to a country where the civil government holds over all of us the ægis of its protection without interfering with us in the legitimate exercise of our sublime mission as ministers of the Gospel of Christ. Our Country has liberty without license and authority without despotism. She rears no wall to exclude the stranger from coming among us. She has few frowning fortifications to repel the invader, for she is at peace with all the world. She rests secure in the consciousness of her strength and her good-will toward all. Her harbors are open to welcome the honest emigrant who comes to advance his temporal interests and find a peaceful home. But while we are acknowledged to have a free government, perhaps, we do not receive the credit that belongs to us for having a strong government. Yes, our nation is strong, and her strength lies in the majesty and supremacy of law, in the loyalty of her citizens, and in the affection of her people for her free institutions.

"There are, indeed, great social problems now engaging the earnest attention of the citizens of the United States, but I have no doubt that with God's blessing these problems will be solved by the calm judgment and sound sense of the American people without violence or revolution, or any injury to individual rights."

The Americans who heard the Cardinal's words that day in Santa Maria in Trastevere were at first amazed. It was hard for them to realize that in the city where the Caesars had sat enthroned, and where tyranny had been exalted in pre-Christian days, was a prince of the Church describing to the Old World the priceless heritage of liberty which he, a child of the New World, possessed.

In that Church, whose walls were hoary with age, and which had looked down upon many a royal pageant, this saintly churchman was preaching in a voice which vibrated with the joy he felt, the glories of American Democracy. There were many in that congregation who by birth, environment and education had been taught to look with distrust upon a democratic form of government, and who had given of all their loyalty to the monarchial form of government.

They were astonished at what they thought was the boldness of the speaker. They wondered why a churchman dare talk upon such a subject on such an occasion and in such a place. Some of them did not like the sermon. But when the Americans present realized that Cardinal Gibbons was not only pronouncing his loyalty to

America, but was declaring to the world that the Catholic Church in his native land was unequivocally and without reservation devoted to the cause of America and that her sons and daughters were pledged to give their whole heart and soul to the cause of America,—they felt the patriotic promptings beating in their hearts; they caught the spirit of the Cardinal as reflected by his sparkling eyes and radiant countenance; James Cardinal Gibbons, true priest,—James Cardinal Gibbons, true citizen.

The words of the Cardinal were acclaimed throughout the United States. Editorials congratulated him and paid tribute to his Church. Men of all creeds said the sermon denoted that the Catholic Church, universal as it is, and embracing all nations, taught the doctrine of love of country as one of the requirements for conscientious profession of that faith.

The fearlessness of this new Prince of the Church, who by his very nature was all gentleness, a man who disliked strong methods but loved to rear his spiritual children in ways of tenderness—his fearlessness in speaking thus boldly and uncompromisingly in a strange land, stamped him forever on the minds of his fellow-countrymen as an American among Americans—a prestige which he never was to lose, but was to prove himself worthy of by many future utterances on "Americanism."

Indeed, in the eyes of many of his countrymen the Cardinal was considered the first of all Americans. By that title was he called in the city of Baltimore a few days before his death, when the Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday of the Catholic University in a sermon to the Knights of Columbus declared that Cardinal Gibbons had wrought more good for his country in the last fifty years than any other man in that period. "The Cardinal, the embodiment of meekness," he declared, "could put in words that burned, his denunciation of anything that was opposed to the rights of his Church or country." The Cardinal never let "I dare not" wait upon "I would." To use a term that is commonplace, "he spoke right out in meeting" when it was necessary to protest.

CHAPTER XIV

JUBILEES.

The Cardinal's letter on the Knights of Labor and his sermon on America in his titular church were two of the important agencies which were to make the people of his country look upon him as the embodiment of the true American spirit. He was from that time on destined to become, in the opinion of many, the greatest and most popular churchman in the annals of the nation. Cardinal Gibbons' popularity had been gaining way for years, but now that popularity had become as a great wave sweeping over the country, carrying the Cardinal into the hearts of his fellow-citizens.

Thus it was that the American people on his return from Rome after the memorable events that had taken place during his stay in the Eternal City prepared to give him a reception that would make him realize their esteem. They wanted him to know that they were grateful to him for upholding the principles of Americanism and for proclaiming his allegiance in the Old World to the ideals of his native land.

The Cardinal received a magnificent ovation in New York on his return from Rome. Other receptions were to be given him in the city of his birth and in other parts of the country. Everywhere his worth as a citizen as well as a churchman was to be proclaimed. The Cardinal spent several days in New York after his arrival in America and pontificated at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Everywhere he went in the great metropolis of his country his praises were sounded. In his home city, everyone was preparing to give a gala welcome—not only to James Cardinal Gibbons, Churchman, but also to James Gibbons, Citizen.

His Eminence arrived in Baltimore on the afternoon of June 7, 1887. Thousands were gathered at Union Station to greet him. As the train, with the Cardinal's special car, rolled into the station there was a mighty cheer which grew in volume. It reached its maximum as the Cardinal stepped from the train. Mayor Hodges was present on behalf of the city to greet His Eminence and Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, afterward Attorney-General of the United States, on the part of the Catholic laity. All the pastors of the city were there as well as most of the priests; and numbers came from Washington and the various towns of Maryland. Mayor Hodges made an address of welcome in which he expressed his pleasure at the honor conferred upon the city by the exaltation of one of its citizens.

"It is gratifying to know that so good a man as Your Eminence belongs to so fair a city as Baltimore and this fact may now be regarded among us as a matter of mutual congratulation," he declared. Mr. Bonaparte expressing the joy of the laity, pledged their aid and support in carrying on the work of the Church.

In the course of his response to the addresses, the Cardinal said:

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"While traveling in Italy and on the Continent, it was always a source of pleasure to meet some one who spoke our mother tongue; still more gratifying to me was it when I saw some one who hailed from America; but how great was my delight when I had the pleasure of meeting one who could claim Baltimore as his home! I thank you again, and assure you that the beautiful sentiments you have expressed and the circumstances of this delightful welcome will be impressed indelibly upon my heart, and will make me feel more reconciled to the pains and vicissitudes of travel and the sorrow which I experienced in consequence of my enforced absence. They will bind me still more strongly, if that is possible, to my fellow-citizens and to the city of Baltimore, where I was born, where Providence has cast my lot, and where I hope to die."

Then followed a procession to the Cathedral in which thousands of Catholics of the city took part. Along both sides of the street, stretching from the station to the Cardinal's residence, were lines of men and boys all wearing Cardinal badges which bore words of greeting. Thousands lined the streets and cheered His Eminence. At the Cathedral there was a ceremony of thanksgiving at which the Cardinal presided. The seminary choir sang. Bishops Moore and Curtis were present, as were Monsignor McColgan, the vicar-general, Monsignor McManus, the Very Rev. Alphonse Magnien, S. S., Fathers Lee, Donahue, Whelan and Riordan of the Cardinal's household and many other priests.

Monsignor McColgan made the address of welcome on behalf of the clergy and laity, saying in part:

"Dearly Beloved Cardinal:—Words are inadequate to express our gratitude to God in protecting you from the perils of sea and land, and in restoring you once more to your devoted flock, who have always entertained for you the affection of children for a kind father. You have exposed to the view of European nations the blessings which civil and religious liberty bestow on the institutions of America, where the rights of all are guaranteed, where political and social distinctions are open to all, where freedom reigns for all without license and where authority is recognized and maintained without despotism."

The Cardinal, in reply, said:—

"Right Reverend dear Father:— I am profoundly moved by the address so full of filial affection with which, in the name of the clergy and laity, you have welcomed me back to my beloved diocese. Since my departure from Baltimore I have, indeed, received marked favors in the countries through which I have passed. In Rome and throughout Italy, in France, Belgium, Holland, Scotland and Ireland, many kind attentions have been shown me, which I shall never forget; but while fully appreciating the courtesies which have been paid me in foreign lands, I value immeasurably more than all, the words of greeting which have fallen from your lips. For what would a father care for all the honors that might be lavished upon him abroad, were he not revered and loved by his own children and in his own household? The best tribute of praise I can pay to you, Right Reverend Father, the highest praise I can bestow upon you, Venerable Brethren of the Clergy, the best eulogy, I can pronounce upon you, beloved children of the laity, is this, that since my departure four months ago, nothing has occurred in the diocese to give me one moment's pain or cause one moment's anxiety or solicitude. So deep-rooted among you, Brethren of the Clergy, is the spirit of obedience, so traditional is your respect for authority, so attentive are you to the voice of your Master, who is in Heaven, that you seldom have need of being admonished by the voice of visible superiors. And in you, too, beloved brethren of the laity, I find verified the words of the Holy Scripture,—'As the clergy are, so shall the people be.' Your piety and zeal for the glory of God, your spirit of obedience have edified me, and I need not attempt to express what joy I experience today in once more beholding your faces."

The words of the Cardinal in praise of his native city and his fellow-citizens, whether of the faith or outside the faith were not insincere. They came from the depths of his heart. In olden days, the Roman always felt that his proudest privilege was to say: "I am a Roman citizen." For Cardinal Gibbons there were three laudable boasts: "I am a Catholic. I am an American. I am a Baltimorean."

In September of that year, 1887, the Centennial of the American Constitution was celebratd in Philadelphia; and Cardinal Gibbons was invited to offer the closing prayer on September 17, the anniversary of the signing of the great document. The prayer of Archbishop Carroll, still recited in our churches, was offered by the Cardinal, somewhat modified. The following paragraph formed a most apt insertion.,

"We pray Thee especially for the judges of our Supreme Court, that they may interpret the laws with even-handed justice. May they ever be the faithful guardians of the temple of the Constitution, whose construction and solemn dedication to our country's liberties we commemorate today. May they stand as watchful and incorruptible sentinels at the portals of this temple, shielding it from profanation and hostile invasion.

"Grant, O Lord, that our Republic, unexampled in the history of the world in material prosperity and growth of population, may be also, under Thy over-ruling Providence, a model to all nations in upholding liberty without license, and in wielding authority without despotism."

Apropos of this Philadelphia speech, the Cardinal always proclaimed his belief that the Constitution of the Uiited States was the bulwark of the country's liberties. In the first sentence of the very last article he ever wrote he said that the longer he lived the more he became convinced that the Constitution was the greatest document of civil liberty ever penned by man. In the closing years of his life, by voice and pen, the Cardinal protested against the attempts of those who sought to break down that Constitution and to abridge the personal liberties of men. That is why he was so vigorous in his opposition to Prohibition. He felt that Prohibition could not be enforced, and that it would give rise among men to contempt for the laws of the country. He considered the Constitution the defense of American liberties and was struck not only with sorrow but indignation as he read of the attempts to weaken it by amendments. No man, in the long history of the country, ever excelled Cardinal Gibbons in his love for the Constitution, and no man ever excelled him in trying to foster that love among his fellow citizens.

Leaving Philadelphia, the Cardinal proceeded on a long journey to Portland, Oregon, to confer the pallium on his life-long friend, Archbishop Gross, who, he used to say "was born almost in the same street with him," and who was a brother of his early and valued co-helper in North Carolina. Splendid receptions were accorded him in Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and other cities. In answer to one of the addresses in the episcopal city of Archbishop Ireland, his friend and champion, he remarked:

"You were pleased to mention my pride in being an American citizen; it is the proudest earthly title I possess."

On Sunday, October 9, he performed the ceremony of investiture of Archbishop Gross, which was attended by all the prelates of the Northwest. A banquet and reception followed during which many tributes of eloquence were paid the Cardinal. In referring to Cardinal Gibbons as the defender of the rights of Labor, one of the speakers said:

"As long as men are compelled to labor; as long as they feel called upon to unite for their own protection; as long as the Divine mandate remains true that 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' so long shall the name of Cardinal Gibbons be venerated among men."

At Fort Vancouver he was entertained by the commander. On his arrival His Eminence was saluted with these words, most pleasant to his humane heart:— "Your Eminence, it was customary in acient times, when a prince of the realm traveled, for the governors of cities to release some prisoners in honor of his visit. As you are a prince of the Church, I propose to release some men confined here."

Six private soldiers from the fort prison were then summoned to whom the commandant said: "Soldiers, consider yourselves free in honor of Cardinal Gibbons."

Returning home by way of San Francisco His Eminence was the recipient of many honors there and also at Los Angeles. He visited his family in New Orleans, and was greeted as the guest of the city. At a great public reception he was presented a diamond Cross and a gold ring and chain; the address of welcome was made by the late chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Edward Douglas White.

The Cardinal's modesty under all these overwhelming honors captivated all hearts. At the close he would repeat with grateful emotion: *"Non nobis, Dominie;* these words of praise are not merited."

1887 brought in its train another joy to His Eminence, the Golden Jubilee of the Priesthood of Leo XIII. As the rulers of all the nations were vying with each other in their gifts to His Holiness, the Cardinal was solicitious that the head of our Republic be represented when lo! shortly after his arrival home in November a friendly letter from President Cleveland conveyed his desire to show this courtesy to Leo XIII. His Eminence visited the White House to thank the President; and before his departure it was decided, at his suggestion, that a copy of the "Constitution of the United States," bound in a costly and beautiful manner" would be the most appropriate gift. Ten days afterward a superb volume printed on vellum, bound in white and red, and bearing the

President's inscription, arrived at the Cardinal's residence by express from a New York jeweler.

President Cleveland's gift was presented to Leo XIII in the throne-room of the Vatican with much ceremony; and Leo's response manifested his special love for our country and its government. "Your President," he said, "commands my highest admiration."

Presidents delighted to pay the Cardinal the meed of respect; so too did the distinguished men of Europe. One of his dearest friends was King Albert of the Belgians. Several times His Eminence dined at the palace of the King—the last time a few weeks before the beginning of the World War. Then Belgium was smiling and happy. In a few days it was torn and bleeding and in the hands of its captors.

When the King and Queen of the Belgians visited America in 1919, they invited the Cardinal to Washington, where he was their guest at dinner at the Belgian Embassy.

Leaders in the financial world—the men of great industrial achievements in America, entertained His Eminence in their homes. Yet they knew that James Cardinal Gibbons was one of the truest friends of labor in all the world, and that any capitalistic injustice would be speedily denounced by him. But the Cardinal was not one-sided in the matter. He was as quick to warn labor if it committed any injustice in regard to the rights of capital.

Apropos of the visit of King Albert of the Belgians and Queen Elizabeth, one of the most inspiring scenes witnessed in recent years in Baltimore was the meeting between Cardinal Gibbons and the hero of Belgium, Cardinal Mercier—that man of God, who was not afraid to speak his love for his country while its enemies surrounded his very home. He raised his voice in protest against the invader even at the moment when those who held his land in subjection commanded him to be silent.

The meeting between the two Cardinals took place one September afternoon in 1919 at Mount Royal Station in Baltimore. The throng who saw the tall, slender, ascetic-looking hero from Malines stoop down to kiss the cheeks of the frail Cardinal from Baltimore were thrilled through and through and a mighty cheer arose. Passengers in a train which had stopped in the station for a minute rushed to the windows of their cars. They, too, gave a cheer. Cardinal Mercier spent several days in Baltimore as the guest of the Cardinal and delivered a famous sermon at the Cathedral and an address at the Lyric Theatre.

In a letter to Bishop Corrigan, the Diocesan Administrator after the Cardinal's death, Cardinal Mercier said:

"The tidings of his death, though not unexpected, was indeed a blow, and went to my heart. It stirred up all the memories of his kindness and warm welcome to us when he received us as his guests.

"The fame of his virtues, of his sterling qualities,, had of course reached my ears long ago; but sharing the intimate, quiet atmosphere of his home for a few days, opened to us the secrets of his wonderful personality, and I learned to love and revere him all the more."

The Cardinal was called on repeatedly to say the opening prayer at events of national importance. He opened with prayer the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore in 1912, when Woodrow Wilson was nominated; and he offered the prayer at one of the sessions of the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1920, when Warren G. Harding, Mr. Wilson's successor in the presidency, was nominated. Relative to the Cardinal's visit to Chicago on that occasion, Archbishp Mundelein tells a story of how worried he became concerning the Cardinal's health following His Eminence's participation in the Golden Jubilee celebration of the establishment of the Chicago Diocese. It had been an unusually hot day and the Cardinal looked fatigued at the close of the ceremonies. He went to his room to take a siesta. Several hours passed and no word came from His Eminence's room. Archbishop Mundelein began to fear. He had a foreboding that something was wrong—that the Cardinal was critically ill. Determined to end the suspense, he started for the Cardinal's room. Just at that moment the Cardinal's voice came ringing down the hall: "Your Grace, where are the afternoon papers?" The Cardinal was as fresh and as active as if he had returned from a pleasant vacation trip.

Parades were held on the occasion of the Cardinal's return from his several visits to Rome, of the silver jubilee of his episcopacy, of the golden jubilee of his priesthood and the silver jubilee of his cardinalate, and at other times. At the time of the Silver Jubilee of his episcopacy Archbishop Ireland of Saint Paul, who preached the sermon at the Cathedral, eulogized the Cardinal's work for the Church and Country.

"Gibbons of Baltimore. I cannot give to my words the warmth of my heart," he said, "I shall give to them its sincerity. I have spoken of the providential Pope of Rome. I speak now of the providential Archbishop of Baltimore. How oft, in past years, I have thanked God that in this last quarter of the Nineteenth Century Cardinal Gibbons has been given to us as primate, as leader, Catholic of Catholics, American of Americans, a Bishop of his age and of his country; far beyond America does his influence go. Men are not confined by frontier lines, and Gibbons is European as Manning is American. A particular mission is reserved to the American Cardinal. The Church and the age fight their battles with especial intensity in America. America is watched. The prelate who in America is the representative of the union of Church and age is watched. His leadership guides the combatant the world over. The name of Cardinal Gibbons lights up the page of nearly every European book which treats of modern social and political questions. The ripplings of Cardinal Gibbons' influence cross the threshold of the Vatican. Leo, the mighty inspirer of men, is inspired and encouraged by his faithful lieutenant, from whom he often asks: 'Watchman, what of the night?' The historic incident of the Knights of Labor, whose condemnation Cardinal Gibbons averted by personal interview with Leo, was one of the preparations for the encyclical on the 'Condition of Labor.' But Cardinal Gibbons is an American; let him be judged from America.

"The work of Cardinal Gibbons forms an epoch in the history of the Church in America. He has made known, as no one before him did, the Church to the people of America; he has demonstrated the fitness of the Church for America, the natural alliance existing between the Church and the freedom-giving democratic institutions of America. Through his action the scales have fallen from the eyes of non-Catholics, prejudices have vanished. He, the great churchman, is the great citizen.

Church and country unite in him, and the magnetism of the union pervades the whole land, teaching laggard Catholics to love America, teaching well-disposed non-Catholics to trust the Church.

"I need not tell the qualities of mind and heart which have brought the reward of success to the labors of Cardinal Gibbons—the nation knows them. He is large-minded. His vision cannot be narrowed to a one-sided consideration of men or things. He is large-hearted. His sympathies are limited by the frontiers of humanity; careless of self, he gives his best activities to the good of others. He is ready for every noble work, patriotic, intellectual, social, philanthropic, as well as religious, and in the prosecution of it he joins hands with the laborer and the capitalist, with the white man and the black man, with the Catholic, the Protestant and the Jew. He is brave; he has the courage to speak and to act according to his convictions; he rejoices when men work with him; he works when men fall away from him.

"Bravery is as needful in labors of peace as in those of war.

"Cardinal Gibbons, the most outspoken of Catholics, the most loyal co-laborer of the Pope of Rome, is the American of Americans."

Indeed, Archbishop Ireland spoke truly when he said he could not give to his words the warmth of the affection his heart felt for Cardinal Gibbons. The two great churchmen, both Americans with their every heart-beat, were bound to each other by bonds of personal affection and common ideals and beliefs. Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland were allies frequently; on opposite sides of a question seldom; friends always.

When Archbishop Ireland delivered that jubilee sermon, he must have remembered how manfully and eloquently the Archbishop of Baltimore had defended him before the Holy Father when some of the members of the American hierarchy and many of the priests and other Catholics of the country had condemned certain of his actions and utterances in this country. James Cardinal Gibbons had told Rome, with all the earnestness that he could command, that Archbishop Ireland had been misrepresented, and that the prelate of St. Paul was shedding lustre and glory on the church in America. Rome knew that what Cardinal Gibbons said was true, and Archbishop Ireland was exonerated.

An allusion to the circumstances of the criticism of Archbishop Ireland may not be out of place here.

In the early nineties, the Saint Paul prelate aroused intense opposition in certain circles because of his attitude on the public school question. There were many Catholics, including certain members of the hierarchy, who contended that Archbishop Ireland's preachments on the subject were not in line with the teachings of the Church. A system adopted by the head of the Saint Paul See in allowing the State of Minnesota to use a parochial school in Faribault, Minnesota, for the teaching of state-educated pupils, in return for certain privileges granted the parochial school, came in for much censure. It was attacked most bitterly, though Archbishop Ireland proved in his answer that in no way was he sacrificing the policy of the Catholic Church in advocating religious education, but was in reality strengthening its stand. Cardinal Gibbons agreed with him. A speech which Archbishop Ireland delivered on the subject of public schools at the Public School convention held in St. Paul in July, 1890, drew adverse criticism from many Catholics, including even members of the hierarchy. The Saint Paul Archbishop was attacked from Catholic pulpits. In that address, Archbishop Ireland said:

"The secular instruction in our state schools is our pride and glory, and I regret that there is necessity for the parish school. The spirit of the parish school, if not the school itself, is wide-spread among American Protestants and it is made manifest by their determined opposition to the exclusion of the Scripure reading and other devotional exercises from the school-room.

"The state school is non-religious: ignores religion. There is and there can be no positive religious teachings where the principle of non-sectarianism rules. It follows then that the child will grow up in the belief that religion is of minor importance, and religious indifference will be his creed. You say the school teaches morals, but morals without religious principles do not exist. Secularists and unbelievers will interpose their rights. Again there are differences among Christians and Catholics. Catholics would not inflict their beliefs upon Protestants, nor should Protestantism be inflicted upon Catholic children. Some compromise becomes necessary. Taxation without representation is wrong, and while the minority pays school taxes, its beliefs should be respected. America is trying to divorce religion and the school, although religion pervades our systems and the school was originally religious through and through. As a solution of the difficulty, I would permeate the regular state school with the religion of the majority of the land, be it as Protestant as Protestantism can be, and I would do as they do in England—pay for the secular instruction given in denominational schools according to results; that is, each pupil passing the examination before state officials and in full accordance with the state program. Another plan: I would do as Protestants and Catholics in Poughkeepsie and in other places in our country have agreed to do, to the greatest satisfaction of their citizens and the great advancement of educational interests. In Poughkeepsie, the city school board rents the building formerly used as schools, and from the hour of 9 A. M. to that of 6 P. M., the school is in every particular a state school, no religious instructions coming between the hours named and the school being in charge of the city school board."

The Poughkeepsie plan was the same plan in a modified form established with the co-operation of the Minnesota authorities and Archbishop Ireland at Faribault. Better opportunities in teaching the Catholic children were offered at Faribault than at Poughkeepsie.

The Saint Paul speech caused a tremendous sensation and the denunciation of it from Catholic pulpits attracted the attention of Rome, which asked Cardinal Gibbons to investigate it. Cardinal Gibbons sent for the copy of Archbishop Ireland's speech, corresponded at length with the Saint Paul prelate on the subject and became convinced that the Archbishop had pointed out unequivocally and without apology why the Catholics of this country believed that the parochial school was necessary. As long as religion was divorced from education, Archbishop Ireland contended in his speech, parochial schools were imperative. The Cardinal found that the Faribault plan did not compromise the Catholic Church and that it did not hinder the cause of Catholic education. In his diary under date of December 30, 1890, the Cardinal wrote:

> "I sent the Holy Father a reply to a letter of November 24, from Cardinal Secretary of State (Rampolla) written in the Pope's name, in which my opinion was asked about the soundness of Archbishop Ireland's discourse at the Public School Convention held in St. Paul, July 10. My reply covering ten pages of large letter is a full vindication of the Archbishop. I also sent a French translation of the Archbishop's address and wrote a brief letter to Cardinal Rampolla and to Dr. O'Connell to whom I enclosed the other letters."

Under date of March 1, 1892, the following entry appears in the Cardinal's diary:

> "Wrote to the Pope today commending the course of Archbishop Ireland in the Faribault School controversy and protesting against the bitterness of his enemies."

One of the most eloquent sermons ever heard of the thousands preached beneath the Cathedral roof was that by Archbishop Glennon on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Cardinal's priesthood. It was delivered on Sunday, October 15, 1911.

The St. Louis Archbishop began his sermon by congratulating the jubilarian. He then described how the young priest Father Gibbons had entered upon his ecclesiastical life amid the storm and stress of Civil War, how "the blood-red tide of carnage flecked the streets of Baltimore and turned to the darkness of night the sun of the Southland." He described, too, the coming of better days when the Cardinal went forth as an evangelist of peace and "by words of impelling force, but withal of Christian charity conjured a restless world to lay aside the arms of slaughter and put on the armor of the Prince of Peace, holding up the beautiful ideal, a dream now no longer, of the blessed day when the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled."

The Archbishop pictured the work of the young Bishop Gibbons in the vicariate of North Carolina and afterward in Richmond. He told of the appeal for light, for faith from those who walked in the darkness and cried through the night.

"Their appeal was not in vain; the new Bishop responded to their call and gave from out the very soul of his charity a golden book which would set before them as a temple fair and bright the city of God; and in the manner of Southern courtesy and in the spirit of a prophet of God, he offered them the best exposition that modern times have given us: the "Faith of Our Fathers."

"We may not speak of sunset," continued the Archbishop on that October day, "Our hope and prayer is that yours is still far out in the West. Yet we cannot help remembering, and occasions such as these are certain reminders of the journey we all have entered on, and whither the journey ends. The shadows come from the West; though the sky be crimson and gold, yet the shadows come; they fall across our jubilee days. And yet again what can they have of sinister meaning where the one who journeys bears still in his hands the white flower of his priestly consecration, a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech? Naught, indeed, except trusting still, praying still, working still, our trust shall be in God, and our prayer the cadenced prayer to the Great High Priest. May He support us all the day long, till the shadows lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging and a holy rest and peace at last."

When the shadows lengthened, when the evening came, when the busy world was hushed and the fever of that noble life was over, Archbishop Glennon again stood in the pulpit of that venerable Cathedral and paid the eulogy of America to him whose work was done.

As those shadows lengthened and his twilight star appeared, Cardinal Gibbons must have looked down the years and thanked God that to him had come a realization of the glories of his religion and of his citizenship. He must have murmured a prayer in behalf of his fellow-Americans of all creeds and no creeds who in the long years of his churchly life had showered their esteem and affection upon him.

It fell to Cardinal Gibbons' lot to observe in the course of his life the silver jubilee of his priesthood and his cardinalate and the golden jubilee of his priesthood and his episcopacy. At the time of his death he had served sixty years, lacking three months, in the priesthood and nearly fifty-three years as a bishop—a record unusual in the history of the Catholic Church in this country or any other country.

The Catholic Church throughout the world prepared to honor him on the occasion of his golden jubilee as a bishop in the Fall of 1918, but the influenza epidemic raging at that time in Baltimore prevented any formal celebration. Missions came from England, France and other countries to do him honor that year, but the proposed celebration was called off because of the influenza. For the first time in history, the Catholic Churches of Baltimore were closed on Sundays during that epidemic. A private reception in honor of the Cardinal was held at St. Mary's Seminary on October 20 that year. The greetings of the seminarians to the most distinguished alumnus of their Alma Mater were conveyed to the Cardinal. Members of the faculty spoke and Cardinal Gibbons replied, declaring in his speech how greatly indebted he was to the Sulpician fathers for the training they had given him.

The next day, October 21, there was another private reception at the Cardinal's residence at which the English and French delegates who had come to attend the jubilee delivered their messages of congratulation. Bishop Corrigan, Vicar-General to the Cardinal, introduced the speakers. The Right-Reverend Frederick William Keating, D. D., then Bishop of Northampton but now Archbishop of Liverpool, spoke on behalf of the Catholics of England and presented the message signed by the members of the English hierarchy. The Very Rev. Monsignor Arthur Barnes, chaplain to the Catholic students at Oxford, extended felicitations. He was followed by the Right Rev. Eugene Julien, Bishop of Arras, France, who spoke on behalf of the French Catholics and the French hierarchy. An address was made also by the Right Rev. Monsignor Baudrillart, Vicar-General of Paris and rector of the Catholic University of Paris. The Right Rev. Monsignor Charles Guillemant, Vicar-General of Arras, and other visitors from Europe were present, including members of the French High Commission.

Bishop Corrigan spoke for the clergy and the people of the diocese of Baltimore pledging anew their loyalty and affection. A message of congratulation was received from Pope Benedict XV, who sent as a jubilee present a handsome crucifix. In his message ,the Holy Father said:

> "We join our grateful heart with yours to the God who has sustained you, and moreover we wish your joy to be augmented by our own congratulations, for indeed it is pleasing to us to fold in our fatherly embrace those who like yourself have labored long in the offices of the Good Shepherd."

Messages of congratluations came from Cardinal Logue and the hierarchy and people of Ireland; from Cardinal Mercier and the hierarchy and people of Belgium, and from Catholic bishops and others in all parts of the world. The President of the United States and members of his cabinet and the Ambassadors in Washington all sent congratulations. The French Government conferred on him the decoration of the Legion of Honor. The whole world honored him.

Even over in France soldiers of America who served the Cardinal as sanctuary boys remembered his jubilee and observed it within sound of the enemy's guns. One of the boys in France, writing to his mother, told her that services were held in honor of the jubilee in the Cathedral of the town in which his unit was quartered. "Special reservations were made for the members of the American forces at the celebration," he wrote. There was also quite a gathering of French people in the other parts of the church. A priest delivered a short sermon in English, explaining the object of the affair, and offered up prayers. Then followed a short sermon in French by the Bishop of this diocese, and after that Vespers. It was all very impressive."

Not only Catholics but members of all creeds manifested their esteem for the Cardinal "many a time and oft." On one occasion, a lecturer from Europe attacked the Cardinal in a speech which he delivered in Baltimore. The pastor of Mount Vernon Methodist Episcopal Church, which is near the Cathedral, and the pastor of another Baltimore Church, rose to their feet at once, and sternly told the astonished foreigner that he could not come into the Cardinal's home town and say such words; that all Baltimore, Protestants, Jews and Catholics, loved His Eminence and would resent any slander of him. The speaker apologized.

Protestants and Jews remembered Catholic charities in their wills because of their esteem for Cardinal Gibbons. They knew that while he was "every inch a prince of the Roman Catholic Church" he was at the same time "every inch an American." In the last article written by him in his life, the Cardinal said:

"No one knows better than myself what line of demarcation and separation religion can cut in this country from ocean to ocean, and no one has been more eager and earnest in his effort to keep down and repress all religious distinction.

"I fear no enemy from without. The enemy I fear is he who, forgetting human nature and the history of Europe, would raise the question of another's religious

CARDINAL GIBBONS SIGNS THE PASTORAL LETTER.

belief and introduce strife and discord into the life of our country. So deep and strong are religious feelings that any fostering of religious differences can have but one effect, to destroy what a hundred years of trial and test has proved to be the greatest blessing enjoyed by man here below."

When the Cardinal entered upon his duties as priest, bigotry was flourishing in all its cowardly unfairness, seeking to ostracize all who bore the name of Catholic, all who were loyal to the faith of their fathers. Cardinal Gibbons felt the breath of that bigotry. More than once did he have to bear insults and taunts and jeers which must have cried to the human instincts in him to rise in retaliation. His soft answer turned away wrath. The goodness of his life overcame his enemies. In later years when any ignorant or bitter man sought to say unkind things about him, all his friends of every creed rose in indignation and the character-assassin's tongue was tied. The Cardinal said often that he did not mind how much anyone attacked him, he would remain silent. If, however, anyone dared to attack his right to be considered an American citizen or to attack the loyalty of his Church to the Republic, then he spoke in terms which echoed through the land.

The Cardinal never forgot that in the early days of his episcopacy—those days of rampant bigotry—there were men and women in North Carolina and Virginia—non-Catholic men and women—who were eager to minister to his comfort and show him the most generous hospitality. He did not forget the Episcopalian minister who announced his coming to a town in North Carolina, nor the Methodist minister who turned over his church, his choir and his church-bell for the services conducted by the Bishop. He remembered the Protestant Judge who adjourned court in Virginia that he might hear him preach, and the members of the North Carolina Legislature, who invited him to speak to them on the doctrines of his Church. Those acts of kindness were ever before him in memory. The benefactions, too, of his Jewish friends were welcomed with a grateful heart; and more than once he wrote and spoke in behalf of some charity or other cause dear to Jewish hearts.

This charity of heart and broadmindedness of the Cardinal scattered seeds that did not fall on barren ground. The harvest came in the recognition of his worth by his fellow-countrymen on many auspicious occasions. That recognition reached its climax at the memorable civic reception given His Eminence at the Fifth Regiment Armory, Baltimore, on June 6, 1911, the year the Cardinal celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his Priesthood, and the Silver Jubilee of his Cardinalate. There has never been in the history of the country, a celebration quite like it; and in all probability, there will never be another. This glorious adjunct to the solemnities of the Jubilee was inaugurated by the esteemed proprietors of the Baltimore Sun (whose columns had never failed during those fifty years to set forth in all their strength and splendor, the Cardinal's utterances and the striking events of his career) and was carried to its wonderful conclusion with the magnanimous co-operation of the leaders of the City and State.

The whole aspect of this brilliant tribute to the great Churchman and Citizen, was non-sectarian in conception and execution. In the vast Armory Hall, which was decorated in a gala manner, were gathered more than 20,000 fellow-citizens of the Cardinal, Catholics and non-

Catholics, men and woman, all inspired with affection and reverence. On the immense platform, the Nation, State and City were represented by a galaxy of distinguished men. The President and Vice-President, with the Cabinet, Senators and Congressmen, and members of the embassies at Washington, with a host of ecclesiastics of different denominations, looked down upon the crowded assemblage. It was America's tribute to Cardinal Gibbons, the Citizen.

Loud cheering greeted the entrance of Cardinal Gibbons, who walked in, arm in arm with President Taft, to the strains of "Maryland, My Maryland," played by the band of St. Mary's Industrial School of Baltimore. Ascending the stairs, the Cardinal and the President were escorted to the seats of honor. A striking picture was presented as the entire assemblage stood while the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Governor Austin L. Crothers, who presided, emphasized the fact that the celebration was "typically representative" of America. After words of heartfelt praise of the Cardinal, he concluded:

"We salute you, Cardinal Gibbons, as a torch-bearer in our midst of religion, justice and patriotism. The State of Maryland tenders you its warmest and deepest felicitations, and most earnestly wishes you many more years of life and happiness."

President Taft, being introduced, said in part:

"Nothing could more clearly show the character of the man whose Jubilee we celebrate than the living testimonial that this assemblage is to his value as a neighbor in the community of Baltimore. If you would find what a man is, go to his home and his neighbors, and there, if everything that he says and does rings true, and shows his heart-whole interest in the welfare of men and women and children about him, you have the strongest proof of his virtues as a lover of mankind."

Ex-President Roosevelt declared that no Church in the United States will ever have to defend itself as long as those standing highest in the Church, as well as those under them, devote their lives to the service of the men and women round about them.

"Cardinal Gibbons," he continued, "has devoted his life to the service of his fellow-countrymen. The Cardinal has set an example to all of us in public and in private life both by that for which he has striven, and the way in which he has striven to achieve it. He has striven for justice, he has striven for fair dealing and he has striven for it in the spirit that has no relation to lawlessness or disorder—I am honored—we are all honored—that the opportunity has come to us today to pay a tribute to what is highest and best in American citizenship."

Vice-President Sherman congratulated His Eminence on behalf of the Senate, and Speaker Champ Clark of Missouri, offered him the greetings of the House of Representatives. "Cardinal Gibbons," he said, "stands here today, honored by the entire American people, without respect to politics or religion or geographical lines. The Cardinal's words are quoted as often, his influence is as great, the affection for him is as strong, west of the great river as it is in the City of Baltimore."

Other speakers were: Senator Elihu Root and Ambassador Bryce, of England.

Mayor Preston, after a tribute of earnest praise of the illustrious guest concluded with the felicitations of the City of Baltimore on his public recognition of his life and labors.

When the Cardinal arose to express his thanks for the remarkable demonstration that had been accorded him there was a great outburst of cheering from the twenty thousand and more persons standing on the floor of the Armory and from those on the platform. President Taft, ex-President Roosevelt, Vice-President Sherman, Governor Crothers and all other distinguished guests joined in the demonstration. In reply, the Cardinal said:

"One merit only can I truly claim regarding my civic life and that is an ardent love for my country and her political institutions. Ever since I entered the sacred ministry my aim has been to make those over whom I have exerted any influence not only more upright Christians, but also more loyal citizens, for the most faithful Christian makes the best citizen.

"I consider the Republic of the United States one of the most precious heirlooms ever bestowed on mankind down the ages, and that it is the duty and should be the delight of every citizen to strengthen and perpetuate our Government by the observance of its laws and by the integrity of his private life. "Righteousness," says the Book of Proverbs, 'exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to the people.'

"If our Government is destined to be enduring it must rest on the eternal principles of justice, truth and righteousness, and these principles must have for their sanction the recognition of a Supreme Being who created all things by His Power, who governs them by His wisdom and whose superintending Providence watches over the affairs of the nations and of men.

"It is the duty of us all, churchmen and laymen to hold up the hands of our President, as Aaron and Hur stayed up the hand of Moses. Let us remember that our Chief Executive and all subordinate magistrates are the accredited agents and ministers of God and are clothed with divine authority, and therefore it is our duty and should be our delight to aid them by every means in our power in guiding and controlling the destiny of our glorious Republic."

As the Cardinal was leaving the hall he was asked what he thought of the reception. He replied: "I am overwhelmed. I did not deserve it."

CHAPTER XV

America First

NOBODY knew better than Cardinal Gibbons how to use the time, the place and the occasion in presenting the attitude of the Catholic Church on any subject. He was not an opportunist in the narrow sense of the word; he was one who had the newspaperman's instinct of knowing just when and where and how to make a statement. If he felt that there was anything important to be said and that a wide disseminaion of his views as spokesman for the American hierarchy was to be desired, he bided his time and picked the right moment.

Newspapermen who were close to him received from the Cardinal stories which were to be held in strictest confidence. He asked them not to release such stories until certain dates, when he knew that the local and out-of-town papers would be in a position, because of space conditions, to carry the statement fully or to present a cause at length. He was well aware that there is a scarcity of what is termed routine news on Sundays, and that the Monday morning papers accordingly could devote more space to certain plans or causes in which he was interested. He early learned the value of publicity and realized the great part the big press associations of the country play in frunishing information to millions of readers in the United States and abroad. On a subject of particular importance he either asked the reporters covering his residence to turn over the stories to the press associations, or he summoned the representatives of such associations, to his residence to discuss the matters with them. He insisted on accuracy at all times, knowing what harm might be done by one little slip-up in writing or transmission. In none of these interviews did the Cardinal project himself. His humility kept him in the background. He did not think of himself but of the cause he was presenting.

If the famous sermon on Americanism, which the Cardinal preached in the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere in Rome, had been preached at the Baltimore Cathedral or any other church in this country, it would not have produced the tremendous sensation it did. The words of His Eminence would have been praised in several papers, and parts of his sermon would have been quoted; but the country would have dismissed it, no doubt, as simply the expression of a man who loved his country and was proud to profess that love in an American church before American people who were in sympathy with him.

But it must be remembered that at the time the Cardinal preached that sermon there were many who thought spiritual allegiance to Rome meant political allegiance also. They believed that a man who was a Catholic was guided absolutely in questions of state by the opinion of Rome, that even his vote was swayed by Rome, and that, if the Holy Father saw fit to dabble in political conditions in this country and to command Americans to do what was un-American, they would have to obey his commands without question. In a word, spiritual and poliitcal allegience meant one and the same thing to millions of Americans as far as Catholics were concerned.

Hence, when the Cardinal spoke out his allegiance to America in the very shadow of the Vatican itself, when he gloried in his American citizenship in the very city where the Romans were wont to glory in their citizenship, and when Americans learned that the very words he uttered were repeated in the Vatican and commended, too, a few minutes after the conclusion of the very speech itself, they began to see that the Americanism of the Catholic citizen was as true and genuine as the Americanism of any other man in all the broad land. The Cardinal, by using the time and the place and occasion, had wrought more good than all the declarations of allegiance on the part of Catholics could have accomplished in decades.

The same thing held true when the Cardinal saw fit to denounce Cahenslyism. That was a doctrine which was named after the man whose brain gave it birth, Herr Cahensly, one of the Catholic leaders of Germany. It was Herr Cahensly's ambition to have the sons and daughters of Germany in this country and their descendants kept true to their old allegiance to the Fatherland by the preservation of the German language in their churches and schools and by the appointment of German bishops in dioceses in which there was a large contingent of German-born Catholics. He wanted the German language to be used exclusively in sermons, in Catholic institutions, and in schools. Herr Cahensly's desire was to build up in this country Catholic parishes which would not be American, but distinctly German, with German aspirations, the chief object being to preserve allegiance to Germany on the part of the parishioners. The hopes and wishes of such congregations were not to see America prosper, but to see Germany triumphant.

Cardinal Gibbons at once saw the danger. He realized that such a movement, however praiseworthy it might seem to Herr Cahensly and his associates in Germany and the United States, would strike at the very root of the love of country which the Catholic Church in the United States and in every other land plants in the hearts of her children. Herr Cahensly made representations to Pope Leo XIII to have such a plan inaugurated. He was backed in this movement by some German priests and laymen in this country, who either did not possess the real spirit of America or who could not sense the danger. The Cardinal wrote to Rome, protesting against Cahenslyism and declaring that the appointment of German bishops in dioceses that were predominanly German in their makeup would be inimical both to the interests of the Church and the country. He asked that such a movement might be frowned upon immediately. Pope Leo, who had learned to know America through Cardinal Gibbons, indorsed his stand and refused to consider Herr Cahensly's program. When the movement began to gain ground in this country, Cardinal Gibbons spoke against it vigorously and without hesitancy. His protest against it was not made from his pulpit in Baltimore. He seized the time, the place and the occasion for his condemnation. He denounced Cahenslyism from the pulpit of the Cathedral of St. John in Milwaukee, one of the most German cities in the United States, a place where Cahenslyism had made an impression. The occasion was the installation in August, 1891, of Archbishop Katzer, whom the Cardinal invested with the pallium. In the sermon of that day, replete with beautiful Biblical pictures and infiltrated with principles of the highest patriotism, the Cardinal condemned the plot in words of unmistakable import:

"Woe to him, my brethren, who would destroy or impair this blessed harmony that reigns among us! Woe to him who would sow tares of discord in the fair field of the Church of America! Woe to him who would breed dissension among the leaders of Israel by introducing a spirit of nationalism into the camps of the Lord! Brothers we are, whatever may be our nationality, and brothers we shall remain; we will prove to our countrymen that the ties formed by grace and faith are stronger than flesh and blood—God and our country! This is our watchword—Loyalty to God's Church and to our country!—this is our religious and political faith!

"Next to our love for God should be our love for our country. The Author of our being has stamped in the human breast a love for one's country, and therefore patriotism is a sentiment commended by Almighty God Himself. If the inhabitant of the Arctic Regions clings to his country though living through perpetual ice and snow, how much more should we be attached to this land of ours, so bountifully favored by Heaven! And if the Apostles inculcated respect for their rulers and obedience to the laws of the Roman Empire, though these were often framed for the purpose of crushing and exterminating the primitive Christians, how much more should we be devoted to this civil Government, which protects us in our person and property without interfering with our rights and liberties, and with what alacrity should we observe the laws of our country, which were framed solely with the view of promoting our peace and happiness!

"Let us glory in the title of American citizens. We owe our allegiance to one country, and that country is America. We must be in harmony with our political institutions. It matters not whether this is the land of our birth or the land of our adoption. It is the land of our destiny. Here we intend to live and here we hope to die. When our brethren across the Atlantic resolve to come to our shores may they be animated by the sentiments of Ruth, when she determined to join her husband's kindred in the land of Israel; and may they say unto you as she said to her relations: 'Whither thou hast gone, I also shall go—where thou dwellest, I also shall dwell—thy people shall be my people—and thy God my God. The land that shall receive thee dying, in the same I will die and there I will be buried."

The German people themselves realized how truly the Cardinal had spoken and the vast majority in this country approved his words. During the world war, the Cardinal more than once in private interviews, called attention to the unfairness of certain elements in accusing the German people of being lukewarm in their support of the cause of the United States. He pointed out how many thousands of German boys had entered the service and how loyal the Germans were in the matter of buying Liberty Bonds and in other ways showing their devotion to the cause. In a conversation with some friends one day, his attention was called to the fact that the first man killed in the United States forces was a youth of German descent, a sailor, whose home was in East Baltimore; and that the last man killed was also of German descent and an East Baltimorean; the latter was a soldier in a Baltimore regiment and was killed twenty seconds before the armistice went into effect. The Cardinal said it would be well for the deaths of these two young men to become a matter of historical record—a source of pride to those of German blood and to all Baltimoreans.

A movement similar to Cahenslyism threatened to get under way in the closing months of the Cardinal's life, but, like its predecessor, the movement was halted quickly. At a meeting of the American hierarchy in Washington in September, 1920, a plea was presented from some European nationals in regard to the composition of the American hierarchy. These leaders felt that because the number of immigrants from their native land in recent years had been great and because the immigrants had reached power and influence in certain sections of the country recognition should be given to priests who spoke the language of the immigrants and understood their old-world customs in the selection of bishops for such sections. The question came up for discussion and Cardinal Gibbons was asked his opinion. "The bent figure was suddenly erect," says Archbishop Glennon, "and in a voice vibrant with emotion he addressed us: 'We are bound in the unity of faith and obedience to the Vicar of Christ, but our Church knows nothing of European politicians and we must never allow them to lay hands on its fair structure.'"

It is interesting to note that the last entry made in the Cardinal's Diary was his reference on April 10, 1917, to the action of the American hierarchy assembled in Washington that day, in pledging the devotion and support of the Catholics of his country to the carrying on of the war to a successful conclusion.

Throughout the war, by voice and pen, Cardinal Gibbons seconded the efforts of the Administration; he was untiring in his efforts to keep the fires of patriotism burning brightly. Although more than 83 years of age, he made trips to various camps where the soldiers were in training and spoke to the assembled troops of the necessity they were under of giving their best to the nation's cause. At the time of the dedication of the Knights of Columbus hut at Camp Meade, the Cardinal addressed the men of the Seventy-ninth Division on the question of morale. Following the address, Major-General Joseph E. Kuhn, commander of the division, said: "Cardinal Gibbons has done more with these men in his half-hour's talk today than I could ever hope to do in many months of training."

For more than half a century the Cardinal's word was awaited in every crisis, and never did he fail to sound the right note of warning or of counsel. Regardless of creed, his fellow-citizens throughout the land hearkened to his call, and the universal comment was that he had on every occasion spoken opportunely and well. His was the sane practical Americanism that was keen to discern the real evil despite the hue and cry of faddists. Steering always a wise, if conservative course, and avoiding party politics, the Cardinal ever took a firm stand for civic duties on the solid ground of morality, and therefore religion. In his Cathedral, as well as on public platform and through the press, religious and secular, he constantly preached on American citizenship, its rights and duties and privileges, and the perpetuity of the Republic, the beauty and simplicity of our form of government, and other kindred subjects. In America he did much to quicken civic righteousness; while abroad in Europe his utterances always added much to the understanding of and sympathy with American institutions.

Priest and patriot, he gloried in his Christian Heritage and in his American citizenship, and by his daily simple devotion to the interests of both Church and State, he caused the one to be respected and revered by those who shared not his faith in all its details, and the other to be prized by every zealous lover of America.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHARACTERISTICS.

HUMILITY was a striking characteristic of Cardinal Gibbons. He loved to see the ceremonial of the Church carried out to the full, for the honor and glory of God and the advancement of souls; but his own part in it never exalted him; he deemed himself but a weak instrument in the hands of God.

One of his priests said to him one day with frankness: "Your Eminence, people say you are a Providential man. When I told Archbishop Bonzano of your illness, he expressed deep regret and pointed out how necessary you are to the Church in this country. And Bishop Russell remarked that the meetings of the Bishops depend upon you." The Cardinal merely listened, but said never a word. On another occasion a priest of his household, having presented a letter for his signature, he refused to sign it, adding that little or no judgment was displayed in asking him to sign such a letter. That afternoon the door of the priest's study was opened and there stood the Cardinal. He had come to apologize. "Father, I wish to apologize for having spoken to you so sharply this morning."

No man could be more loyal to his Alma Mater than Cardinal Gibbons to St. Charles' College and St. Mary's Seminary. Never did he allow an opportunity to pass by without a word of praise and gratitude for the good

Fathers of St. Sulpice. For his teachers, as well as for the priesthood, he retained to the very end of his life a deep, genuine affection. Anything that was of interest to those two schools interested him. This interest he showed in a practical way by giving them financial assistance whenever it was needed. His book of "Discourses and Sermons for Sundays and Festivals," published in 1908, "the fruit of nearly fifty years' serious meditation in the Sacred Ministry," as the Cardinal remarks in his preface, was dedicated

TO THE
PROFESSORS OF ST. MARY'S SEMINARY,
BALTIMORE

Whose Daily Lectures for over a Century have been Mirrored and Illumined by their Evangelical Lives.

When Father Dineen of the Seminary paid him a visit during his illness, the Cardinal said to him, "Father, I am glad to see you personally; it was I who sent you to college. As you are a Sulpician I am doubly glad to see you. I am always happy in the atmosphere of the Sulpicians. I consider them my right arm."

In his dealings with his priests, the Cardinal was always most kind and fatherly. Never did he command, but always requested that such and such a thing might be done. Even when called upon to deal harshly with some, fortunately very few, found guilty of a breach of discipline, he tempered justice with mercy, generally excusing the culpable party with such remarks as, "He is a queer man;" "He is an odd character." This faithful servant of God had so trained himself to see the good in others.

that far from thinking ill of anyone, he could not bring himself to say or do aught that could wound ever so slightly a reputation, or give unnecessary pain to a fellow-creature. As a consequence, Cardinal Gibbons was regarded by his clergy more as a father than as a superior; and His Eminence received in turn from them an affectionate and most cheerful obedience.

Cardinal Gibbons' heart was large and affectionate, large enough in very truth to bear within its living walls the whole world. The masses were dear to him for he counted the individual, immortal souls in the multitude; and each had been purchased by the Precious Blood of his Master. What wonderful tales could his parlors tell of words and deeds wrought in favor of his visitors, the high and the lowly, the wealthy and the needy, and all enhanced by his delicate courtesy and urbanity, his cheerful smile, and the grace that overflowed from the supernatural life within! If hospital wards could speak, or prison cells, what revelations of sympathy, of upift, of souls won to God going forth with eternal blessings on their friend and father! And the Religious Communities of the Diocese, Priests, Brothers, Sisters—what voluminous histories might be written of those long years of prudent jurisdiction and guidance, of compliance with their requests, of appreciation of their labors! Not the least of all was his gracious presence at entertainments and at the annual commencements, when with words of power and encouragement, eloquent with feeling, he blessed and sent forth from their school and college home of years, thousands of aspiring youth to win the victory in a world of temptations and snares.

The Cardinal loved children, his "little people," as his favorite St. Francis de Sales used to call them, and the children loved him. He would stop on the street to greet them. With his altar boys, he was a boy again; when seated in his chair in the bay window waiting to go into the Cathedral, he would put to them riddles and conundrums, all the while enjoying with smiles their earnest efforts to answer. After the services, it was not an uncommon sight to see the Cardinal ascending the steps leading to his room with his arms about the necks of the boys. On reaching his room, he always rewarded them for their supposed help with a box of candy.

Whenever he returned from a trip, he always greeted the priests of the household with an affectionate embrace and a kiss on the cheek. This affection was more marked during the days of his sickness. Oftentimes they stroked him on the head, kissed him on the cheek, and in a hundred different ways showed their love and veneration for him. Never once was there a drawing away on his part. Rather did he appear to relish these little attentions. In every way he made them feel easy and comfortable in his presence.

The Cardinal was a man of infinite tact and consideration. It pained him to see the feelings of anyone wounded by reason of a thoughtless word or act. One afternoon, some children, accompanied by a gentleman, called upon the Cardinal to give him some little mementoes of their own handiwork. They were quite simple little things, the mementoes, but they seemed masterpieces—precious treasures in the eyes of the children, presented by them to the Cardinal because they thought nothing was too good for His Eminence. The gentleman who made the address did not realize their feelings. In making the presentation speech, he deprecated the value of the gifts but impressed upon the Cardinal that they were the simple testimonials from young and innocent hearts and asked the Cardinal to receive them in that light. The children's faces became a study. Everyone of them was on the verge of tears. The words of the speaker had brought sorrow to their hearts. The Cardinal saw this at once. When he arose to speak, he walked over to the table in the parlor on which the gifts rested, picked them up, looked them over several times and said as if to himself: "Aren't they wonderful! Aren't they wonderful!" Then he turned and passed the gifts around to the priests and others in the parlor. He had brought back the smiles to the children's faces and he delivered a speech of thanks that sent them into the seventh heaven of delight.

During one of his annual visits when Archbishop to his home in New Orleans, the Cardinal met at a social reception a young bride of a year. Enchanted by the Cardinal's personality, she obtained her father's permission to entertain him at his home; her preparations, it may be well believed, were of the most elaborate kind. Besides the guest of honor there were present at the banquet Archbishop Janssens, a number of clergy and some elite of the city. The table, sumptuously laid, was "smothered" in the choicest flowers. Scarcely had the first course become of interest to the diners, when Archbishop Janssens suddenly exclaimed: "Take away the flowers; I can't see the people for them." The young bride, disconcerted, began to pout, but arose to obey the order; Archbishop Gibbons, ever tactful, beckoned to her and with his sweet smile, said softly: "Madam, the light of your countenance is sufficient for us."

While the Cardinal was taking a walk on one occasion with a seminarian, an automobile swung out from behind a big motor truck and began bearing down on the Cardinal. The seminarian grabbed the Cardinal's arm and rushed him to the sidewalk. With His Eminence safely out of danger, the seminarian apologized for his lack of gentleness.

"Oh!" replied His Eminence, "never mind that, my son;" and standing on the corner, apparently to regain his usual composure, he continued, "let me tell you a story."

"Two clerical friends of mine were 'roughing it' in the backwoods of Virginia. One day as they were tramping along, one suddenly struck the other a heavy blow—a blow that knocked him sprawling. The one who had dealt the blow assisted his friend to his feet. At the same time he apologized for his apparent rudeness in these words: 'If I had not hit you, you would have stepped on a rattlesnake.'

"Thus you see," concluded the Cardinal, "that it is necessary to use rough tactics sometimes."

The story is told that once, while the Cardinal was in New Orleans, he had for his temporary secretary, a priest who did not understand all the intricacies of the English language. The Cardinal received a telegram from a group of distinguished St. Louis citizens asking him to stop in that city on a trip he was contemplating. His Eminence directed his secretary to send word that he could not accept the invitation as he would not pass by St. Louis· The Cardinal was amazed when he received a telegram from the Committee expressing its delight at his acceptance of its invitation and assuring him a hearty welcome. An investigation by the Cardinal showed him that the secretary had sent this telegram:

"I cannot pass St. Louis by."

His Eminence kept his secretary's promise.

Few knew Cardinal Gibbons' political allegiances, for, like all priests, he felt that religion and politics should not be mixed. There is a story told of him that he once sent for a public man who held a post of high political influence in Baltimore. His Eminence informed the politician that a friend of his, a man of education, refinement and high character was in need of a position.

"Cardinal, send your friend to me, and I will have a position ready for him," was the courteous answer. When the friend turned up he proved to be a retired Protestant minister, a devout member of the sect to which he adhered, and of which he always remained a faithful follower.

The Cardinal was all things to all men. If a diplomat came, he knew on what subject of talk; if the governor of the state, he discussed the joys and worries of his administration; if the mayor, he told him how delighted he was the city was progressing so nicely. Immediately after having a talk with one of the great men of the nation, the Cardinal was apt to turn to chat with the newsboy who had brought him his paper.

One Sunday morning some Catholic and Protestant soldiers from Camp Meade, near Baltimore, about eight of them in all, went to the Cathedral to the solemn high mass to hear the music and in the hope of getting a glimpse of the Cardinal. They were pleased when they got such a glimpse but they were the proudest young men in the world, when one of the priests of the Cathedral household invited them into the Cardinal's residence to see His Eminence. When the Cardinal came tripping down the steps, the soldiers were abashed. They did not know how to act. The Catholic soldiers kissed the Cardinal's ring and the Protestants followed suit, rather awkwardly. In a few minutes, His Eminence had those young soldiers telling him all about camp life as if they had known him for years. They told him stories of the army and he laughed heartily, telling them jokes in turn. Then, as they were about to leave, they asked for his blessing, informing His Eminence that they were to sail for the war zone within a few days. One of the Catholic boys took his identification tag from around his neck and asked the Cardinal to bless it. All the others followed and the Cardinal blessed the tags. He told the soldiers that he would pray for them and hoped to see them after they came back. "I know you will come back," the Cardinal said as he bade them goodbye.

On the first Sunday of every year, the Cardinal held a reception at his residence, which was attended by hundreds of Baltimoreans. He had a pleasant word for his visitors and gave each one a holy picture or some other memento. He would stop some of his close friends and chat for a minute or two about their families. For all he had a friendly word and smile, that wonderful smile of his which bespoke his joy of life and brought cheerfulness to the hearts of all.

On the second Sunday of the year, he held a similar reception at St. Patrick's Church, Washington,. Numbered among his callers were the great men of the nation.

The Cardinal was extremely fond of music, his heart and taste being especially captivated by sacred music. The perfection of the instrumental and vocal performance of his Cathedral Choir, rising on great occasions to the sublime, affords sufficient testimony of this. The hymns of the little children were dear to him and he took delight in listening to them. Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light!" was a favorite, and he often directed the choirmaster to have the beautiful lyric sung by the choir.

There were probably a hundred or more replicas of the following charming episode in the long career of the Cardinal. It happened when an epidemic of Yellow Fever was ravaging the South and when all hearts at the North, overflowing with sympathy, were giving freely of their substance for the relief of the sufferers. His Eminence appealed earnestly to his people, who responded generously. In his audience were several little girls so deeply touched that they met and resolved "to do something." Each begged money or pretty things from her friends; and on a stated afternoon a large drawing-room in the home of one was arranged in holiday style and a lovely bazaar presented to their delighted friends by the six little misses. The result of their efforts was fifty dollars, which they proudly bore to the Cardinal on the ensuing morning. His Eminence descended to the parlor, and, surprised and grateful, praised their labor of love with many sweet and cordial words. Then ascending to his room, he returned with a pretty book for each, as a "memorial of their good work in behalf of the sick and dying."

The Cardinal's memory, not only for faces, but for names as well, was truly remarkable, and created a favorable impression. Only a few months before his death he was present at Clifton School in Washington. Noticing a certain young lady student in the gathering, he beckoned her to his side, and before there was time for an introduction, called her by name. "Your resemblance," said the Cardinal, "to your ancestor is so striking, that I can see my old friend living in you."

In any gathering of men and women, the Cardinal was always able to connect the person with whom he was talking with some long-forgotten relatives, and relate some story of their customs and habits. "I knew your father," or "I was well acquainted with your grandfather," or "I met your mother last in 1875." Needless to say this faculty of remembering names brought much pleasure.

The Cardinal loved the company of men and women. On his trips to Europe, what interested him most were the men and women whom he met in traveling or who might happen to be in the city he was visiting. A celebrated cathedral or a painting by a famous artist always had to give way whenever he learned that Mr. So and So lived here, or Mrs. So and So was stopping at such or such a place. This was all the more true when Mr. So and So happened to be from the United States. At his residence, whenever a visitor was announced, he lost no time in reaching the parlor. No matter who the visitor might be, young or old, rich or poor, he always drew his chair up close, and took the keenest interest in the conversation.

Very often such visits were to enlist his help in securing a position or to obtain financial aid. How much money he gave away in charity only God and His angels know. When he was up in the country in December last, he did not forget a certain lady whom he had been helping monthly for many years. His last gift to her was a cheque for $100. It is pleasant to be able to add that those he befriended, either by gifts or by obtaining employment, were as a rule, grateful for his kindness.

One of the most beautiful pictures of the Cardinal was had a few days before his death, when one of the priests of his household going quietly to his room to see how His Eminence was, saw him with his eyes shut and his beads moving through his fingers as he spoke his love to his Heavenly Mother. Those beads of his spoke to the Mother in Heaven and brought down upon him and those he loved, countless blessings throughout his whole career.

The Rosary was an inseparable part of the Cardinal's life. Persons visiting the Cathedral in Baltimore found him telling his beads as he knelt before the high altar. Members of his household coming suddenly upon him often found him bowed in prayer, his beads in his hands, while the echoes of the busy world were heard without. On railroad trains and on board ship, at home and far from home, he said his Rosary daily.

Few persons outside the members of his own immediate household knew what efforts the Cardinal really made to help adjust the wrongs of Ireland. He was particularly active in the last months of his life when the reign of terror in that distressful country, "the atrocities of the Black and Tans," and the other persecutions to which the Irish were subjected, aroused his indignation as it did that of every other person who loved freedom and hated iniquity.

Much of the work of the Cardinal in behalf of Ireland was done quietly and with infinite tact and diplomacy: but it was a work which left its impress. There is a part of that work which, because of certain confidential circumstances, must remain untold, but which, if it could be recounted, would bring forth a chorus of praise and gratitude from lovers of Irish freedom in all parts of the world.

The Cardinal, a few weeks before his death, became a member of an association organized for the relief of sufferers in Ireland. On this committee were many of the repesentative men of America. Cardinal Gibbons communicated with Cardinal Logue and other members of the Irish hierarchy to find out what was needed in the way of relief in that country. The answers which he received to his inquiries helped this committee to proceed intelligently with its work. The Cardinal's heart was with Ireland. He worked quitely, but none the less effectively. The Cardinal was not a man quick to anger; but it happened on one occasion that a delegation called upon him in the interests of the Irish question. The Cardinal discussed the question, made known his pro-Irish sympathies in regard to it, and promised to see what he could do concerning it. One of the visitors, however, thoughtlessly made a suggestion which seemed to indicate that the Cardinal was not as interested in the subject as he should be. His Eminence turned quickly and looking at the man with his eyes flashing, replied, "Why, I was working in the interests of Ireland before you were born."

Everybody in Baltimore has for years looked for the blooming of the tulips—the red tulips and the golden tulips in the yard in front of the Cardinal's home. The blooming of those flowers were for Baltimoreans the first sign of Spring. Reporters on the Baltimore papers watched eagerly for the first peep of them and as soon as the flowers began to push their heads through the soil, the announcement that Spring was at hand was heralded in the Baltimore press. The Cardinal loved those tulips and watched for them every year. A few days before his death he looked at them and the same smile which had been his at their discovery came back to him. Mr. Folger McKinsey, the Benztown Bard of the Baltimore Sun, who had written of those flowers in several poems, wrote of them in this wise the day after the Cardinal's death:

A little yard on Charles street in springtime's sweet array,
I could not help but linger as I passed it yesterday.
It seemed as if the blossoms on their stems were bowed
        and old,
The crocuses had lost their pride, the daffodils their gold.
  And over them a shadow,
    How fast a shadow grew,
  Of grief for one whose gentle smile
    Each lovely tulip knew!

Oh, little yard on Charles street, you'll never be the same
When springtime kisses all your blooms into immortal
        flame!
And though glad eyes behold you, and wait your vernal
        sign,

They'll know the dear friend of your dreams has passed
to yards divine.
Peep, little crocus brother,
And sing, O birds of glee,
But ever in your morning note
Will grief be borne to me!

In the last months of life, when he was lying ill at the home of the Shrivers in Union Mills, Md., that truly Catholic home which he loved so well, the Cardinal felt that death was close at hand. Feeling it near he wanted to be home when the Angel of Death came. He asked constantly that he might be permitted to go back "home." When the doctors gave him permission for the necessary trip in the early part of January his face brightened. He was a happy man. As he was carried into his home in an invalid chair on that day, he voiced almost inaudibly his gratitude. One of the first questions he put was: "Where is my little red-headed boy?" The little red-headed boy was Edgar Elsner, who attended the door of the Cardinal's residence and ran errands for His Eminence. The last Sunday of His Eminence's life, the Cardinal told Father Stickney, rector of the Catherdral, to give Edgar a holiday on Easter Sunday and to give him money to go to Wilmington to see his sister. His Eminence left the boy $100 in his will.

There was a young colored boy, by the name of Walter who worked at the Cardinal's residence. Walter was the proud brother of twins. Every day he had some story to relate to His Eminence of those twins. The first thing every morning when the Cardinal saw Walter, he asked, "Well, how are the twins coming along?".

One day the Cardinal learned that one of the twins was dead and that Walter and his mother were disconsolate. That afternoon while in his robes returning from a church celebration in East Baltimore, the Cardinal turned to Father Stickney who was in the limousine with him and said: "We must call on Walter's mother and see if we cannot offer her a few consoling words". His Eminence asked the chauffeur to drive the car to Walter's home in a little alley in Northeast Baltimore. When the Cardinal in his robes of office got out of the limousine, there was excitement in the alley. All the residents flocked to Walter's home, while the Cardinal went inside to speak words of comfort to the grief-stricken mother and to tell her how very sorry he was to hear of the child's death.

The classic Latin poets had a certain fascination for the Cardinal as is evidenced by his numerous citations from their volumes; he had his favorites among the British makers of song; but the legacy he loved most, was that bequeathed to posterity by the poets of Ireland. His prose readings were choice and voluminous, and brought him a heritage of thought, of worldly and spiritual wisdom, as well as a wealth of vocabulary. No doubt the Bible did more to form his style than all other books combined. His love of the Sacred Scriptures dated from childhood. As a youth of twelve he began this sacred reading, a practice he adhered to daily until the close of his life. While a student of St. Charles' College, required by the rule to devote a quarter of an hour daily to the Scriptures, it was his delight to prolong for an hour or more his studies in that treasury of Divine Wisdom.

How profound his study of the Acts of the Apostles and his interior contemplation of the sublime details recorded there—items which would make but a transient impression on others—is luminous in the graphic descriptions and striking inferences drawn from them in the "Ambassador of Christ." But the Acts was a favorite and at times an engrossing study; the details of the founding of the Church formed the theme of conversation frequently with his young priests and seminarians. In this he was like to his favorite St. Francis de Sales, who impressed upon his disciple, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, a most ardent love for the early Church as portrayed in the inimitable pages of St. Luke.

Cardinal Gibbons was a shining example of the faithful priest as he painted him. "He is the *servant* of the flock to which he is assigned; he responds to their summons night and day. He is to be a light to those that are in darkness; he is food to the hungry, a refreshing fountain to those who thirst after righteousness, a guide to the wayfarer, a physician to the soul-sick, and a father to the whole congregation."

He pictures the sacrifices, the hardships and humiliations which a priest must necessarily encounter; but he calls them to reflect that honors, too, fall in their way, which serve as a counterpoise to life's trials. Yet the latter is not without its word of warning:

"We may occasionally pluck the fruits of honor along the roadside if they hang in our way, but we are not to cross the fence to reach them, still less are they to be our sustaining food."

It is estimated that thousands of persons were converted to Catholicism either directly or indirectly by means of the Cardinal's book: "The Faith of Our Fathers." The success in a spiritual way was a source of great joy to His Eminence, for all priests are made happy by the conversion of one soul. It is doubtful if in modern times any other religious book ever has achieved such great results. The financial returns enabled the Cardinal to carry on his work of charity, of educating students for the priesthood, of helping on the work of the Church.

The Cardinal was most abstemious. When a young man he suffered from stomach trouble. He often said that it was his poor stomach which enabled him to live so long, that he had to take good care both of that stomach and his general health. He began with and cultivated a habit of "Early to bed and early to rise".

His study and his bed-room were simply furnished. In his bed-room there were besides his bed, a few chairs, a pre-dieu and several pictures, including portraits of priests, friends of his in the early days of his priesthood; a picture of Sts. Cyril and Methodius and an oil painting of the Good Shepherd which hung directly above his bed. The Cardinal saw that painting the first thing when he opened his eyes in the morning and the last thing at night. It was fitting that this was so, for his whole life was guided by the life of the Good Shepherd.

The Cardinal was a thoroughly unworldly man. The advantages of rank and position meant nothing to him personally. But he did not underrate them. He used them for God's service. He loved the pomp and the splendor of the Church ceremonial because he felt that no appeal to ear or eye should be neglected to lead men to God. He loved the company of men for the good he saw in his fellow-man, and for the good he hoped to do to his fellow-man. Hence his attendance at dinners and secular functions. "It is a great pity," he said once, "that the Archbishop of such a place refuses the invitations to dine of these best people. What an opportunity of doing good!"

The Cardinal's social life was actuated as sincerely and fully by the love of Christ as his spiritual life. Christ was his model in every phase and circumstance of his career. He said once to a friend: "I dine out because Christ dined out." Like Him and His Apostle he made himself all to all that he might gain all. Not honor, not pleasure, incited him to accept invitations, to lend his presence to social functions and gatherings: he was swayed by his ever present opportunities of good, and no less by his deep-rooted, wholehearted love of his people, who reciprocated that affection in an extraordinary manner.

A man of serious and devout mind will reveal himself unfailingly in his method of intercourse with God and His saints. Herein the Cardinal was a lover of the old ways and a stickler for ancient traditions. The simple devotions of a good Catholic mother and father, the devotion to our Lord, to His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph,—these were the devotions upon which his soul fed and was nourished. The many other forms of devotion which are necessary to varying times and tempers, if approved of by the Church, he did not undervalue, but these appealed not to his spiritual side. Our Lord and His Blessed Mother were his sources of benediction and helpfulness; and his soul was united with them in many hours of silent meditation and prayer.

Union with God was, indeed, the especial grace of the Cardinal. It may be said he lived in the sunlight of His Divine Majesty. His soul bowed before God in innate reverence; his model of prayer was the Son of God, who St. Paul tells us, "was heard for his reverence." And this divine light in which he lived and moved was reflected on individual souls, on some nearest his ideals, with splendor, radiating their lives and hastening their approach to God.

Reverence is worship. It is a blending of many virtues, profound humility, ardent love, unshaken trust in God and adhesion to His Will, and these were the special virtues his friends saw daily in the Cardinal. They had their source in that inner, invisible union with Christ in the temple of his soul, and thence streamed forth those divine influences, not on individual souls alone, but on multitudes as far as his tongue could reveal or his pen portray the things he learned there.

Cardinal Gibbons could well give, without fear of reproach, from the pulpit and from the silent pulpit of his books, those earnest exhortations to humility, for humility had saturated his own soul. His love for that virtue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus made him mute before the sharp words of blame, or unjust criticism; he let "the thorns of difficulty pierce his brow and the spear of contradiction penetrate his heart," without yielding to natural feelings of resentment. Those who knew his Eminence best know how true is all this. And, to steal once more from a page of the gentle Bishop of Geneva, humility had "made his heart tender toward the perfect and the imperfect—toward the sinner and the fallen—through reverence for the one and compassion for the other."

His heart was a furnace of love; his love for God drew him to hours of holy contemplation before his Eucharistic Lord in his dear Cathedral. When he knelt in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, all cares and worries were dispelled, all difficulties smoothed, all sorrows assuaged. Every shadow had passed away as he arose from his knees, his calm face and gentle smile giving an assurance of his supreme confidence in God—his certainty that God's cause, in God's own time would prevail.

The beautiful scenes of nature thrilled his being and uplifted it in adoration and thanksgiving to the Creator; in the crowds of men and women he saw the most sublime act of creation—the soul destined for immortal life, and his missionary zeal was fired to flame for their salvation. To win them to God what humble, piercing prayers, what offerings of personal sacrifice, suffering, hardships, rose from the chaste depths of his heart, made one with his Saviour's Heart in contemplation of His Passion of Calvary, "the mount of lovers!"

The Cardinal's trust in God and His Providence was most delicate and sure, at times it seemed to those around him heroic. Like a child he rested in the arms of His Heavenly Father; but his hope in Him made him spring forth like a giant when evil stalked abroad, or injustice or oppression stretched out its threatening hand; never was his union with God more close and strong than in those periods of greatest stress.

Faith was the keynote of Cardinal Gibbons' whole life. During an unusually long life, the sorrow and bereavement of seeing relatives and friends die, tried him sorely. But always, after a prayer for the soul of the deceased, followed the words of holy trust, "God knows best." His last message was Faith in man, Faith in God, and his last words were an exhortation to those about him to trust in God. It was Faith in God which carried him through difficulties that might have shaken a less courageous heart. It was Faith in God which gave him strength beyond his physical powers to undertake works of the greatest moment and magnitude. It was Faith in God that gave a reality to the truths of revelation and made visible to him the things of Eternity.

The Cardinal's last public utterance was given to his Diocesan paper, the Baltimore Catholic Review, on the subject, "The Constitution and George Washington." This article was carried by several leading papers of the country, and read by millions of citizens. In it the Cardinal reaffirmed his faith in America and her institutions.

It was hailed editorially by the great journals of the country as a document containing the wisest and purest principles of patriotism. The papers besought some of the national legislators to read the document, to meditate upon it, and to stop in their attacks on the Constitution. These papers declared that if the principles which actuated Cardinal Gibbons throughout his life had actuated representatives in the Halls of Congress and our state legislators, the Americanism of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln would command more respect in these days and the country would be the better for it. The article was published a month before the Cardinal died. The echoes of his pronouncements came to him from all parts of the country and proved consoling to him in the last days of his life.

As the Cardinal lay on his sick bed in his last illness he had his secretary and other priests of his household read to him a monumental work of seven volumes on the subject of "The Constitution." He commented from time to time on various passages in the book, showing that few men in the country had such a profound knowledge of the subject as he.

On many other subjects likewise did the Cardinal speak out his mind, whenever necessity called for a cry of warning and counsel. For over half a century he never hesitated to raise his voice against divorce, declaring it to be a "canker which is eating into the very vitals of our life," and calling upon the government to "expunge from its statutes the criminal divorce laws, which the best of our life abhors." He cried out against prohibition as an invasion of the sanctity of the home and calculated to raise up in our midst hypocrites, spies and law violators. Race suicide, government ownership, lynch law, he denounced in the strongest terms possible. On the other hand, he advocated military training for the youth of the country, lauded motherhood, and ever pleaded for mutual charitable relations of man to man.

The stone which marks the last resting place of James Cardinal Gibbons tells the story of the rise of this son of Irish immigrants, to the highest position save one within the gift of the Catholic Church, Priest, Bishop, Archbishop and Cardinal. Were the wishes of the dead adjusted to the feelings of the living, beneath would be inscribed his political faith:

"I am an American citizen."

CHAPTER XVII

His Last Illness.

THE illness which terminated in the death of the Cardinal appeared first on November 7th of 1920. It was a Sunday, and he was then the guest of Reverend J. P. Fitzgerald, of St. Patrick's Church, Havre de Grace, Maryland, whither His Eminence had gone to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation.

His Secretary attended him early that morning. To ease his anxious inquiries the Cardinal answered, "I have spent a very restless night, and my voice is very hoarse; I fear I shall be unable to preach."

On entering the church, however, and noticing the large congregation the Cardinal changed his mind. After the Gospel of the Mass, calling the secretary to his side, he said: "I cannot disappoint these good people. I will say a few words at the close of the Mass."

It was while speaking, that suddenly and without warning, the Cardinal was seen to falter. He would have fallen if those near by had not sprung to his side. Rev. Francis Siggins, pastor of Aberdeen, Maryland, Mr. William S. Aumen of the Knights of Columbus and the Cardinal's Secretary helped him to a chair. In a short time he had recovered and resumed his remarks in his usual vigorous style. Afterwards he confirmed a class of over one hundred children and adults, held a reception in the sacristy for the congregation, and in the afternoon was the guest of honor at a reception held at the home of

Photograph by Mann

THE CARDINAL'S LAST WALK.

His Eminence is Shown Walking With the Rev. William J. Hafey and Dr. Charles O'Donovan, His Physician.
Immediately Behind Him is the Rev. Albert E. Smith, His Secretary.

Commodore and Mrs. Richards, about six miles from Havre de Grace. On his return to his residence in Baltimore, His Eminence experienced no ill effects, apparently, from the morning attack.

The remainder of November was filled in with the usual routine business. He presided at the Annual Meeting of the Indian and Negro Mission Board, held at his residence, and attended by the Archbishop of Philadelphia, Cardinal Dougherty; the Archbishop of New York, Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes; the Director of the Catholic Indian Bureau, Rt. Rev. William Ketcham, and Very Rev. E. R. Dyer, S. S., secretary to the board. Later in the month, the Cardinal was the guest at dinner at the home of friends in Washington, D. C. On Thanksgiving Day he was present at the Pan-American Mass celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Washington; and on the afternoon of the same day he blessed the new parochial school of the Jesuit Fathers of St. Aloysius' Church. At times during this month there was a recurrence of the trouble, a labored breathing, difficulty in ascending the stairs, and for the briefest moment loss of consciousness; but his general appearance made those close to him believe that these were only passing spells, and that in time he would be himself again.

On December fifth, the Cardinal was at St. Joseph's College, Mother-House of the Sisters of Charity, in Emmitsburg, Maryland, too ill to pontificate at the Mass held in honor of the beatification of Blessed Louise De Marillac and the Four Martyrs of Arras, but present on the throne during the service. That afternoon he was taken by automobile to the home of Miss Mary O. Shriver at Union Mills, about 18 miles distan.t There he most remained until the third of January.

It was to the home of the Shrivers that the Cardinal was wont to repair for a much-needed rest and recreation after every trying ordeal. His first visit was back in 1868 when he offered the first Mass ever said in the family chapel; on that occasion he baptized Mr. William Shriver, a convert to the faith, and the father of a long line of exemplary sons and daughters. It is not surprising that Mr. Shriver was drawn to the Church, for Mrs. Shriver was a woman of genuine piety and gentleness of soul.

A son of Mr. and Mrs. Shriver was T. Herbert Shriver, whom the Cardinal, then a young priest, met when young Mr. Shriver was a student at St. Charles' College. A serious injury to his knee compelled Herbert to relinquish his studies for the priesthood. He afterwards married Miss Elizabeth Lawson, and lived at Union Mills until the day of his death in the house which the Cardinal used to pleasantly refer to as the "Lower House or the House of Commons," by way of distinguishing it from the "Upper House or the House of Lords," in which resides Mr. Frank Shriver, a brother of T. Herbert Shriver. To these two houses the Cardinal paid alternate visits. He spent all his birthdays at Union Mills. The Cardinal officiated at the marriages of all the Shriver children, and until the day of his death maintained a deep interest in their welfare. At the death of Mr. T. Herber Shriver, the old homestead was presided over by Miss Mary O. Shriver.

Here then at the home of Miss Mary O. Shriver, the Cardinal usually spent several weeks of each year, and never did he return home without referring to the great benefit he had derived from his sojourn there. He loved the beauty of Carroll County, and was supremely happy when enjoying, in that sequestered spot, a few days of repose from the cares of his high office. Yet still more he loved the peace of the Shriver home and the virtues practised there, and often referred to the edification given him there. After the boys and girls of yesterday had become men and women, the young men still served his daily Mass and all waited upon him with the tenderness of children. "Those good people are to me a constant source of edification. I know of no finer Catholic family than the Shrivers," was his frequent remark.

Here he lived his own life and was treated as he wished to be treated, as an ordinary guest. His room was on the second floor, overlooking the main road leading from Westminster to Gettysburg; there he remained a great part of the day, reading and writing. He said Mass at 7 o'clock, and heard the Mass following, whenever he was accompanied by a clergyman, which was usually the case. After breakfast, the time until dinner was filled in with the reading of the Divine Office, the perusal of the morning mail, and a walk which many a younger man would have found too long. In the afternoon, Matins and Lauds disposed of, there was another walk, sometimes varied with a game of quoits.

After supper the Cardinal was at his best, when, surrounded by the Shriver families of the Mills and Westminister. He was the life of the gathering. While the young men unfolded the day's business, with its hopes and disappointments, the Cardinal exhibited the keenest interest, adding words of advice and encouragement, and supplementing the recital by some similar story drawn from his own experience. His friends who were privileged to be in his company at these times, can well recall the ardor with which he entered into the conversation. The recitation of the Rosary was the last act of the day, performed in the chapel before the Blessed Sacrament. After this tribute of devotion to Mary, and night prayers, the Cardinal retired to bed at about nine o'clock.

It seemed fitting, then, that here in the chapel at Union Mills, where he had said the first Mass, the Cardinal should offer the last Mass he was ever to say upon earth. His Eminence celebrated that last mass on December 9, the day after the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1920. The Cardinal showed that indomitable spirit of his which fought off illness and which, though he did not know it at the time, was making a vain fight against death. He was unable to go down the altar steps to give Communion and Bishop O'Connell, who was there at the time, ascended the altar and offered to give the Holy Sacrament. The Cardinal declined. So weak, he could hardly stand, he leaned against the altar and gave Communion to the members of the Shriver family as they came up the steps and knelt before him. The last person to receive from him was Robert T. Shriver.

The next day it was decided to call in Dr. G. Louis Wetzel of Union Mills. Of the kindly, sympathetic and talented services of this physician, the Cardinal could never sufficiently express his appreciation. Always at the call of the Cardinal day or night, Dr. Wetzel left nothing undone to relieve and comfort His Eminence. On the Cardinal's return to Baltimore, Dr. Wetzel accompanied him, and afterward paid him several visits, which the Cardinal valued and enjoyed. Later on Dr. O'Donovan, physician for many years to His Eminence, and Dr. Barker were called in. Both of these gentlemen were unsparing in their services, and their visits were ever most welcome.

In a diary kept of these days is the following entry:

> "December 17—The Cardinal was anointed this morning by his Secretary at 2 a. m., and received Holy Communion."

This early morning attack was probably the consequence of over-exertion the evening before. An oil painting, a portrait of himself, executed by Miss Marie de Ford Keller, was presented by him to Miss Mary Shriver. All felt that the Cardinal was too weak for the effort; but he, with his proverbial forgetfulness of self, insisted on gratifying the artist and the family by his presence in the parlor. The Shriver boys, with great affection and pride, made a chair with their hands and carried the illustrious patient down stairs. The little presentation ceremonies proceeded, and His Eminence, having inspected the work of art, with his usual happy smile, expressed his satisfaction that the portrait was completed and with such success.

"I don't want you to forget me," he said, in presenting the picture to Miss Mary Shriver. "This gift is only a slight token of my appreciation of your goodness to me."

On the following morning the Cardinal, after the reception of Holy Communion, was reminded that Mass was about to begin and would be said for his intention. "No, not for me," he replied; "I am in the hands of God. Say the Mass for the Diocese."

It was at Miss Shriver's home that the Cardinal spent his last Christmas.

The Midnight Mass of Christmas, 1920, was unlike in its setting any other Mass during the long life of the Cardinal. It was the first Christmas in fifty-two years on which he Cardinal did not pontificate.

The year before and for many years preceding it His Eminence had pontificated in the Cathedral before a congregation which filled that church, with the Cathedral choir and the Seminary choir singing the music of the Mass and with the strains of the orchestra and organ filling the edifice. Always at the Cathedral there had been pomp and ceremony. The main altar on such occasions was always banked with palms and cut flowers, while electric lights gleamed through the floral decorations. But here in the Shriver home, nestled midst the rolling hills of beautiful Carroll County, the leader of his church in this country, this man admired by millions of his fellow-Americans, lay on his bed, following the low Mass which he had asked his secretary to celebrate for him.

It was about 11.55 o'clock on the night of Christmas Eve when the Cardinal's Secretary went to the Cardinal's room and awakening him from a sound slumber, said: "Your Eminence, it is midnight. I am ready to begin the Mass."

The Cardinal awoke, gazed, bewildered for a moment, at his secretary and then, thoroughly awake, smiled and nodded his readiness to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, the same sacrifice which was to be offered in thousands of churches in this country and at many of which the priests would pray for the speedy restoration of the Cardinal to health.

The Cardinal spoke to his Secretary telling him that he felt strong and asking him to say a few words to those present on the spirit of Christmas.

In a corner of the room was the altar, aglow with candles, and beautifully decorated with flowers, among them roses sent him as a Christmas remembrance from New Orleans. In the room were as many of the members of the Shriver family as could be accommodated, together with the two Sisters of Bon Secours, who had arrived a few days before. Out in the hallway were the other members of the family.

There was no orchestra, no Cathedral choir, no Seminary choir, but there was the singing of the old Christmas carols which the Cardinal had first heard when a boy in his home in Ireland and which brought joy to him as he lay upon his bed.

Two young men and two young women from St. John's Church, Westminster, Md., Mr. and Mrs. Achille Thiele, Mr. Francis Keefer and Miss Theresa Rupert, sang those Christmas hymns so dear to the Catholic heart, whether the heart be that of a Prince of the Church or that of a child. The quartet sang: *Adeste Fideles, Noel,* "Silent Night," *Ad Regem Pastorum* and other hymns.

At the end of the first Mass, Father Smith said a second Mass. At the Cardinal's request the quartet in the parlor sang again the Christmas carols. His Eminence sent word to the singers that he enjoyed their singing.

As His Eminence lay in bed that Christmas morning, there were many eyes dimmed with tears, for all were conscious that his illness could have but one termination, however far off that might be.. Nor had the Cardinal himself any illusions as to the possibility of recovery.

Frequently he remarked that day in a tired voice, "I am a sick man, a very sick man."

One day after a weak spell of unusual length, he said in a pleading tone, "I wish that our good Lord would take me to Himself!" In his own mind he was convinced that this was to be his last Christmas on earth, that the Angel of Death was drawing very near to conduct him to his eternal home.

On Christmas Day the Cardinal received messages from many of his friends, who wished him speedy recovery and who had conveyed to his room their affectionate esteem for him. One of these messages came in the way of a cablegram sent by the Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, through his secretary, Cardinal Gasparri. This cablegram translated read:

> "His Holiness begs of the Lord every grace and comfort to Your Eminence, who in your laborious life has rendered such service to the Church. He sends to you with paternal affection his special Apostolic Benediction.
>
> "CARDINAL GASPARRI."

This cablegram from the Sovereign Pontiff touched the Cardinal deeply. He learned later that Pope Benedict at midnight Mass at the Vatican had remembered him and had offered up special prayers at the end of the Mass for his recovery. These assurances of the Pontiff's abiding affection for His Eminence traveling over so many thousands of miles had a cheering effect upon the Cardinal.

While the Cardinal received this message from the Pope, a message which he himself had sent to those who were deprived of many Christmas pleasures was read to the 800 prisoners in the jail, workhouse and reformatory of the Distict of Columbia. This message read:

"The men and women in prison everywhere can bring comfort to their hearts by submitting to the ways of Divine Providence and speaking to Him. How many have buried themselves in the desert to talk with God? They also can commune with God by daily, hourly prayer and thus strengthen their souls, and shorten their time."

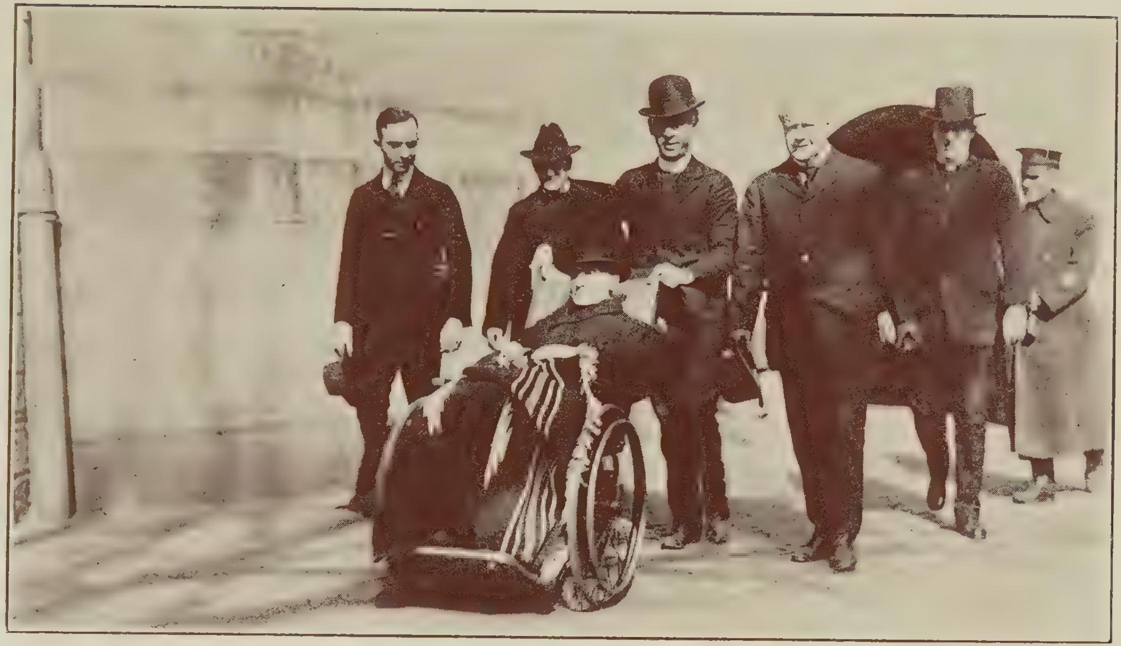
During these days he was always accessible to his Vicar-General, Rt. Rev. O. B. Corrigan—whose attention and devotion to His Eminence language would fail to express—to visiting prelates, priests and friends who came to the Mills to see him. And many came. The Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Bonzano, Bishop Shahan and Bishop Russell, Monsignor Rempe of Chicago, before setting out on his journey to the starving people of Austria and Germany, Monsignors George Dougherty of the Catholic University and Tierney of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Fathers Dyer, Boyer, Bruneau, Fenlon and Dinneen, Sulpicians, Monsignor Pace and Dr. McKenna of the University, and Rev. Thomas McGuigan of Westminster, were among those who called on His Eminence and were always welcome. The priests of his household often motored over from Baltimore. Propped up in bed with pillows or seated in his big arm chair, breathing sometimes with difficulty, but always cheerful and bright, the Cardinal entered into conversation with them or listened as they related to him the affairs of the diocese.

It was after such a visit from Bishop Corrigan, that the Cardinal remarked: "Bishop Corrigan is the most honest and loyal man I ever met." Later on, when Bishop Shahan called, the Cardinal was very anxious about a certain letter which he had charged the Bishop to write. Finding that the matter had not as yet been attended to, His Eminence urged that it should be done at once. He was referring to the well-merited honor of Domestic Prelate to his Holiness which later came to Father George Dougherty, and which Cardinal Gibbons was instrumental in securing.

One of his priests having made a casual remark upon his improvement, the Cardinal, conscious ot his state, shook his head in disagreement, "But I have so much to be thankful for," he said with feeling, "for see how different is the end of my life from that of Cardinal Manning. My clergy are devoted; I have a loyal Vicar-General, and a Diocese in which there are no factions."

The intervening hours were filled in with daily Mass, at which the Cardinel received Holy Communion, with the recitation of the Divine Office, the saying of the beads, and the reading of the Imitation of Christ. During those last days of his life, the Cardinal spent hours in prayer and meditation, the reading of the Imitation bringing to him the comfort and solace that so many others have derived from it in moments of trial and sickness.

The Cardinal realized that notwithstanding the extraordinary kindness and attention lavished upon him by the members of the household at Union Mills, he ought to await the solemn coming of death in his own Archepiscopal residence. And so with that fine delicacy and innate considerateness for the feelings of others, which had marked his whole life, he communicated his wish to those about him. He assured them that his going



Photograph by Mann

THE LAST PICTURE IN LIFE OF THE CARDINAL.

This Photograph Was Taken a Week Before the Cardinal's Death. His Secretary, the Rev. Albert E. Smith, is Shown Pushing His Chair. To the Right of Father Smith is the Rev. Edwin L. Leonard of the Cathedral. The Rev. Ignatius Fealy, Chaplain, U. S. A., Appears **in Uniform**.

was not to be taken as lack of appreciation of their kindness; that perhaps he might be able to pay them yet another visit, but as Archbishop of Baltimore he felt it his duty to go home. "I want to die in my own home," he said to his secretary. "When I reach Baltimore, I can then say, *Nunc Dimittis.*"

After due consultation, the doctors decided that the Cardinal might be permitted to return home with safety. His Eminence assured them he had an instinct that he would make the journey, adding what to him was the strongest argument, "Besides, I do want to see my Cathedral." No man ever loved his native city more than Cardinal Gibbons. Wherever he went, and his journeys were far and wide and frequent, he ever talked of the beauties of Baltimore City and the first among them was to him its noble, old Cathedral. Within the sacred precincts of its walls he had received every spiritual grace and every churchly dignity. Every stone of it was dear to him. He said to his predecessor, Archbishop Bayley, who contemplated making some material changes in the edifice, "Spare it, and change it not, for to me it is holy ground." Beneath the sanctuary of that Cathedral he had marked out the place of his burial. "I do want to see my Cathedral," was therefore a wish that could hardly be denied.

The trip to Baltimore was made on Monday, January third. At the appointed hour, the auto that was to convey the Cardinal home was ready, wonderfully supplied with wrappings, pillows and cushions. An ambulance had been suggested, but he would not hear of it. "I want Robert to drive me home," he insisted, meaning Robert T. Shriver. Good-byes were said, and soon the Cardinal appeared, borne to the machine in the strong arms of Dr. Wetzel, who, with Dr. O'Donovan, a Bon Secours Sister and his Secretary, accompanied His Eminence on the trip. Bishop Corrigan followed in a second auto with members of the Shriver family.

While passing through Westminster, Maryland, Dr. O'Donovan remarked, "Your Eminence, there are a couple of your priests." Standing on the curb were Rev. Thomas McGuigan, pastor of St. John's Church, and Rev. Thomas Wheeler of Thurmont. The Cardinal lifted his head, smiled and gave them his blessing. From that moment he began to take notice of the scenery, chatted pleasantly with all about him, and seemed to improve as the car drew nearer to Baltimore.

When at last it pulled up at the Mulberry street entrance to the Cathedral grounds, the clergy of the household were there to greet their beloved Cardinal and carry him into the residence, as he lay on a stretcher. They were indeed glad to have him back home again, to lavish upon him the care and attention of sons. More happy was he to be in his own home. When one of his clergy playfully asked if he was willing to chant his "Nunc Dimittis," he answered with a smile, "Not yet, I hope."

Whenever the weather permitted, His Eminence was carried down the stairs in his wheel chair and out to the limousine to enjoy an hour's ride through the streets of his beloved Baltimore. More frequently the ride led to some one of the Catholic institutions: here the Sisters and the children would crowd about the machine eager to see His Eminence and get his blessing. In late February he visited St. Agnes' Hospital—where he was to say a word of comfort to an anxious Sister of Charity who, for over twenty years, had spent her days in a wheel chair, paralyzed from the waist down; the early days of March found him in turn at Mount de Sales Convent, St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, Bon Secours Hospital and St. Charles' College, Catonsville. The Saturday before his death he visited the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

A few days before he died, the Cardinal went to the Bon Secours Hospital to see Monsignor Devine, pastor of St. John's Church, Baltimore, who was numbered among his dearest friends. Monsignor Devine had been ill for several weeks and His Eminence, though he was weak at the time, insisted on going to see him to express his sincere wish for a speedy recovery.

During this time his thoughts and plans were constantly turning toward two things, his appearance in the Cathedral on Easter Sunday and his presence at the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Catholic University.

Every day he was carried in his wheel chair into the Cathedral for a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament. It was during one of these visits that he had his chair wheeled close to the sanctuary so that he might count the number of steps leading to the throne.

"I think I might be able to mount those steps," said His Eminence, "and from the throne on Easter Sunday give my blessing to the people."

On another visit he stopped at the altar railing and decided that that would be a better place than the throne since he could remain seated in his wheel chair and so give the Papal Blessing.

Thus day after day the same thought recurred, so predominating was his desire to be with his dear flock on the great Paschal Feast, to give them, if possible, his last message from his Risen Lord, or at least to raise his hand over them once more in blessing. They were his dear people; no sacrifice seemed to him too extreme if he might but be near them, and he was determined to make the effort to be in their midst once again and pronounce what he felt to be his *"Vale."*

His projected visit to the Catholic University to meet the members of the American hierarchy was also a subject of frequent comment. "If I cannot be present at their meetings, at least I will be in my room near my Brothers, so that they can come and consult with me." In his own mind he had worked out every detail, and was counting the days when he should visit the "child of his old age."

CHAPTER XVIII

LAST HOURS

LIKE the Saints of God before him, Cardinal Gibbons had his hours of depression before the end. Great loneliness and desolation of spirit were the interior trials which God sent him to purify his soul. More than once he remarked to those about him that, provided one was prepared and ready to meet his Divine Judge, a sudden death was a blessing of God.

"Only God knows what I suffer," he said one day; "most gladly would I exchange my position with that of the simplest child of the city." How profound the humility of heart that dictated those words to the dying Primate! They told us of hidden fears of his responsibility before God for his high stewardship, fears that had power to agonize a conscience so true, so delicate as his.

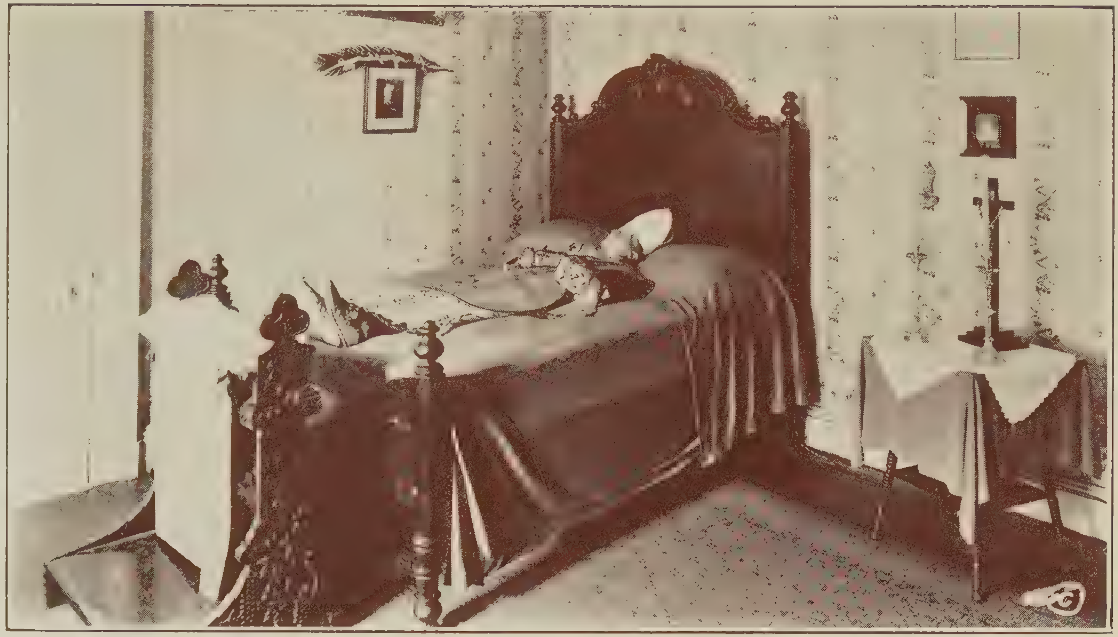
When the priests of the household expressed to His Eminence their sympathy and their desire to keep him with them for many years to come, he replied, "But, my sons, you would not want to see your Father suffer."

In what this depression consisted none will ever know. The members of his household could only conjecture vaguely; for no word that the Cardinal uttered would permit them to judge the nature or cause of his mental affliction. His breath came slowly, and his poor heart struggled with labored beat; and all the while his soul was in a sea of distress.

Was the Heart of Jesus longing for immediate union with the soul of His well-beloved disciple at its going forth from the bonds of the body? The pains of Purgatory—were these to be intermitted and like shadows sent before for merit while yet the power of atonement was his. The priests could only grieve and silently pray as they witnessed his physical suffering and still greater spiritual distress; but throughout those sad hours the Cardinal's faith in the goodness and mercy of God never failed, never wavered.

"They are thinking of installing an elevator in the house," he remarked one day to a visitor; so that I may be enabled to go down stairs. The only elevator I am looking for is Jacob's ladder whereby I may go to my true home." Again and again as the priests of his household were about his bedside he asserted that Faith in God was the only thing worth while in this life. Faith in God was the message he had preached in season and out of season, and Faith in God was the last message he would leave to his priests and his children.

The days of March wore on, the illustrious and beloved patient growing in resignation as the end approached. On the Feast of St. Joseph, March 19, he made his last visit to the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Accompanied by his secretary and the three assistants of St. John's Church, in which parish the Institution is located, the Rev. Edward L. Devine, Rev. Leonard J. Ripple, and Rev. Edward P. McAdams, the Cardinal passed through the kneeling groups of men and women and devoted Sisters, and appeared supremely happy that he was able to bestow his blessing upon so worthy a work.



Photograph by Mann

THE CARDINAL LYING IN DEATH
In the Room in Which He lived for Nearly Fifty Years.

On Sunday, March 20, the Rev. Edwin L. Leonard of the Cathedral accompanied the Cardinal on his usual auto trip. Nothing seemed to indicate that this day was to differ from those that had immediately preceded it. But the closing twilight brought with it a portent. It was about seven o'clock when Sister Ludovic of the Bon Secours, the Cardinal's chief nurse, entered the room of the Cardinal's secretary in haste to say that a sudden change had taken place. As the priests of the household gathered anxiously about the bedside, the change was apparent to all.

"I want to go home," said the Cardinal in a weak, perplexed tone. "Come, it is time for us to go. When shall we start?"

His Eminence was perfectly conscious, for he recognized in turn all around his bedside; but there was that marked change of feature which told us all too plainly that God's messenger, Death, was near at hand, only awaiting the divine *"Fiat."*

Father Connelly, the Chancellor, lifted His Eminence from his bed, placed him in his wheel chair and wheeled him up and down the corridor several times, pointing out to him familiar bits of furniture. He then returned to the Cardinal's room.

"Now, Your Eminence, you are at home. Do you not recognize your room?" asked the nurse.

"Yes," he answered, his face brightening; "I know I am home now. There is Father McManus, and there is Father Gately," pointing to the two pictures of his old friends. His lapse of memory had been only momentary.

The next day, the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. John Bonzano, came to Baltimore from Washington to see the Cardinal. His Eminence feeling that death was near had expressed a desire to see His Excellency. As the Apostiloc Delegate entered the room, the Cardinal smiled and tried to embrace him, but the effort was too great. The Cardinal looking up at Archbishop Bonzano, said as if apologetically for his failure to go through with the embrace:

"I am very glad you have come, but this is your last visit. I am a very sick man and the end is near."

"We are hoping and praying, Your Eminence," said the Delegate, "that God will prolong your life. The Holy Father likewise is praying for you."

"How good of him to think of me," replied the Cardinal. "But it is better for me to go than for him, as his death would be a calamity to the Church in these troublous times."

Here the conversation was stopped by a heart attack suffered by His Eminence. When the attack was over, the Apostolic Delegate with his eyes speaking the sorrow that was his gave the Cardinal the Papal blessing, which His Eminence received with fervor and in a most touching manner. He tried to make the sign of the Cross. Then, weak as he was, the Cardinal gave his blessing to the Delegate. After that he murmured a few words, almost indistinct, asking Monsignor Bonzano to convey his message of allegiance to the Pope. He then became silent and the Delegate left the room.

All day Monday as the priests of the household watched him, they noticed the Cardinal's strength fading away under the attack of the disease. But with mind perfectly clear and self-possessed, he was conscious that God was with him, and his aspirations were ever toward the heavenly country. On Tuesday morning he received the Holy Communion for the last time. He had already been anointed on two different occasions, once while at Union Mills, and again in a moment of danger after his return to Baltimore; and he had made the Profession of Faith, the last solemn declaration of Catholic Faith as prescribed by the Holy See for every Bishop in the supreme closing hour of life; and from these he had drawn the strength and consolation that others have found in the Divine and Ecclesiastical means of grace. As the day wore on, he repeatedly expressed the hope that he had uttered so frequently during his illness, that Our Lord would come and take him to his heavenly home.

After dinner on Tuesday the priests of the household gathered about His Eminence, as he sat in a chair in his bedroom. He was calm and serene, and chatted with them in his old accustomed way. After one of the little pauses that came now and then, he said suddenly:

"Gentlemen, you do not know how I suffer. The imagination is a powerful thing. My reason tells me the images which rise before me have no foundation in fact. Faith must ever be the consolation of all men. Without Faith we can accomplish little. Faith bears us up in our trials. I find that this is true more and more every day."

"My reason tells me that *these things* have no foundation in fact." He tenderly repeats the word of his lifelong love—"Faith, Faith, Faith." The priests felt that mysterious things were going on between him and God, that his Divine Master, whom he so ardently loved, had hidden His Face for a little moment, that its eternal brightness might strike him all the more with its splendors of love.

The Cathedral priests were all powerfully impressed by the words of their saintly Father; for those words revealed the last sore trial which so many saints and friends of God have been subjected to—the last futile efforts of the evil one to pull down the strong edifice of Faith that years of fidelity have built up in the virginal soul.

Father Stickney then said to the Cardinal: "Your Eminence, won't you give us your blessing?"

The Cardinal smiled and the five priests of the household knelt to receive the last blessing he ever was to give on earth. They knew that the end was near. As he finished the blessing, the Cardinal said: "What a loyal, devoted band of priests!"

Bishop Corrigan, after a consultation with Doctor O'Donovan felt that it was time to prepare the Cardinal's spiritual children for the shock that was to come. For weeks, the Cardinal had been doing splendidly and the people of his archdiocese had rejoiced at the cheerful news concerning his improvement. Leading men of the nation and Ambassadors of foreign nations had sent telegrams of congratulation. Members of the American hierarchy expressed their delight that he was fighting such a good fight against illness. The sudden change, Bishop Corrigan knew, would be stunning. He requested the newspapers to make it public that the Cardinal's illness had taken a sudden and decided change for the worse and that his physicians refused to hold out any hope for recovery. The news sent out by the press associations and read in the morning papers of March 23 shocked the country. In all parts of the United States, in churches, schools, convents, monasteries, prayers were offered up for his recovery or a happy death. None felt that there would be a recovery. That great heart of his could struggle feebly for only a few more hours.

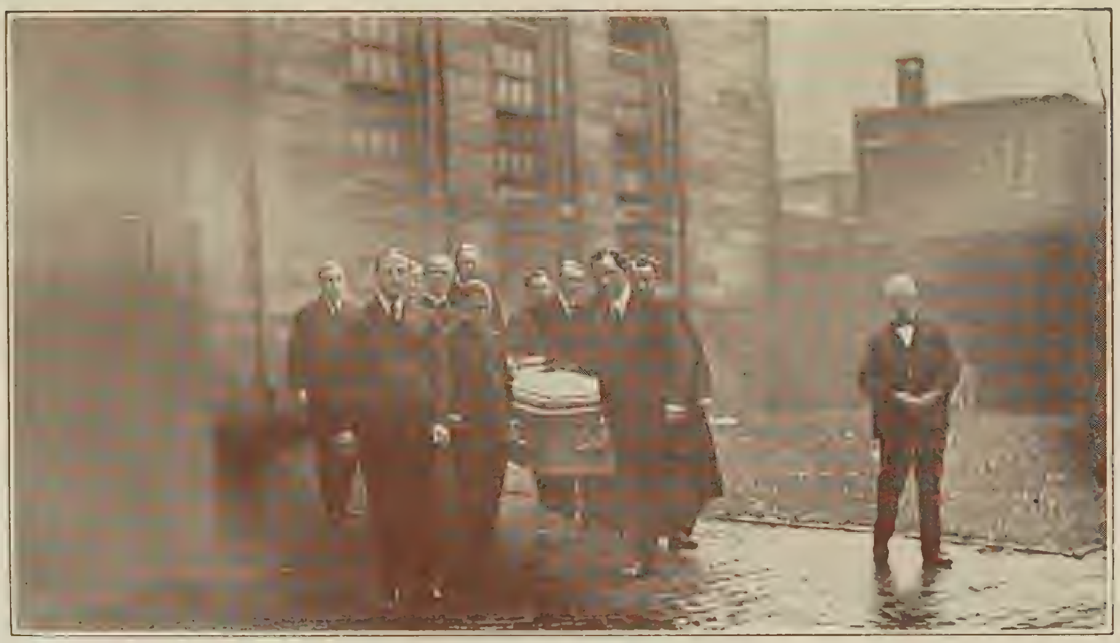
When His Eminence had concluded, the Rev. Louis Stickney, Rector of the Cathedral, deeply moved, placed his hand affectionately upon his shoulder and said many comforting words which seemed to fortify him. A great calm came over the dying man.

The Cardinal became unconscious Tuesday night and lay unconscious throughout the night, recovering consciousness for only a few minutes Wednesday morning. His Secretary noticing that he was conscious, asked him how he felt. The Cardinal could only whisper: "I have had a good day." A few minutes later he became unconscious and remained so until the end.

On Thursday morning, all prepared for the close of that noble life. About 10 o'clock, Father Stickney said the prayers for the dying. Gathered at the bedside were the priests of the household, the Cardinal's confessor, the Rev. Arsenius Boyer, S. S.; the faithful Sisters of Bon Secours and the Sisters of Providence, who for many years had been in charge of the Cardinal's household. Bishop Corrigan had entered the Cathedral to bless the oils, for it was Holy Thursday morning. The edifice was filled with worshippers. They were praying there, hoping against hope, that the eternal summons would not come to their spiritual father. But it did come at 11.33 o'clock on that morning of March 24, 1921, the feast of the Eucharistic Saviour.

From the great deep to the great deep he had gone. He had left his people to their sorrow. His voice was stilled, his words of consolation, never would be heard more, but the truth of the sermons he preached and the glory of the deeds he had performed would go marching on, for James Cardinal Gibbons, born as he was in Baltimore, belonged to all the world. He was a great churchman and a great citizen.

Statues will be erected to James Cardinal Gibbons, but statues can crumble and be no more. The influence of his life, of his love and of his purity of soul will last forever, for such things are of the very warp and woof of immortality.



Photograph by Mann

CARRYING THE BODY OF THE CARDINAL TO THE CRYPT.

The Photograph Shows Priests of the Cardinal's Household and Laymen Carrying the Coffin in the Cathedral Yard on the Way to the Crypt During a Storm.

THE

CONSTITUTION AND GEORGE WASHINGTON

BY

HIS EMINENCE JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

TIHS WAS THE LAST ARTICLE WRITTEN BY THE CARDINAL
AND WAS PUBLISHED IN HIS DIOCESAN PAPER,
THE BALTIMORE CATHOLIC REVIEW,
FEBRUARY 19th, 1921.

THE CONSTITUTION AND GEORGE WASHINGTON

BY

HIS EMINENCE JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

This was the last article written by the Cardinal, and was published in his Diocesan Paper, the Baltimore Catholic Review, February 19, 1921.

AS the years go by I am more than ever convinced that the Constitution of the United States is the greatest instrument of government that ever issued from the hand of man. Drawn up in the infancy of our Republic, and amid the fears and suspicions and oppositions of many patriotic men, it has weathered the storm periods of American public life, and has proved elastic enough to withstand every strain put upon it by party spirit, Western development, world-wide immigration, wars little and great, far-reaching social and economic changes, inventions and discoveries, the growth of individual wealth and the vagaries of endless reformers.

That within the short space of 100 years we have grown to be a great nation, so much so that today the United States is rightly regarded as the first among the nations of the earth, is due to the Constitution, the palladium of our liberties and the landmark in our march of progress.

When George Washington secured its final adoption, largely out of respect for his judgment and as a tribute of confidence in him, he made all mankind his debtor forever, for the Constitution has proved the bulwark of every right and every fair promise that the American Revolution stood for. With the Constitution came the solidarity and the union which has marked our progress up to now; without it we would have remained thirteen independent colonies, with the passions and prejudices peculiar to each. For all time to come may it remain the instrument safeguarding our national life and insuring us the liberties and freedom which it guarantees.

For the first time in the history of mankind religious liberty was here secured to all men as a right under federal protection.

That was indeed a big thing, a mighty thing for a man to do, to write into the fundamentals of a government enactments that would stem the tide of popular and traditional prejudices. But that the Constitution of the United States did, so that not only was religious intolerance branded as something un-American, but future American citizens came to our shores, full hearted and well disposed, and the whole world was made a debtor to the wise founders of this charter of human rights and human interests·

Had this wise provision been left out of the Constitution who could have foreseen the evils confronting us?

No one knows better than myself what a line of demarcation and separation religion can cut in this country from ocean to ocean, and no one has been more eager and earnest in his effort to keep down and repress religious distinctions.

I fear no enemy from without. The enemy I fear is he who, forgetting human nature and the history of Europe, would raise the question of another's religious belief, and introduce strife and discord into the life of our country. So deep and strong are religious feelings that any fostering of religious differences can have but one effect, to destroy what a hundred years of trial and test has proved to be the greatest blessing enjoyed by man here below.

Fortunately our common law protects every American in his religious belief, as it protects him in his civil rights so that whatever offenses may be occasionally committed here in this respect, are local and temporary, and are universally regarded as un-American and are for this reason short lived. The great wrongs which men have suffered elsewhere in this respect of religion are here unthinkable.

Moreover, because the question of religion had ever been the burning question with the masses who looked eagerly towards America, and were in time destined to come to our shores, the Constitution held out to them the hope that here on this blessed soil opportunity would be given them of worshipping God after the dictates of their own conscience. While the founders of the American Republic could not have foreseen the coming flood of European immigration, they exhibited nevertheless in respect to religion the greatest prudence and closed with practical sagacity the only source of mutual discord and injustice that the Republic had then to fear.

I was quoted in the newspapers a few weeks ago as saying of certain foreign elements in this country that if they did not like our laws they could return to their own country; and if they did not return they should be made to do so.

Directed as these words are against those who would abuse the liberty of worship and other liberties here offered and who would strive to overthrow the very instrument of their freedom, I offer no apology for them. In this all-important matter of religious liberty, time has proved the wisdom of our founders, and we would be recreant to the trust committed to us if we failed to teach and uphold the principles upon which our government rests.

The very essence of our government is suffrage, and the method by which the people register their choice the ballot-box. Hence our rulers are called the servants of the people, and the people themselves are called a sovereign people. Ours is a Democratic government, that is, a government "of the people, by the people, for the people." It is from the exercise of this American birthright of voting arise all our governing bodies, the Federal Government with its three branches, executive, judicial, legislative; also our State government, each enjoying full autonomy in its own sphere and independent of the Federal Government in the management of its internal affairs. The highest ideal of paternity is the begetting of a son like unto the father. In the civil order it is the Constitution which has bred a number of States—now 48—like unto the parent, but with liberty of self-government as a separate community and independent State. There is no absorption by the general government of the State government. Were it otherwise, were the governors and legislators and councilmen of our different States mere creatures of the President, all civil liberties would be at an end, and the safety and permanence of the Republic, which depends upon the full autonomy of the separate States, would be threatened and endangered.

These two wise provisions of the Constitution, the autonomy of the several States and the sacred privilege of the ballot, I have seen tested, and the results of the tests but strengthen in me the conviction that a nation which could survive the strain thus put upon it must be possessed of extraordinary vitality and resource.

What could have tried more the vitality and strength of the American Republic than the Civil War, in which I was a chaplain at Fort McHenry, Baltimore? Only those who lived through those trying years can fully realize how disturbed were the condition of things, and how our Government was shaken to its very foundations.

No war is like civil war, where father is arrayed against son, brother against brother. Whatever appeals may have weight at other times become useless and lacking power and force in such a struggle.

There comes to my mind now a certain naval captain in whose house I was a welcome guest. One day while visiting him we were seated in the library, and naturally our talk turned to the war, then almost at an end. Pointing to the American flag that was hanging over the mantelpiece, "How," said he, "can I do anything against that flag under which I have sailed so long?"

Yet this same gentleman's wife was the daughter of a Southern sympathizer. Between the two families there was reared a wall of prejudice and passion, which no reasoning could break down, and which remained for years after the struggle was over.

Multiply this instance, not by ten or a hundred, but by thousands, for the same condition prevailed in every hamlet, village and city, and some idea may be gained of the turbulent, disordered state of affairs during the years of 1861 to 1865.

But the Civil War ended. In my opinion it was a blessing in disguise. The true position of the States was made more clear and defined. At the same time they were more firmly united than ever before.

No less momentous was the conflict between Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hayes for the Presidency in 1876.

As already said, the very essence of our Government is suffrage, and any attempt to defraud a voter, either by tampering with his already cast ballot or by bribery, is a direct blow at the Constitution, the instrument of representative government and the conferee of the American birthright of voting.

When, therefore, in the Presidential election of 1876, Mr. Hayes was declared elected, although the prevailing opinion was that Mr. Tilden had won, a blow was struck at the very foundation of our national life.

Happily this crisis, which filled me with more fear for the safety of the Republic than did the four years of civil war, passed without the privilege of voting losing any of its sacred and solemn character.

Our economic life and condition are, of course, the most wonderful chapter in the history of the world's material development. Every year for more than a century vast territories have been opened up by the hardy pioneer, limitless prairies, inexhaustible mines, inland seas, raw materials of universal value and limitless supply, the precious metals and the means of transportation.

I can easily recall the time when a great part of our country was undeveloped. It is not many years back when Oklahoma was but a vast prairie, a vast stretch of arid waste. Overnight it has become an endless source of wealth and production, in size equal to about one-third of France and with a thriving population of almost 2,000,000 inhabitants.

As for transportation, in 1855 I set out from New Orleans to Baltimore. Arriving by boat at Cincinnati, I there took the Baltimore and Ohio to a point west of the Alleghany Mountains. Here I detrained and continued the journey over the mountain by stage. I was exactly 16 days en route from New Orleans to Baltimore. Today the same trip may be made in twice as many hours and in cars that lack for nothing in comfort and elegance.

Yet all this development of our different States, mode of transportation, in one word, riches and comforts that beggar description and perhaps surpass all that mankind has hitherto drawn from earth and sea has been accomplished under the aegis of American law and order, with eventual security for every right and fair play for every opportunity.

It is the Constitution that has mothered all the States and protects the economic life of our country. Injustice has not obtained for long in the United States, nor has it been able to establish itself in caste or in institutions or in common acceptance. It is our Constitution which calls the people to vigilant supervision of their liberties and turns over to them forever all offenders against their liberties.

Indeed, I am greatly heartened as I look back over fifty or sixty years of public life and note how from decade to decade States have sprung into life and being and development; how these same States have become unified under the protection of our Federal courts; how summary and exemplary justice has been established between contending interests and how far-reaching judicial decrees have been accepted by the whole nation as easily as the result of a close presidential election.

Incidentally, it is to the Supreme Court that our country is indebted for its surveillance of and services to its interpretation of the Constitution, and bringing into practical and peaceful application this momentous document when interests conflict between State and State and State and individual. We have only to imagine the lack of such a co-ordinating medium in our national life during the last century to appreciate how much the unity and harmony and smooth workings of the Constitution is owing to the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court is universally looked upon as the palladium of our liberties, for it provides that practical infallibility which every Constitution must possess if it would be more than a mere scrap of paper.

This is the place to remark that perhaps I am the only American who has known all the Chief Justices from the time of Mr. Marshall.

I knew Chief Justice Taney, the successor of Mr. Marshall, and admired him for his true Christian piety no less than for his legal acumen. He was a frequent attendant here at the high mass in the Cathedral. To the remark made to him by one of the clergy, at that time a very young priest, how difficult it was to preach in his presence, he replied that he came, not to criticize, but to be instructed; that he had never heard a bad sermon in his whole life.

The other Chief Justices I knew also—Mr. Chase, Mr. Waite, Mr. Fuller, and the present distinguished incumbent, Mr. White, whom I met many years ago in New Orleans when as a young lawyer he was winning for himself golden opinion of his legal ability and precision.

As already remarked, this Constitution under whose protection we have grown great and become an empire of natural wealth and opportunity beyond the dream of fancy in other lands and ages is the work of George Washington.

True, others there were to whom must be given a share in its creation and framing. It remained, however, for George Washington to have the Constitution adopted and accepted. Without Washington the conflicting interests of the different States of the Union would most surely have led to disagreement and dismemberment. Had a small man been President, or one little known, undoubtedly the result of the yet untried document would have been a failure. In Washington the whole country beheld virtues and qualities well calculated to inspire confidence and security. During the seven years of the Revolutionary War, with a half-starved army in the field and at home a vacillating Congress, he not only rose superior to every obstacle, but opportunity was given him of the widest acquaintance with men in all parts of the thirteen colonies. He knew every patriot, and every patriot knew him—and trusted him.

Moreover, as the first President, it fell to him during eight years to try out the new document. In the face of much opposition and gigantic difficulties Washington made the Constitution a fitting instrument to bring about peace and order. During his administration Washington gave force and direction to the written principles of the Constitution, and proved, even in the early days of its existence, how practical a document it was in its bearings upon the affairs of government and men.

It is my earnest hope that all my fellow-citizens will find in the liberty and freedom guaranteed by the Constitution peace and security, and in the character of George Washington, virtues and qualities worthy of the highest imitation.

ARCHBISHOP JOHN J. GLENNON'S SERMON

AT THE FUNERAL OF CARDINAL GIBBONS

MARCH 31, 1921

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON'S SERMON

"Let us now praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation.

Such as have borne rule in their dominions, men of great power, and endued with their wisdom, shewing forth in the prophets the dignity of prophets.

And ruling over the present people and by the strength of wisdom instructing the people in most holy words.

Their bodies are buried in peace, and their name liveth unto generation and generation."—(*Ecclesiasticus* 44: 1, 3, 4, 14.)

I KNOW not what thoughts to express, or words to clothe them in on this solemn occasion, as we group around this mound of sorrow, to bid a last sad farewell to our father and our friend.

Words of protest, some may say, since it is nature's way to protest against death, to treat it as an enemy of our race and us, yet we who are believers in a merciful Providence, that wisely, justly disposeth all things, the Master of life and death, holding the living and the dead equally in His keeping, we who would also be His children, can only bow in lowliest reverence to His supreme decree.

"Thou madest man, he knows not why
He thinks he was not made to die
And Thou hast made him—Thou art just."

But if we may not protest, may we not at least voice our regrets? Ought we not to sorrow, and speak that sorrow so deep and widespread today for the prophet who is silent—for the prince who has fallen—for the man who is gone?

Beyond our own hearts' promptings we have as examplars for it the noblest names in history. "Jacob mourned for his son many days; the congregation mourned for Aaron," and Samuel for Saul while David's plaints and tears were his daily offering to the memory of his son Absalom. And of the Blessed Master, too, when they brought Him news that Lazarus, His friend, was dead, St. John records the love and the tears of Christ—"And Jesus wept."

With these examples before us, of friend sorrowing for friend, and if again sorrow is to be measured by the merits of the dead, and the extent of loss, then how difficult must it be for us to suppress our emotions as we ponder over the life, the love, the service, the sacrifice of James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. High sounding titles you will say, meaning much of dignity and power; but now our thoughts do rather turn to the kindly gentle old man, whose coming was a joy—whose presence was a benediction.

Let those tell us what manner of man he was who daily broke bread with them. Let them tell us of that uniform kindness, courtesy, thoughtfulness that marked all his dealings with them. Let them attest his patience in adversity, his sympathy in sorrow, his anxiety for his friends, his charity towards all. For his life was an open book and on its every golden page are inscribed the friendships, the kindly deeds and far-reaching charities of a noble heart. Not to Baltimore alone are these things known; for as he with hurrying feet travelled from city to city in this broad land, everywhere the bearer of blessed tidings, so everywhere today the fond memories remain of the kindly man whose visitation was to them a lasting benediction. No wonder then, that when the sad announcement of death was made, a wave of sorrow should sweep the land—the voiceless sorrow of a nation in mourning. Voiceless! did I say? No! For here on his casket are laid the multiplied tributes of respect and regret from the people, representatives, Senators and judges; and crowning these, the glowing tribute from the illustrious President of our Nation. Add to this, or preceding it, as you will, this concourse of people—the numberless priests of the Church—the mitred heads of many dioceses, all bowed in deep sorrow. And cause have we of the Episcopate, most of all, to regret his departure. He was our leader, guide and father. We cannot forget his unfailing kindness—his prudent counsel. We fear and feel we shall not look on his like again. The Holy Father himself must have sensed our loss, as well as his own, since from the throne of the Fisherman he voices at once the sorrow of his own troubled heart and the sympathy of the Catholic world.

Sorrow so universal deserves recording; and yet I feel that more pressing even than tears is our duty today to express our gratitude to the Almighty—to thank God for Cardinal Gibbons. And first, for his length of years. Great and small, rich and poor, whatever else they do, are certainly fated to die. Some are called in infancy; others in adult years; others in ripe old age. The Blessed Master favored this, His servant, with many, many years to work in His vineyard. Born in this city eighty-six years ago, he was consecrated Bishop in this venerable edifice in the year 1868. Of all the bishops then consecrated not one is left. In 1884 the then Archbishop Gibbons convoked and presided over the Third Plenary

Council. There were present seventy-five prelates. Their presiding officer saw them fall one by one until of that great assemblage he alone remained. In 1886 he was elevated to the Sacred College as Cardinal Priest. Sixty members or more were then wearers of the sacred purple. All have preceded Cardinal Gibbons to the grave.

Surely if length of years is a blessing, Cardinal Gibbons was specially blessed; and for that blessing we are grateful. Especially should we praise the Giver, that not only were the years of the Cardinal many, but so abundantly fruitful—so rich in achievement as to mark him for his age, his Church, and his country, as verily a providential man.

It appears to be true that for every great crisis in history Providence, as Balmes says, holds in reserve a remarkable man. Now fifty years ago there was such a crisis. The crosses were taken from courthouse and schoolroom and the living Church was everywhere combatted, made to feel that its days were numbered. For now the world was told by the scientists that it was complete without God; that there was no God, unless, indeed, such divinity as man could of himself attain. It was an age of invention—of discovery—of material progress. So science in its triumph thought it could despise and reject the Deity. It would take His place in ruling the world. It would train the child how to be scientific; but at the same time Godless. It would hold out to the laboring man the promise of power by the lure of gold, but at the loss of his soul. It would substitute philanthropy for charity; and consecrate the title to wealth on the sole plea of its possession. It was the philosophy of omnipotent evolution and hopeless fatalism. It was a philosophy that culminated in the last sad war, where millions of our best and bravest were driven to death, their dying efforts spent in tearing from the bodies of their brothers the image and likeness of God; while science then triumphant crowned their brows with dust, consigning them and their hopes to endless sleep.

The war is over, and perhaps that philosophy too, since above their graves another and better philosophy has set the cross of Christ.

But I digress. Fifty years ago this philosophy appealed to the multitude as a new revelation. It was enthroned in the universities. It was encouraged by the Statesmen; for well these latter knew that the more the people sink in materialism, scientific or otherwise, the more autocratic may the civil power become. When the deadly miasma was spreading o'er the land, attracting the multitude by the phosphorescence of its own decay, there appeared on the horizon three men, who, though separated by the waters of the sea, were one in purpose, one in faith, one in consecration. And the first of these, and the greatest, was that great Pontiff, who then guided and guarded the destinies of Christendom. The immortal Leo the XIII flung down the challenge to the schools and the scoffers—to the university and the statesman. He takes his stand for the blessed Christ, whose Vicar he is. He proclaims the great truth that human science counts for little unless it seeks its complement in the science that is of God divine. He preaches the true philosophy of which St. Thomas was the great proponent, that philosophy which proclaims that man has an immortal spiritual soul, that it is thereby he attains his true dignity. He organizes the Christian universities; and gives to them the mandate and the inspiration. He brings back the light of faith to the soul of the child; and in the face of opposition from the civil governments proclaims the inalienable right of imparting Catholic truth to the children of the faith.

Lastly in his great encyclical on labor he asserts and defines to a world still, in spite of all its science, half feudalistic, the dignity, rights and duties of labor. His teaching is that the workman has the right to combine, but not to conspire—that he has duty to work honestly (as we all have) and the right to such remuneration as will make it possible for him to live a man among his fellows, with a home wherein his children may grow as befits the children of God. So taught Leo fifty years ago. He did not stand alone. First, Manning of England, with the intensity and a consecration that soon marked him as a leader; while here in America, down in the southland the Blessed Master found the third great champion of his cause, Leo XIII, Manning of Westminster and Gibbons of Baltimore. These three and these the causes they served: first, to win the world back from the false philosophy of the scientists to the true philosophy of the cross—hence the encyclicals of Leo—second, to establish universities and schools where that true philosophy would find a home and an exposition;—hence the Catholic University of which Cardinal Gibbons was founder, patron, and chancellor;—third, to establish the rights of labor on the sound principles of the moral law, taking into account the value of labor, but more than that the character and the dignity of the worker;—hence the encyclical on labor—hence the action of Cardinal Gibbons in behalf of the Knights of Labor.

History, no doubt, will give place, proportion and setting to the life work of the Cardinal. And while it may pay but scant courtesy to our emotions or tears, it can the more convincingly inscribe the wondrous story of his life—how that in his vicariate of the South, while attending to a scattered flock, he had time to bring the fullness of the ancient faith into the emptiness of modern thought and write "The Faith of Our Fathers"—our best "apologia" in the English language—the best when written fifty years ago—the best now, and we have reason to believe if even latest history will not record a better.

Impartial history will tell us that the most important and in its results the most far-reaching of all the national Councils held since the Council of Trent, was the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore—how by it were formed and fashioned the laws and the government of the American Church—how it became the exemplar for all the national Councils since its promulgation; and history will not deny that its quality, efficiency, the opportuneness of its mandates are largely due to its Eminent Chairman, and President, our venerated Cardinal, who, not only presided over its every session, but has since with unfailing diligence watched over its acceptance and observance.

Turn we to his other great work, the Catholic University. While under papal charter, the Cardinal was in effect its head, its heart and its inspiration. He gave to it his best thought, his warmest affection and his unfailing support. He looked to it to carry out his life work—to bring the mind of the Church to all the questions of the age, and stand as a light perennial to the nation and the world.

Paralleling the dying request of a national hero of other days, the Cardinal, were he to speak, would, I believe, leave as a heritage, his body to Baltimore, his heart to the University and his soul to God. Most certainly he now bequeaths its care to us as a sacred trust; and I am convinced that I rightly interpret the will and wish of both clergy and laity of the American Church, in declaring now beside his mortal remains that we will not break faith with him—that for his sake and for the sake of our ancient Faith and for the sake of eternal truth, this great school shall endure and prosper, supported by a united and a generous people.

Here then are the salient traits of the illustrious dead. He was a great leader and soldier, whose sword was ever ready to defend the Christ and His kingdom. He was the great legislator, wise in counsel, prudent in action, just in his decisions. He was the far-visioned educator, who would have the world know Christ was the truth and the life. Lastly he was the great patriot. He cared not for the ways, or weaknesses of party; but they whom the people chose as President and as legislators' were his president and his Government. And how bravely he spoke his admiration for, his love of his country and its institutions. Always eloquent! he was never more so than when with the vision before his mind of the great dome at Washington and what it meant, he spoke of this land as the home of justice and liberty. How often he would recount its glories. "A land," he would exclaim, "where we have authority without despotism—liberty without license."

My brothers of the Heirarchy will easily recall that scene, when at our last September meeting at Washington, a plea was presented from some European nationals in regard to the composition of the American Hierarchy.

After some discussion one of the prelates requested the opinion of the Cardinal, who was presiding. The bent figure was suddenly erect; and in a voice vibrant with emotion, he addressed us:—"We are bound in the unity of faith and obedience to the Vicar of Christ; but our Church knows nothing of European politicians; and we must never allow them to lay hands on its fair structure."

He was ever the priest true to his Church—the patriot proud of his country. It was to many a mystery, how Cardinal Gibbons could accomplish so much and exert so great and beneficent an influence. For his was not the physique we associate with the great tribunes of men, nor with the towering intellect that overawes and conquers. Yet the mystery may be solved by remembering that his was the Celtic temperament, restless, creative, spiritual—that it was a temperament subdued and chastened by his varied experiences and great responsibilities. He studied deeply. He prayed without ceasing. Often must he have repeated that Christmas anthem, "Oh wisdom divine that proceedeth from the mouth of the Most High, wisely, sweetly, disposing all things, teach us the ways of prudence." There before the altar of God he learned that lesson of the divine heart, to be meek and humble; and looking at that cross he came to realize the sacrifice supreme that cross symbolized and the love which prompted it.

The source of his power is traceable to the inner life of the man, which was a blending of strength and sweetness of simplicity and prudence. Thus when we consider what manner of man he was and how he worked for peace through the truth and that the way of his working was charity, we now can understand how like the rainbow of God he stood before this generation a symbol of peace and promise; but unlike that fitful image which the sun paints on the storm clouds, his endured through the years, and even now as we look towards the flaming west of his setting, there comes through the purple twilight his spirit's parting benediction.

As we stand in the shadows, listening to that voice that speaks to our souls, ours is the solemn duty to take up the work he has left us to do—to promote peace, to teach the truth, to serve God, to build up anew the falling walls of Christendom.

Soon we will find, how much we need him who is gone. Soon will the wish unbidden arise, if it were only the blessed will of God that he should remain with us yet a little longer—*"Mane nobiscum quoniam advesperascit;"* for we are still a far way from the reign of peace and justice that humanity yearns for. Nature, it is true has long since blotted out the blood which crimsoned her breast during these last years· The greening springtime starlit with primrose and daffodil now mantles the fields of Flanders and Picardy, and wavelets of the sea ripple the golden sands of Gallipoli; but up about us and within us still surge the old hatreds, while all around us the horizon is flecked with blood. Anarchy stalks abroad among the ruins—the starving children of Europe lift their pleading hands asking for bread. "You promised us." "You bade us hope." "What have we done that we must die?"

Across the seas their wail comes to us and back of it the threats of revolt and the wild cries of despair. The world is sick and broken. Statecraft has failed to help it; and they who would be its masters, appalled at its misery, largely of their own creation, have lapsed to silence or secret intrigue. Our only hope is that good men and true shall rise with a new consecration to help their sorrowing brothers wherever these may be. Of such, there are not a few. The dead Cardinal because of them, and in the hope he cherished of what they would accomplish, began to see the light breaking. His last message was spoken preparatory to the great Feast of Peace and Good Will—the Advent of the Christ King; and these were his words:—

"Let us rejoice that the Great War's terrible aftermath of private sorrow and public calamity shows signs of being lessened, and that the light of hope may be discerned through the darkness of the age. Particularly in our own dear land do we perceive this light; and if we are true to its inspiration, we may extend its blessings to other nations, less favored by Almighty God. I face our future not only without apprehension, but with unshaken faith in our American institutions, because these are based upon the message of Christianity."

It may be that his words were prophetic; and prophetic, too, not alone of his country here, but of his home in eternity.—"I face the future" (was it his eternity?) he said, "with unshaken faith"—*"Paratus sum et non sum turbatus."*

Let us hope, now that he has gone to his judgment and to his rewards, that the angels' song of which he spoke at the Christmas time will greet him also on his way—that he will hear their voices calling him to give glory to his Master, and to the attainment of the kingdom of peace. While this is our hope, it must also be our prayer.

Our departed friend, whatever his titles, achievements, fidelities, was after all but human and wherever humanity is, there is frailty. error and sin. Let us unite our suffrages with the Saints in beseeching the Almighty, so long his Father, and now his Judge, that He will look with mercy and kindness upon the one before Him. Let us pray that his will be a short delay until he shall enter into the joy of the Lord. For eighty years and more, in much striving and great fidelity has he walked in the way of His Lord and Master. So faithful was he to the Cross, which with and for the Blessed Christ he carried, that we fain would believe the Master permitted that his servant's last agony would synchronize with His own. So also let us hope that in the white light of that Resurrection we are still commemorating, the Saviour triumphant, meeting His servant in the garden there, may greet him with the words of eternal life: "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he be dead, shall live," and crown him with blissful immortality.

SERMON DELIVERED BY

BISHOP THOMAS J. SHAHAN

AT MONTH'S MIND MASS FOR CARDINAL GIBBONS, IN THE
BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL, APRIL 27, 1921

BISHOP SHAHAN'S SERMON

Many shall praise his wisdom, and it shall never be forgotten. The memory of him shall not depart away, and his name shall be in request from generation to generation. Nations shall declare his wisdom, and the Church shall show forth his praise.—*Ecclesiasticus* 39: 12-14.

SINCE that far-off day when the Holy Spirit thus commended the ideal sage of Israel, it is probable that to few men have these words been more accurately fitted than to him who so lately walked among us, the embodiment of the highest religious ideals and of the purest civic virtue. The civilized world's sorrow over his departure, so universal, so heart-felt, so variously eloquent, is itself a rare tribute to which the pages of history, secular or religious, offer few if any parallels. It seemed to well up from some great depths of our common humanity, and rightly filled us with hope that in his noble spirit, caught by the American people in particular with so much truth and sincerity, we have at once a pledge and a vision of that unity of charity and faith, of hearts and larger purpose, of universal Christian service, of the eternal realities of the Gospel, for which he ever yearned, and toward which he ever bent, in all its fullness, his peculiarly affectionate and hopeful nature. Its advent alone will lift mankind heavenward from those lower levels of despondency and pessimism to which somehow it tends to sink in proportion as the sense of religious unity decays, and men fall back into the nebulous and depressive atmosphere of mere self-reliance in the domain of religion and the soul.

But if the American people, and the world in general, deplore yet the loss of one who will ever be a foremost man in the annals of humanity, the Catholic people of this city and state, and their fellow Catholics of the United States, recover slowly from the spell of the great sorrow which dwells in their hearts. "And Jonathan and Simon took Judas, their brother, and buried him in the sepulchre of their fathers, in the city of Modin, and all the people of Israel bewailed him with great lamentation, and they mourned for him many days, and said: How is the mighty man fallen that saved the people of Israel!" (*I Macch.* ix, 19-21). From all sides we looked up to him as a pillar of spiritual strength, as a rock of faith and wisdom, as a model of character and a treasury of experience, a living example and an inspiration in all things that are seemly and of good repute. For him, age and infirmity seemed not to be; the placid evening of his patriarchal life seemed yet a noonday of action and hope· But the mighty current of life halts for no man, and bears along on its tide the good, the great, and the saintly, as well as those who are neither good nor great nor saintly.

Who is the champion? Who is the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptered throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

Yet he hath not truly died. For the followers of Jesus there is no death: what seems so is transition. Sin, the sting of death, was swallowed up in the victory of Christ's Resurrection, the pledge of immortality for all who strive to imitate our Blessed Lord, and who put on during life His justice and holiness. Our beloved shepherd passed away in the embrace of the Good Shepherd whom he had so long imitated in faith and hope and love, surrounded by all the consolations of religion, amid the prayers of millions of faithful, while a voice from Heaven resounded in his ear, saying: "Write. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, for their works follow them" (*Apoc.* xiv, 13). And again, "I am the Resurrection and the Life: He that believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live; And everyone that liveth and believeth in me shall not die forever" (*John* xi, 25-26). Truly he shall not die forever, not alone in that blessed immortality on which he has entered, but also in the memory of mankind, so long as there is reverence for religion, gratitude for service, love for benefits, esteem for virtue; so long as men honor love of country and devotion to the common welfare; so long as the heroism of duty is applauded, and those men are accounted great who truly love their fellow men, and spend themselves in works of charity and comfort, beholding in all men the glorious features of the Redeemer of mankind.

Cardinal Gibbons was indeed a gentleman of the old school, but he was in a higher and supernatural way a Catholic priest, and to his intense consciousness of this divine calling are owing the most distinctive merits of his long life. It was precisely the priestly quality of his daily life which most attracted the men and women who came into frequent contact with him, and were spiritually comforted and encouraged by the religious and other worldly temper of his mind. From his sense of priestly duty came that deep and happy grasp of the Scriptures which, coupled with a clear, simple and direct speech, made him an admirable preacher of the Word of God. To his priestly charity he owed the kindly, attractive, and tactful manner of presenting Catholic truth which made him the most successful of the modern apostles of our holy religion. Again, it was this priestly concern for the sad religious ignorance of many non-Catholics which made him the most persuasive writer of his time, and opened to many thousands of converts a happy way of return to the religious unity and peace they were vainly seeking. He had only priestly interests, and his life was spent within the shadows of his cathedral and his seminary. He never had any higher ambition than to show forth in his own person the truth he taught in the Cathedral, and the priestly discipline of life which he administered in the seminary. Not in vain did he ordain thousands of priests to the service of the Catholic people, for something of his own sacerdotal genius, so to speak, must have entered the hearts of these young Levites. To him, indeed, the American Catholic people are largely indebted for their native priesthood, as well as for a long line of active and successful bishops, to whom in Baltimore Cathedral the Holy Spirit communicated in its fullness the apostolic ardor which inflamed the heart of their consecrator.

It was, as a minister of Jesus Christ, as an humble, unselfish and zealous priest, concerned chiefly about the divine and eternal interests of his people and his country, that he went about his beloved city and state, teaching in the name of his Divine Master, charity and tolerance, mutual respect and mutual service, and emphasizing at all times the ties which bind us in unity rather than the lines which denote our separate or particular interests. From the inner citadel of his Catholic faith he looked out upon our common American life with the eyes of the Good Samaritan, and was ever more concerned with the duty of healing its ills and its woes than with a sternly righteous denunciation of their causes and conditions. To the end he was faithful to the high priestly task of healing and consoling, of comforting and guiding a society whose defects and errors he well knew were rooted in spiritual ignorance rather than in malice. For this principally he was beloved by the American people during his long and beneficent life, and for this will he be remembered and praised in coming generations.

He lived to behold, and was himself an active element in one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of religion: the vast and rapid growth of American Catholicism in the last half century. Less than six millions in 1877, its adherents had reached the figure of eighteen millions at his death; their churches had grown from eight thousand to sixteen thousand, their priesthood from five thousand to twenty-one thousand, their schools from fifteen hundred to six thousand. The faith and energy, devotion and generosity of this multitude kept pace with their numbers, also, roughly speaking, their sense of organization and their will to serve both Church and country to the utmost limit, were it their very lives. This price they were eventually called on to pay. The Cardinal was an accepted leader of the

Catholic people, a veritable Moses for courage, wisdom and tenacity. Ecclesiastical legislation, Catholic education, urgent social problems, demanded and received his attention, and soon he grouped about himself the best Catholic elements of the country, proud to have a spokesman of such high office and such distinction. From the beginning he grasped the necessity of transforming politically the new immigration, no longer homogeneous in language, political temper, social habits, or racial spirit. When occasion offered he used all his great influence with the Holy See to prevent any lessening of the traditional episcopal control and responsibility that might be detrimental to the highest ideal of American citizenship, and the immigrant's obligation and opportunity to rise to that level.

In this Cathedral, and elsewhere, he preached continuously on American patriotism, on the security of the American republic, on the American concept of Church and State, on religious liberty, on the share of American Catholics in the making of the Republic, and on kindred subjects. He was heard frequently in the public press on the same subjects, and often accepted invitations to remote parts of the country, mainly to emphasize in a personal way the great political truths and principles which he considered fundamental in our form of government. Year after year this frail, slender man, living ever on the very edge of his strength, contended in all directions, and with great success, in favor of the American State and its earned right to acceptance and respect, even to veneration and gratitude, on the part of Europe, whether of its governments or their subject peoples.

It was one day the privilege of this son of Irish immigrants, but born in the purple of American democracy, to be its sponsor and its eulogist before the Holy See itself, which has witnessed the rise and fall and manifold changes of every form of government that Caesar could enforce or Demos could excogitate. There is henceforth a militant, and even a prophetic note in his defense of American democracy as though he heard, with all the certainty of an Adams or a Jefferson, the response of decay that absolute monarchy offered everywhere, and foresaw that wreckage of its institutions and its very spirit which today encumbers the sites of its former power and authority. His memorable words at Rome on the occasion of the conferring of the cardinal's hat in the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere deserve a place in any eulogy of his patriotism:

> "For myself, as a citizen of the United States, and without closing my eyes to our shortcomings as a nation, I say, with a deep sense of pride and gratitude, that I belong to a country where the civil government holds over us the aegis of its protection without interfering with us in the legitimate exercise of our sublime mission as the ministers of Gospel of Christ. Our country has liberty without license, authority without despotism; she rears no wall to exclude the stranger from among us. She has few frowning fortifications to repel the invader, for she is at peace with all the world. She rests secure in the consciousness of her strength and her good-will toward all. Her harbors are open to welcome the honest immigant who comes to advance his temporal

> interests and find a peaceful home. But while we are acknowledged to have a free government, perhaps we do not receive the credit that belongs to us for having also a strong government. Yes, our nation is strong and her strength lies, under the overruling guidance of Providence, in the majesty and supremacy of the law, in the loyalty of her citizens and in the affection of her people for her free institutions."

Descending, for the moment, from his priestly office and his ecclesiastical rank, and seeing in him the plain American citizen, Cardinal Gibbons was pre-eminently a teacher of men. During a half century he gradually advanced among us to the responsible office of mentor and counsellor in the fundamentals of religion, morality, and patriotism, as they appealed to the average man or touched the common conscience. Mankind, after all, is essentially docile, whether for good or evil, and by instinct craves a teacher. All life is a school, and whether in the street or the workshop, the office or the home, the minds and the hearts of men turn ever to some one who can dispel ignorance and doubt, assert essential truth, and indicate the right way of conduct. To multitudes of his own faith he taught indeed only what they recognized as the very elements of Christian belief and morality. But to many millions of souls beyond the pale of Catholicism, untrained in Christian faith and life, except as vague instinct or tradition moved them, beaten about by contending winds of a philosophy without foundation, his strong, cheering and hopeful words brought spiritual relief and comfort. They were always quick with the spirit of the Gospel, emphatic of personal duty, and guaranteed by the sincerity and conviction which radiated from every utterance. He appeared to this American world, religiously unattached, like a Greatheart of the new times. His venerable age, his acknowledged public merits, his correct and original American spirit, his insistence on all civic duties and his own regular performance of them, his freedom from partisan temper and interests, above all his sane, practical wisdom of life, set forth always with moderation and in clear, simple and direct language, won eventually the confidence of his fellow citizens. He seemed to voice their latent faith in God and their ancestral morality, submerged as they were by a flood of agnosticism and pantheism, but still alive and responsive to the call to the sheep which had strayed from the flock, and shared unconsciously the mental attitude of St. Peter, at once pathetic and prophetic: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life" (*John* vi, 69). To multitudes of those who followed him for years in the daily press he might have said with St. Paul before the Areopagus: "What therefore you worship without knowing it, that I preach to you" (*Acts* xvii, 23). Multitudes of others no doubt recognized the voice of the Good Shepherd calling in the vast social wilderness.

For this office he was peculiarly gifted by nature, experience, and opportunity. It suited his pacific temper, his taste for simple and direct speech, his profound sympathy, born of intimate relations, for those who wander about spiritually homeless and friendless, and his accurate sense of the deeply religious temper of the American mind, however shy and suspicious of the organized teaching of the Gospel, and the divine fact of the Church. Gradually and almost unconsciously this moral leadership came to him, nor was it ever asserted or sought, but rather gladly offered by the countless individual souls which recognized at once and were grateful for the spiritual charity of his secure guidance amid so much that was obscure or uncertain or unreliable.

When in his forty-fifth year he succeeded Archbishop Bayley, the ninth Archbishop of Baltimore, he had in his favor, besides his age, only the confidence of the Holy See, the esteem and affection of his superior, and a hardly-earned experience of episcopal duties gained amid severe labor, unrelieved by success or any promise of the same. Before he died he had made the name of his See and his native city known the world over, and had earned for both a high niche in the temple of fame. Amid the delicate political circumstances of the time, he took up the trying inheritance of greatness bequeathed to him by a Kenrick and a Spalding, prelates of ripe and extensive scholarship, shining lights of ecclesiastical learning, known and admired in the entire Catholic world, for many years protagonists of all Catholic interests, and leaders of the American Hierarchy, not alone by right of office, but also by character and achievement and by every kind of religious merit and service. Within seven years he had brought together the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, presided over it as Apostolic Delegate, and so happily directed its legislation that it was widely praised and often imitated by the Catholic churches of Europe. He encouraged and inspired the religious growth of his ancient See, multiplied its parishes and schools, developed its institutions, and sustained its reputation among the Catholic people as the original center of good studies, both secular and religious. The once large territory of the archdiocese had been greatly diminished by the creation of new dioceses, nevertheless he maintained with diginity and success its distinctive place and status in our Catholic life, owing largely to the zeal and devotion of his clergy, the active faith and generosity of his people, the unity and self-sacrifice of both, but in very great measure to his own continuous labors. For nearly fifty years he was the public servant of religion in this city and in the State of Maryland. His faith and zeal, his love and his sacrifices, are written in the annals of every parish, city and rural. What a Golden Book of works of religion—cornestones, dedications, blessings of bells, consecrations, jubilees, renovations of churches, and again first communions, confirmations, devotional exercises, and whatever public occasion offered itself to the Chief Shepherd to meet his flock and to bless, instruct and comfort them! Ceaselessly also he went the round of all diocesan institutions, colleges and convents, orphan asylums and industrial schools, hospitals and homes of the poor and the aged, a monotonous tale of affectionate pastoral service performed without flinching, and without concern for his frail physique and his always delicate health. Societies, sodalities and pious associations of every kind often claimed his presence; never sparing of himself, he was ever at the disposition of all men and women of good-will for the welfare of religion.

For his native city he cherished a pure and intense love, nor in this was he surpassed by any citizen of Athens or Florence, not that he separated it in his heart from Maryland or the nation, but that for him both were intimately correlated with the great city, its prestige and progress inseparable from theirs, at once cause and effect of all broader growth. All the city's interests were dear to him, and its development, economic and social, his constant pre-occupation. Detached by his office and condition from all personal considerations, and raised to a level whence he could survey the general welfare, himself a man of liberal culture, he brought to his counsel and co-operation the moderation, sincerity and good sense of an unselfish American citizen, fortunately quite parallel to similar qualities in that old school of democratic churchmen whence issued so much of the great architecture of Europe, so much of its best municipal spirit, so much of that local resistance to tyranny which kept alive in Europe the democratic spirit and consciousness against a better day.

Nowhere has Cardinal Gibbons left a more profound impression, or accumulated richer memories than in his own Cathedral, dear to him beyond expression as the scene of all the great personal events of his life. "Every stone of this building," said he nearly twenty years ago, "is sacred to me. It was in this church that I was regenerated in the waters of Baptism at the hands of the venerated Doctor White. Under its shadow I was raised to the priesthood. In this temple I was consecrated Bishop by Archbishop Spalding. It was here that the insignia of Cardinalatial rank were conferred on me by a representative of Leo XIII. Here I have labored as a priest and a prelate for thirty-two years. I intend to offer the Holy Sacrifice and to preach within these walls as long as God gives me life and strength. And when my earthly career is ended, which in the course of nature and the order of Divine Providence, is not far distant, I expect that my body will repose in this crypt beside the ashes of my predecessors, and I hope that it may there remain undisturbed, if God so wills it, till the glorious dawn of the Resurrection."

In peculiarly eloquent words he poured forth his affection for this venerable edifice on the occasion of its consecration (1875):

> "How many holy Bishops have received their episcopal commissions within these sacred walls! How many zealous priests have here been empowered to go forth in the power of Christ to gather together a great flock to the praise of His Holy Name! How many illustrious prelates and priests have preached in this sacred edifice within the last fifty years! How often have the voices of an England, a Hughes and a Ryder resounded beneath this dome! That chair has been successively filled by a Marechal, a Whitfield, an Eccleston, a Kenrick and a Spalding, and when I mention them I mention the brighest constellation of names that has ever illustrated the American Hierarchy.
>
> ". . . Here all the first Councils were held in the days when the National Church formed only one diocese, then only one province; and later, when it had become a collection of dioceses and provinces, whatever National Councils have been held in America have been held within her sacred walls, so that not only have grace and life gone forth from this great building, but from this Cathedral, as from the center of the life of the Ameican Church, has gone forth whatever there is of purely American ecclesiastical law."

Thirty years later, on the eve of the centenary (1906) of the laying of the cornerstone of the Cathedral, he returned to the same beloved theme:

> "You will find other sanctuaries in our country more spacious than this, but you will find none that have held at one time so many illustrious prelates. You will find other caskets more rich and ornate than this, but none in which have been set so many precious jewels of the faith. There are other cathedrals more ample than yours—many daughters there are who have outstripped the mother in majesty of size, in the number of their progeny and in the accumulation of wealth. But you will find none equal to the mother in the splendor of ecclesiastical traditions. You can truly say of this mother in the words of Holy Writ: 'Many daughters have gathered wealth, thou, O mother, hast surpassed them all in the sweet and rich memories that hang around thy sacred brow.' And there are none more willing to pay this affectionate homage to the mother than the daughters themselves. The Bishops, their faithful spouses, will come from the North, from the South, from the East and West, to join with you in rendering to her their filial reverence and love. What Mecca is to the Mohammedan, what the Temple of Jerusalem is to the Israelite, what St. Peter's Basilica is to the faithful of the Church Universal, this Cathedral is to the American Catholic."

When the shadows thickened about him, and his physical strength was ebbing fast, he loved to be brought within its venerable sanctuary, there to pour out his saintly spirit in prayer for his people and his country, to commune in faith with the great dead of his line, and to beseech the loving mercies of God that if he had failed in aught it might be imputed to ignorance or human weakness, and not to lack of love for the Supreme Bishop and Shepherd of our souls into whose hands he was giving back his life on the very site where he had entered the service of Jesus Christ, and where for so many years he had served Him with humble loyalty and unsurpassed zeal.

His exalted rank never affected unfavorably in him the man or the citizen, on the contrary it emphasized the attractive qualities that the world soon recognized and never tired of praising. Honored and commended as perhaps no priest has ever been, he bore himself at all times with a natural and graceful modesty, though never lacking in that gentle dignity and that quiet self-respect which became a Prince of the Church, conscious that his high office neither needed nor suffered any self-assertion. Men have praised his humility and his simplicity, but how could a priest of Jesus Christ have any other than an humble heart, and how could an always honest heart put on affectation? Unselfish to a fault, and kindly in manner and speech, no one was more considerate of others, and the lowlier the person concerned the more thoughtful was he in respect of him, so native and original in Cardinal Gibbons were those traits of the gentleman which Cardinal Newman has so subtly described. Amid the gentle pieties of an Irish Catholic household and early training, his naturally good disposition of mind and heart were tenderly shielded from corruption, and blossomed soon into the many social virtues which honored him in his long public life and which men honor themselves by praising. Cardinal Gibbons is an apt example of the uses of a good education applied to the average youth, under the auspices of positive religion, and accepted by him and cultivated amid the gently-falling dews of divine grace. For he never had any other asset in life, neither what men call birth, nor wealth, nor opportunity, nor friends, nor influence of any kind. He was, very strictly speaking, a child of the Catholic Church, which trained him, protected him, advanced him, and one day placed him among the great ones of the world, just as this old democratic mother of men had done in a thousand years for countless other children of the poor and lowly, putting down in their favor the mighty from their seats and exalting the humble (*Luke* i, 52), encouraging merit and industry and unselfish service, setting aside pride and arrogance, choosing indiscriminately her great officers from every rank and condition, and acting, within her own limits, as a perpetual solvent of all pretensions of heredity.

The Holy See found ever in the Cardinal of Baltimore a wise counsellor, quick to recognize its interests, to assert its rights, and to indicate its perils. As the youngest bishop in the Vatican Council he was deeply impressed with the wisdom and influence of the Holy See, and its supreme authority based upon the immemorial and affectionate acceptance of the Catholic World. And though he lived to be the last survivor of the 767 prelates of the Council, the memory of its religious majesty never forsook him, nor could he ever forget those divine words of power inscribed within the wondrous dome, and ever visible to the Fathers of the Council, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (*Matt.* xvi, 18). He enjoyed the fullest confidence of three popes, and his Roman visits only made him dearer to them and more trusted. He assisted at two papal concalves, and was instrumental in overcoming the unwillingness of Pius X to accept the papal office. His writings abound in defense and praise of the papacy, while his various jubilees and anniversaries were always honored by special congratulations of the Holy See, and even by a special delegate to the golden jubilee of his episcopal consecration. For nearly a generation the only American Cardinal, he commended the great office to the people of the United States by his quiet, unassuming manner, his cordial relations with his fellow-citizens, without distincton of class or sex or color, his democratic temper, and his readiness at all times to throw his great personal influence on the side ot the public welfare. There had been in the past a rare Cardinal of English or American speech, but in James Gibbons, for the first time, the secular world beheld a plain American citizen able and willing to carry in his heart, without other distinction than that inherent to spiritual and temporal, the just interests of both, and as ready to assert and defend the government and the institutions of his beloved country as to bear his share of the world-wide burden of the Papacy. To American democracy at least he was a welcome apostle of the papacy, bearing tidings of good-will and alliance, of mutual aid and consideration, of genuine respect and sincere esteem, at the end of a troubled epoch a welcome harbinger of those new conditions now clearly outlining themselves, when ancient jealousy, hostility and suspicion shall fade away on one side and the other, and give place to that sacred union of all American hearts to the end of universal peace and such unimpeded progress as human nature can sustain.

His love for Our Blessed Mother was very tender and constant. Daily he recited her rosary, and he was always proud of her patronage of his native state, and of her blessed name imposed upon bay and river and town of the first settlement of the Land of Mary. He rejoiced when Leo XIII conferred upon him the cardinalatial title of Santa Maria in Trastevere, the first church ever dedicated to Mary, and he hastened somewhat the cornerstone-laying of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at the Catholic University that his name might be connected with the great work. He devoted to her honor one of the most pleasing and helpful chapters in "The Faith of Our Fathers."

To many it will seem that the life of Cardinal Gibbons, however laborious, was a long peroid of ever-widening prosperity. Yet he tasted the bitter waters of adversity, and was familiar with sorrows, both expected and unexpected. No leader of mankind could live so long and not meet with deceptions, reverses, disillusion, and that various disappointment which for many men is the very stuff and tissue of life. Yet he bore his trials with patience, in no cold, stoic spirit, but with the fortitude of a believing heart for which all life is governed by a Divine will, whose purpose is always holy, however, shrouded or incomprehensible it may be to mortals. With St. Paul he believed that "the sorrow which is according to God worketh penance steadfast unto salvation: and the sorrow of the world worketh death" (*II Cor* vii, 9-10). He grieved sorely for the loss of his friends, many of them distinguished leaders of men, and as they passed across into the shadows the beautiful tribute to Michael Jenkins that only "the vital and consoling influence of religion" could reconcile him to his bereavements. Very human, indeed, was this aged Cardinal, and to the end like unto us all, conscious himself of our common infirmities, and therefore ever deeply pitiful of all who suffered, an admirable consoler in the power of religion and the Word of God, and a peer of the greatest in that world-wide and time-old democracy of sorrow to which all mankind owes equal allegiance, blessed if it be according to the Man of Sorrows.

Cardinal Gibbons ever cherished the lowly and the humble, was ever ready to succour the needy and the destitute, to console the afflicted and encourage the sad and unhappy. Never in the annals of the toiling masses, will men forget his happy intervention in favor of the Knights of Labor, with its inevitable new orientation of the Holy See in favor of democracy, and its benediction in the encyclicals of Leo XIII. His heart went out ever to the unfortunates of life, and none ever sought in vain from him consolation or comfort. Surely it is not before this audience, or in this city, that these traits of his character need emphasis. He was the common father of all, and no great sorrow, public or private, went uncomforted by him. Every work of mercy, corporal and spiritual, institutional or personal, was dear to him, and found in him sympathy and counsel. He was a kind and patient listener and in this way alone eased many who sought his counsel. How often has a troubled heart come to him and returned lightened and refreshed. How many a distracted conscience has sought light and guidance from his lips and found both! How often have men and women crossed his threshold seeking spiritual peace amid doubts and anxieties and forever after have blessed the impulse that drove them to his door! He remained ever faithful to the friends of earlier days, unmoved by changes of fortune or condition, and his influence was ever at the disposal of all worthy persons to whom it often proved a stepping-stone to success. Truly, he was a friend of mankind, unselfish and kindly and helpful, more concerned always about the present need of suffering than about their causes and circumstances, happy if he could reduce in some measure life's ills and woes. Little children loved him greatly, and in his daily walks never failed to greet him and to receive his blessing; their innocent and confiding hearts were akin to his own, however broad the dividing gulf of time and trials.

He was not by inclination or office a writer, nor did he ever aspire to the position of a Kenrick or a Spalding, modestly deeming himself too far beneath them in all the qualities of an ecclesiastical writer. He considered himself an authorized instructor of his people in all the ways of truth and justice, of Christian faith and discipline of life, a doer of deeds, a sower of good seed, a torch-bearer amid the fogs of life, a beacon among the shoals and reefs that obstruct its ports of entry and exit. Nevertheless, his naturally economic habits urged him to save what he might of his severe exertions as "captain of the Word." It was certainly in the spirit of Christ, (*John* vi, 12) "Gather up the fragments that remain lest they be lost," that he gave to the world several volumes, very fortunately, indeed, for they preserve some faint image of this foremost apostle of Catholicism in our days.

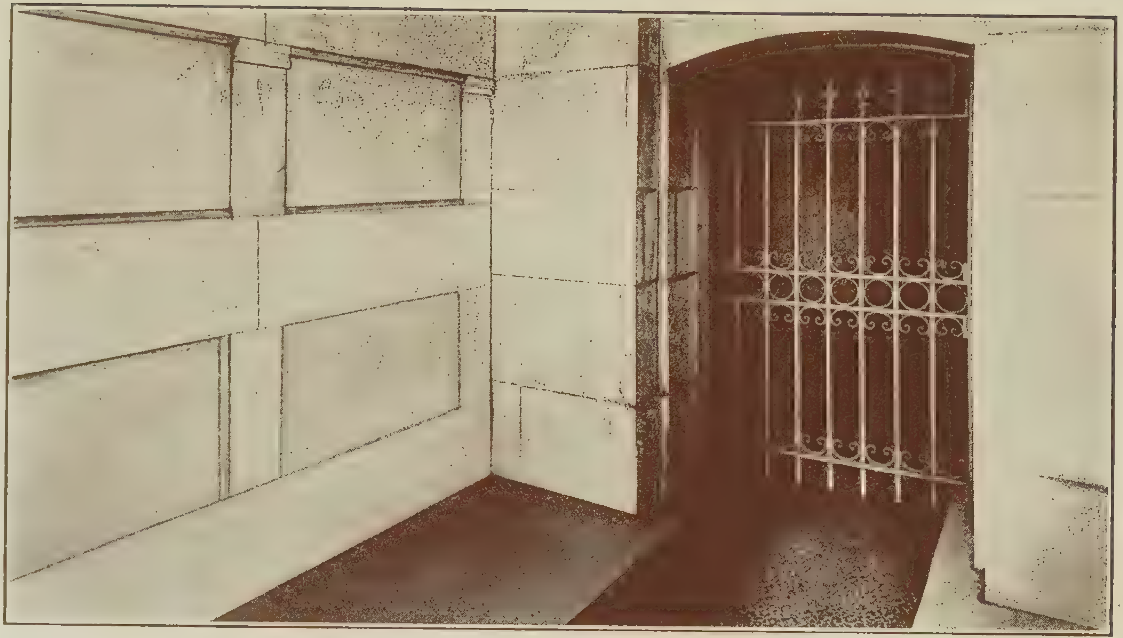
In one of them he paints the portrait of the good priest, the minister of Jesus Christ to his own day and generation. In aonther he deals with fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion, common to the Catholic Church and to American Protestantism. Sermons, discourses, lectures, speeches, articles, reminiscenses, fill other volumes, and exhibit the wide range of his zeal, good-will and self-sacrifice in the service of every good cause that appealed to him. Almost innumerable are the interviews, statements, book prefaces, and other products of his pen. His style is always clear, vigorous and concise, neither affected nor studied, but well adapted to the truths and principles he was forever inculcating, and rising at times to eloquence when the subject moved him by its grandeur or its importance.

The first work of his pen, "The Faith of Our Fathers," was not only his most remarkable work, but proved almost at once the most successful of all the formal statements of Catholic truth since the days of Canisius and the Council of Trent. It was less a book than a wonderful religious event, and its literary career, the story of its countless conversions, has never halted in the forty-five years that it has held the public confidence. Neither before nor since had the Catholic religion been placed before the American people with so much truth and simplicity. Almost artless in style, stripped of every unnecessary consideration, it could never have been written by any other than James Gibbons, then a poor Catholic missionary bishop, lost, almost submerged, in a non-Catholic society, whose hostility he knew by long experience to be the result mainly of ignorance, but whose good qualities of mind and heart he recognized and loved. Again, it could have been composed by no other hand than that which was capable of writing the introductory pages. They are charged with deepest spiritual emotion, and are a pathetic document of religious psychology in which faith and truth, charity and sincerity, seem to call aloud in the wilderness and to listen with aching heart for a response that never comes. It is such a personal book that in it he has drawn, unwittingly of course, his own moral portrait; it already offers in embryo every feature of his character that was later to attract the non-Catholic world and to hold to the end its confidence and esteem. After the Bible, perhaps no religious book has had or has so wide a circulation, in the original and in many translations.

An eloquent voice has rightly said that the heart of Cardinal Gibbons was in the Catholic University of America. Its history fills a large chapter of his life, and it ever stood foremost in his mind as representative of the highest intellectual interests of the Catholic Church, particularly in the formation of the younger clergy and laity. The Holy See had decreed that its administration should be always under the direction of the Archbishop of Baltimore, and for that reason committed to Cardinal Gibbons the high office of Chancellor, to be handed down forever to his successors. The world knows how seriously he looked on this exalted charge, and how faithfully he performed its duties. He watched over the infant foundation with the care of a father, protected and even saved it in a period of great trial, encouraged always and directed its administration and professors, rejoiced at its growth in numbers and the increase of its equipment, encouraged the religious communities of the United States to open there houses of study, and he himself most generously contributed to its material growth and induced others to do likewise. He was wont to say that it caused him more anxiety than his entire diocese, but that nothing in his long life gave him more satisfaction than to behold the progress of its later years.

May the spirit of this good, great, and saintly man ever abide with us. He was a lover of truth and justice, and a model of charity and sincerity. May these great virtues abound in our lives, and bring us daily nearer to their fountainhead, Christ Jesus, on whom alone all durable virtue, public and private, is patterned! He loved his country with ardor, and gave himself unsparingly to its service, in season and out of season. May each upcoming generation learn from him the spirit and the measure of patriotism, and be ever ready to serve our country in time of need, and to live for it becomingly at all times. He was a democratic American citizen, fashioned on the original models of American democracy. May his type abound, with its reverence for self-imposed law, its respect for order, its confidence in the sanity and security of our institutions!

He was an illustrious son of the Catholic Church, and in the sixty-odd years of his priesthood, did it honor daily, and by his blameless life and his consuming charity commended this great office to the respect of the American people. May we ever look up to him as our example and our inspiration in all works of Catholic faith and in the conduct of our lives, in our relations with our fellow citizens, and in the furtherance of our common welfare. He shall not then have lived in vain, and through the ages shall appear to us as a providential man sent by God at the junction of two centuries, at the border of the old and the new, faithful to the traditions of Church and country, but above all, confident that to the end of time God would not withdraw His loving guidance and protection from the great Republic which first secured to all men on a right basis the blessings of liberty without license and authority without despotism. Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him!



Photograph by Mann

THE CRYPT IN WHICH THE CARDINAL LIES BURIED.

The Slab in the Lower Left-Hand Corner Marks the Cardinal's Tomb. His Eminence Was the First Prelate to be Buried on the Side of the Crypt Shown in the Picture. On the Other Side of the Crypt, Not Shown in the Picture, Are Buried Six Archbishops of Baltimore.

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